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London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

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MEMOIRS

OF

SIR ROBERT STRANGE,

AND OF

ANDREW LUMISDEN.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
A. and G. A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-street-Square.

From a Medallion by I. Tassie

ANDREW LUMISDEN.

MEMOIRS

OF

SIR ROBERT STRANGE, KNT.,

ENGRAVER,

MEMBER OF SEVERAL FOREIGN ACADEMIES OF DESIGN;

AND OF

HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW

ANDREW LUMISDEN,

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE STUART PRINCES,

AND AUTHOR OF
"THE ANTIQUITIES OF ROME."

BY JAMES DENNISTOUN
OF DENNISTOUN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1855.

" NEC SENSUS, NEC CLARUM NOMEN AVORUM,
SED PROBITAS MAGNOS, INGENIUMQUE FACIT."

Ovid.

* * *

" LE BEAU . . . EST LE FRUIT D'UNE INSPIRATION PERSÉVERANTE, QUI N'EST QU'UNE SUITE DE LABEURS OPINIÂTRES."

Eugène Delacroix.

* * *

" LA BIOGRAPHIE D'UN ARTISTE SE COMPOSE DE DEUX PARTIES BIEN DISTINCTES EN ELLES-MÊMES, MAIS CEPENDANT INSÉPARABLES ; LES DÉTAILS DE SA VIE, ET L'ÉTUDE OU L'ANALYSE DE SES ŒUVRES : . . . SES ŒUVRES SUBISSENT L'INFLUENCE DE SON ÉDUCATION ET DES HASARDS DE SA VIE : . . AUCUN DÉTAIL, DE QUELQUE MINIME VALEUR QU'IL PARAISSE D'ABORD, NE DOIT ÊTRE NÉGLIGÉ, MAIS LES DATES SURTOUT SONT IMPORTANTES."

L'Abbé Carton.

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OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

Medallion Head of Andrew Lumisden, after Tassie, *as frontisviece.*

MEMOIRS

OF

SIR ROBERT STRANGE.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. STRANGE'S PROLONGED RESIDENCE AND LABOURS IN UPPER ITALY. — HE IS THERE THWARTED BY DALTON. — HE RECEIVES NUMEROUS DISTINCTIONS, AND RETURNS TO PARIS.

A JOURNEY to Italy was so infinitely less easy ninety years ago than now, that we may well conceive an artist of Strange's elevated tastes being tempted, by new subjects for his pencil, to linger longer than prudence dictated, and to fill his portfolios with more drawings than the space of human life could transfer to copper; in his own words, "to leave nothing behind that would occasion reproach." Accordingly, his wife's murmurs and her brother's frequent remonstrances availed little against the attractions of Bologna; and finding, in her preceding letter of 29th March, a recommendation to do some-

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thing there, he resolved upon, if possible, obtaining permission to draw from several pictures which had strongly impressed him on his hurried visit to that city in December, 1760. These were Guercino's altar-piece of the Circumcision in the church of Jesus and Mary, his Hagar, and Guido's St. Peter and St. Paul, in the Zampieri Palace; with Guido's sleeping Cupid in the Aldovrandi Palace. For the necessary introductions he addressed himself to Lumisden, who, on the 14th May, wrote him thus: "I inclose for you some letters of recommendation for Bologna, which I flatter myself may answer your purpose. Lord Alford's letter to the Legat is wrote in the genteelest manner, and in the King's [James III.] name; so that I hope the Legat will do for you as far as his authority extends. I doubt not but that Sampieri will have some regard to his cousin Angeletti's recommendation. As I have always been in great friendship with Marquis Roberto Angeletti, I could not but write him on this occasion; and as I know him to be a good-natured gentleman, I think it would be best for you to wait first on him, and deliver him his brother's and my letters. You may explain your intentions to him, and beg the favour of him to present you to the Legat and Sampieri, that you may deliver the letters to them, and which you may desire him to read. Although I hope that there will be no need of farther recommendation, yet when I see the Abbé Grant I shall consider with him if there is any way of getting a recommendation directly from the Pope; for although his Majesty has no difficulty to recommend you directly himself, yet his dignity and the ceremonial of the court will not permit him to ask a recommendation for you from another: and you may easily see the reason of it. * * * If you make drawings of the three pictures you mention, and engrave the two plates, I am persuaded you cannot see London these twelvemonth."

Consequent upon Mr. Strange's arrival in Bologna, there occurred a train of incidents, not in themselves of much interest, but to which he ascribed perhaps exaggerated influence upon his after professional career. In his printed letter to Lord Bute, after detailing those circumstances to which we have alluded in connection with his having declined that nobleman's commission in 1760, he remarks, that "persecution was to haunt me even beyond the Alps, in the form of Mr. Dalton." This gentleman, originally a coach painter, had studied in Rome, and been made librarian to the Prince of Wales, by whom, on his accession, he was sent to Italy, in order to purchase works of art for his Majesty.*

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* In a letter of 1754, Mr. Lumisden says, that "one Dalton, an English painter who resided some years at Rome, bought up all the moulds he could find, which he carried to London, and where casts are now to be had much easier than here."

Mr. Strange states in his letter, that, finding Dalton at Bologna with Bartolozzi the engraver, in March, 1763, he stopped a day on purpose to wait on the former, and, in the course of a friendly conversation on his own objects and plans, unwarily acquainted Dalton with his intention of copying, on his return from Parma, the four pictures by Guido and Guercino which we have just mentioned, receiving at the same time an assurance that Bartolozzi was immediately to return to Venice, as Mr. Dalton did not propose to employ him at Bologna. Great, then, was Strange's surprise to find, on applying in May to the Archbishop of Bologna for permission to copy the Circumcision, that the customary objections to a scaffold being raised for that purpose before an altar at which daily services were performed, were stated as insuperable, on the ground that this had already just before been done, on Dalton's application, in name of the King of England, in order that Bartolozzi might make a drawing from that very picture. Again, at the Zampieri Palace, our artist received the usual refusal of access to the Hagar or the St. Peter and St. Paul; tempered, however, by an offer of the use of the same copy from the latter picture which had been recently accorded to Dalton and Bartolozzi, when they applied on behalf of his Majesty. Finally, the Aldrovandi Sleeping Cupid was positively denied him, as being then under offer, at the price of 2000 zecchins, to the King, to whom Dalton had forwarded for approval a drawing of it by Bartolozzi. Mr. Strange having ere long discovered that this alleged negociation was a mere pretext in order that Bartolozzi might obtain a drawing to engrave, he concluded Dalton's "whole conduct at Bologna to be an imposition of the grossest nature, in order to disappoint the effect of my journey there, for which he had in like manner made use of the King's name with Cardinal Malvezzi and Signor Valerio Sampieri;" and an "endeavour, under the mask of friendship, to counteract an innocent man. * * * Mr. Bartolozzi was forthwith brought over to England; and, to frustrate my endeavours here as well as in Italy, was employed to engrave these very drawings, thus dishonourably obtained at the expence of the King's name. A print of the Circumcision was published. My print of the Aldovrandi Cupid appearing was the reason, I apprehend, of the other's being laid aside, for I was informed he had begun it."

Such is in substance Mr. Strange's printed narrative of this transaction, some curious particulars of which will be found in the following letters. Sir Laurence Dundas, whose wife, a Bruce of Kennet, was related to the Lumisdens, happening just then to visit Italy in search of works of art, Mr. Strange purchased for him the Sleeping Cupid for 600 zecchins — nearly 300*l.* — and engraved it in 1766. This picture having been sold by the first Lord Dundas to Earl Fitzwilliam, is now at Wentworth Woodhouse; but a good copy of it remains at Aske, in possession of Sir Laurence's great-grandson, the Earl of Zetland.

Robert Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"Parma, May 20. 1763.

"My dear Andrew,

* * * * * *

"I did firmly intend leaving this to-morrow evening, and to have seen the opera at Regio, but His R. H. being in the country, I cannot possibly set out without seeing him, which will be no sooner than Monday. * * * * My last letter from Bella which I sent you, you'll see determined me in the three pictures I intend doing at Bologna. To execute the three drawings and engrave the two plates, and publish next winter, will I believe be impossible. It's true this undertaking at Bologna retards my accomplishing what I intended, but at the same time I am as sensible of the necessity of it as any part of what I have execute, in whichever of the capital citys I have been in. In other respects I hope I shall be no loser in the end. I shall arrive but a few months later than I intended; I shall have time during the course of that year to revise carefully my two plates, which you must own is essential; I shall print and publish them with deliberations; and by the same rule I shall have my following works in such forwardness as carefully to revise them from time to time before I am obliged to give them to the public. I will say nothing to Bella on this subject for some time, but enforce my great diligence as much as possible. As I have a letter to write to Sir Horace [Mann], I must abruptly break off, and assure you that I ever am, dear Andrew,

"Yours affectionately,
"ROBT. STRANGE."

Robert Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"Bologna, May 28. 1763.

"My dear Andrew,

"* * * I left Parma the 24th, and arrived here on the 25th. I next morning waited on the Marquis Angeletti, who received me in the kindest manner, and conducted me afterwards to the Cardinal Legat and Archbishop. I am sorry to acquaint you that my intentions here are not likely to succeed. The Legat very politely offered me his service, but at the same time told me it was the Archbishop's province to grant my request with regard to the Circumcision. I had the strongest letter from Cardinal Albani, which I presented to the Archbishop, but without any effect. The reason indeed which he gave was a very ridiculous one, that in taking down the picture it was liable to accidents, and in that case he was answerable for the consequences, and that such a thing would make a rumour throughout all Bologna. He told me a drawing of it had been done lately, with an intention to engrave it, by order of Mr. Dalton, who had the assistance of a small scaffold, or rather a double lader with deals laid across, which I might have likewise, but which I must transport every evening after I had done work, and not put up next morning till after mass was over, which was yesterday before mid-day. Judge what a proposal this was, and what loss of time must be thrown away on this occasion! I thanked his Eminence, and told him in the first place it was impossible to make a correct drawing of the picture in the light wherein it was situated, such as would do either credit to my reputation, or justice to the original; that the drawing which Mr. Dalton had made was intended to be engraved in a slight manner, and consequently required no delicacy. In short, he was tenacious to his point, and so I left him.

"You must know I am a good deal shagreened at Mr. Dalton, and cannot think but his behaviour on this occasion has rather been like a scoundrel, as upon his asking me the pictures I intended engraving, I mentioned this, with the two in Sampiery Collection. He had here with him an ingenious artist from Venice, one Bartolozzi, who he has employed in this undertaking: he likewise used his interest with Sampiery to have the Guerchino and Guido, but I am told did not succeed. You'll naturally own that on this occasion I owe Mr. Dalton no favour, and that the most agreeable revenge I would wish would be to make a drawing of the Circumcision at my full convenience. I wish indeed I had adverted formerly to the recommendation [from the Cardinal York] I find it is in your power to procure me. On this occasion I think you must know my honour is engaged. Should I go home and say I could not procure a drawing of this picture, and afterwards Mr. Dalton produces it to the public, what a figure must I make! Bartolozzi's print will be clever, but [I] am confident not like what might be done. It is on this occasion therefore necessary I again renew my application to the Archbishop. For this purpose I will not only have the recommendation you propose, but at the same time a letter from Cardinal Shara Colonna, who I am told is his great friend: in short, if the King [James III.] has any knowledge of the Archbishop, a request coming from his Majesty could never be refused. * * * I must beg, my dear Andrew, that on this occasion you'll take my cause, as you always do, to heart. The point in question is to have represented, in whatever letters are wrote to the Archbishop, that the picture hangs in a bad light, and that I cannot, in the situation it is, either do justice to the original, or credit to my own reputation. The facilities I have met with over all Italy on this occasion may likewise be represented. * * * You may go deliberately to work and not be hurried, for in the mean time I shall not be idle, as I intend beginning a small picture of a Sleeping Cupid by Guido, which will make the finest companion possible to my Vandike. This picture Mr. Dalton has likewise had done, on which occasion I am the more anxious to begin it. It certainly will not exceed three weeks at the most, and before that time I hope you'll have procured my credentials. * * * *

"Adieu my dear Andrew, and believe me ever
"Yours affectionately,
"Robt. Strange."

In consequence of this request, Mr. Lumisden applied for letters to the obdurate Archbishop from Cardinals York and Colonna di Sciarra, adding, "this is all I can undertake to do for you in the matter. I do not find that the King has any connection with Cardinal Malvezzi, and, indeed, though he had, the situation of his health has of late been such that I could not well speak to him at present of an affair of this kind. The general pride that attends the red hat makes the wearers of it generally think that it is an imputation on their judgment to alter an opinion they have once taken up. * * * Dalton's behaviour has been dirty and low like himself, but I think it would be doing him too much honour to take any notice of it. I am glad you are doing a drawing of the Sleeping Cupid, which will show the world that it was not a diffidence of being rivalled by Bartolozzi that prevented you from doing the Circumcision, but from want of convenience to make a correct drawing of it, which you are sure Bartolozzi's is not, nor could possibly be done, how ingenious soever an artist he is, in the situation in which the picture is placed." In this calculation Strange was, however, again thwarted from the same quarter. "I told you in my last I was to begin a small picture of a Sleeping Cupid, by Guido, as I apprehended I should have no difficulty. In this, Dalton has likewise got the start of me. He had a drawing of it done by Bartolozzi, as he told the proprietor, with a view to dispose of the original to the King, should he like the subject. Dalton was, upon his return to England, to write to Aldrovandi, but as yet he has received no letter, and thus the affair stands; and till he has heard of the King's resolution, he will allow no copy at any rate to be taken. I hear the drawing is now engraving by Bartolozzi, so you see I have no chance neither for this. I have within these two days begun a subject, much of the same nature as the former, by Elizabeth Sirani: it is a fine finished picture of this lady, answers as a companion to my little Vandyke, and is likewise an additional name to my collection. You may be sure I wish in every shape for an opportunity to appear in the same subjects with Bartolozzi, his plates being intended for England, and, [I] have some reason to believe, himself also."

It is easy to comprehend the intense annoyance which Strange must have felt at being thus anticipated in all his undertakings by Dalton and Bartolozzi; but full allowance cannot be made for his sensitiveness without bearing in mind that, whether justly or not, he connected this interference with the Bute affair of 1760, and eventually regarded it as a link in the series of professional persecutions which met him on his return home. In this view, the matter assumes more consequence than such paltry squabbles would otherwise merit. Our artist was not, however, without consolation. "Every body interests themselves much in my favours. I have been admitted here a member of the Academy of Painting, so that you see the necessity for me being of that of Rome, which, amongst the number of my titles, will sound well in the beginning." Farther, the applications of Cardinals York and Albani to Archbishop Malvezzi brought Strange an invitation to a Sunday dinner at one of his villas, and eventually effected the removal of those obstacles regarding the Circumcision which, as it transpired, originated with the nuns of the adjoining convent. "It is the devil, I find, to have to do with women, especially those who are veiled; the whole of this convent are under the influence of their priest and confessor, who was no friend to my cause. They unanimously petitioned the Archbishop that no such liberty as I required might be granted; however, from his gentle means to bring them over, and from the influence some persons of distinction had here with their relations in the convent, they have at last suffered a scaffold to be erected. * * * I find it is no secret in Bologna, the Duke [of York] having written in my favour; it is owing, I presume, to Cardinal Malvezzi mentioning the strong recommendations I had to him, which I know he urged as a great argument with the nuns. I can't but smile when I think on Hanoverian and our own interest being used together on this occasion. In my present situation, every thing of this sort is no doubt fair, and, for ought I care, it may be proclaimed at St. James's." Mass being necessarily suspended at the altar while the scaffold remained, its use was limited to a month, and Strange undertook to work from sunrise at his undertaking. It, however, cost him six weeks' incessant application before that aid could be dispensed with, besides some days "for revising and giving the general accord to the drawing, being one of the most charged with figures" he had ever executed; and even part of that time was lost from a slight accident which disabled his hand.*

Having thus, through the influence of the Stuart family, overcome a serious obstacle, Strange had no scruple to resort to the same means for obtaining access to Count Zampieri's pictures; and on receiving from his brother-in-law a letter to Cardinal York, then passing through Bologna, he mentioned, in acknowledging it, "I had last night the honour of being presented to the Duke, and showing him the drawing of the Circumcision. I expressed to his R. H. the happiness I had in paying him my respects, and at the same time regretted that my situation while at Rome prevented me that honour. He said he was glad of the opportunity he had in seeing me, and was particularly sensible of my good intentions towards him. I delivered myself your letter, which he read to Angeletti, and desired him this day to wait on Sampieri in his name and ask the favour I demanded." From other letters passing between the brothers-in-law during the next three weeks, we learn that the Count's obstinacy yielding to this request, Strange at length obtained access to the long-desired pictures of Hagar and the Two Saints, and that he duly acknowledged in person Cardinal York's obliging intervention. On the 24th of August he proceeded to Cento, the birthplace of Guercino, and, by the kindness of Cardinal Malvezzi, at once set to work upon that master's *Noli me tangere* in the church of the Name of God, which he considered his *chef-d'œuvre*, declining, however, the offer of an apartment in the Cardinal's palace. Nine days thereafter he "had nearly dead-coloured the Guercino," and was "fully as much in raptures with it as the first moment" he had beheld it, in a flying visit at the end of 1760. In the same letter he says, "I bless God my dear Bella is better, and that such good fortune attends her endeavours. You may easily imagine how anxious I am to join a family so dear to me. Her fatigue must indeed be great, but in the situation things are, how can it be avoided? My arrival will no doubt make a considerable change. I pray God her health may be preserved till then, and I hope our meeting will produce that uninterrupted happiness we all desire." On returning to Bologna, early in November, in order to profit by the permission reluctantly accorded by Zampieri, our engraver was surprised to find it with drawn as regarded Guido's Saints Peter and Paul; and although he obtained through Lumisden a renewal of Cardinal York's direct interposition in his behalf, the churlish owner remained obdurate, pleading a similar refusal already made to the late King Augustus of Poland. Mr. Strange was thus obliged to content himself with Guercino's Hagar, which in due time he published. His anxiety to execute the Guido had arisen possibly form a recalcitrant spirit, rather than from admiration of its merits; at all events, he was quite satisfied to substitute for it Raffaele's St. Cecilia, an exchange by which the world has decidedly gained. This picture, however, as he acknowledges in a letter to his relation, Bruce, the traveller, did not much strike him at first sight. "It was on approaching it with the convenience of a ladder that I discovered its beauties, and I am satisfied, had you the same opportunity I now have of examining the original, you would own it to be one of the divinest pictures of this artist."

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* Strange's most laborions life was too short for all he undertook. This drawing, with several others which he did not survive to engrave, is included in Lord Zetland's collection of his works, but a tracing prepared for transfer to copper, still in his family, proves that it would not have been much longer left aside, had time been granted for completing a work on which he had been so much set.

On the 7th of September, Lumisden wrote to congratulate Strange on having been received a member of St. Luke's Academy at Rome the previous Sunday, Piranesi pronouncing from the chair an eloquent eulogy on the candidate, whose election had been zealously promoted by Prince Altieri.* To this the following reply was received: —

Robert Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"Cento, Sept. 15. 1763.

"My dear Andrew, — I had the pleasure of writing you last post, in which I inclosed a letter from my dear Bella. I have, since the favour of yours of the 7th, by which I observe I am at length elected a member of the Accademy of St. Luke. I shall do as you desire me, and write a few lines on the occasion, both to the Prince Altieri and Piranesi. I have now no wish left me of this nature, but to be received in the Royal Accademy at Paris, which I will endeavour to effectuate on my arrival there. As an engraver, I certainly never shall, as every such must present them with two portraits engraved, which would never turn to my account. I shall endeavour to be received amongst the class of painters, and consequently present the Accademy with some drawing. When I return to Parma, which I am under a promise of doing in my way to Venice, I shall endeavour to be recommended to the Accademy in this light, which may probably facilitate matters. When you have payed the expences of this patent of St. Luke, let me know what I am in your debt, for by this time I certainly must be so. I wish, amongst other reasons, I was at home on your account, that we might, if possible, endeavour to settle your money in a more certain way than it seems at present. I shall then, I hope, be able to pay all my scores, and with interest. I am satisfied that Morton be wrote to before the purchase of his porphory, as there will be no after reflections proceeding with such caution. The weather at present has taken such a turn here that I have been entirely idle, both at home and abroad; I pray God it may not continue. I cannot think of resigning either of the pictures in the Sampiery Palace. Neither of them are overcharged with work, so that I hope they will not detain me here beyond the latter end of the year. Say that I am in Paris some time in February; four or five months at most is requisite for my two figures of Justice and Meekness, and in the meantime several other of my plates may be advanced by the various helps I can procure there. August may certainly bring me to London, when I will have time to print my plates, and prepare matters for the beginning of winter, and likewise publish something the spring following. Bella certainly expects me before this ensuing winter be over; but, in a short time, she will naturally see the impossibility of it. I know she will be averse to my stay at Paris; but this I cannot possibly remedy, the necessity of it being so obvious. I wrote her sme time since I was solicite to make a drawing of the St. Cecilia by Raphael, but that without her positive consent, I would never think of it. I find now, indeed, time must restrict me without it. I shall do what I can to serve Byres, tho' Morrison has been warmly recommended to me as an antiquary, which I find he intends making his profession; and, indeed, I believe him better qualified than Byres. I certainly cannot recommend him as a preferable antiquary; and in cases of this nature it is to be supposed one recommends the best: such a recommendation must be in the light of an architect. If he could do without playing the antiquary it would certainly be best, for it can only breed ill blood. Last winter was remarkable for Scots travelers, but I know of none this. It is certain a Duke of York is coming into Italy, and that soon, as Sir Horace [Mann] writes me he is preparing for his reception. No doubt I shall see him at Bologna, and it will not be improper he should see my drawings. I hear nothing as yet of his going to Rome, but it is more than probable he will, and in that case antiquarys will have employment for some time, as all the world will crowd after him. Don't you think that an article may be put in the papers with respect to my being elected of St. Luke's in quality of a painter, and on account of the merit of my drawings, and of having adopted a particular manner of painting, hitherto peculiar to myself? If you approve of it, let me have your thoughts. Did you ever meet with what was said with respect to my Parma honours? From Bella never having seen it, I suspect it was not in such a manner as either did honour to me or my royall benefactor, and consequently did more harm than good. I ever am,

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* I have received, through my friend Mr. Nugent Dunbar, an extract of the only notice of Strange in the archives of this academy. "Sept. 4. 1763. — Signor Robert Strange, a Scotchman, was proposed as painter for an academician of merit, by the president Mauro Fontana: and it was put to the vote, with notice that the black ball admitted, while the white excluded: and but two white balls being found, he was elected, promising however to send the academy a drawing or work in painting by his own hand, and to do as much as is customary by all foreign academicians on entering, before his patent be despatched." On receipt of sixty crowns, the diploma was accordingly issued on the 2nd of October; and as engravers were not then eligible, he seems to have undertaken to contribute a miniature, which however does not appear ever to have arrived. Similar remissness in repeated instances led to a regulation in 1772, requiring production of a work before the diploma was sent out.

"Dear Andrew, yours affectionately,

"R. STRANGE."

The academical distinction thus mentioned had been looked for with some anxiety, in the impression that it might possibly be refused through the influence of Jenkins, the banker and picture dealer, whom Strange had greatly damaged by his exposure at Florence in 1760. Yet, as it would seem to have been habitually conferred on payment of a fee of fifty dollars, his desire to obtain it is scarcely explained by this passage in a letter to Lumisden: "You know my intention of being received a member of the Accademy of Rome, and had I not been of the other accademys in Italy, I never would have dreamt of this. I think it is however worth purchasing, being the only expense of this nature I have been at; and I cannot help thinking it a flattering circumstance that I can insert beneath my plates that I am of the accademys of Rome, Florence, Bologna, and professor of that of Parma. This may be done without any vanity, as we have daily examples of this nature, in members of royal accademys, &c. It is possible on my return to Paris I may be there received likewise, which is certainly an accademy the most honourable of any. I have no objection of presenting something that will transmitt me to posterity in the Accademy of St. Luke, provided they will excuse my present situation, and permit me to send such a thing after my return to England. I shall at least answer that the manner in which such a thing is execute be an invention, and peculiar only to myself. This I apprehend will be complied with. I know fifty crowns is the most that is given, and I certainly would not exceed it." This was in reply to information from Lumisden that he could be received "only as a designer or colourist," it being "always understood that the design or picture given to the academy is the invention of the person who presents it." And we gather from our artist's reserved pledge to these terms that the originality of his proposed contribution would be found rather in the method of execution than in the subject-matter. Mr. Lumisden very justly questioned whether such distinctions could be of use or value, especially as it turned out that, in this instance, Prince Altieri had thought it well to neutralise opposition by an offer of ten crowns beyond the customary fee or bribe! Strange, however, regarded them with greater complacency, and took occasion, in his Inquiry into the Establishment of the Royal Academy, to contrast his own exclusion from its ranks as an engraver, with his admission in that capacity into the Academy of St. Luke, " thereby over-ruling the laws of that institution " in his favour. The minutes of this admission have already appeared in our sixteenth page (Vol. II.). Other compliments, however, still awaited him in Italy, which are thus adverted to.

Robert Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"Cento, Sept. 22. 1763.

"My dear Andrew,

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"Since I last wrote you, I have received an augmentation of honour, and of some profit too. Prince Leichtenstein, who I told you I went to visit at Bologna, has sent me a present of a medal containing his own portrait, and a box, both of gold. The medal is very handsome, and about six guineas or more in weight; the box will weigh some guineas more, and is properly for a lady. Tho' it has not the magnificence of the Duke of Parma, yet on those occasions we are to regard the giver and not the gift. You know I am a bad Frenchman, and I wish you would write me a few genteel lines, that I may thank his Highness, and desire to know by what channel I can transmitt him a copy of my engravings from time to time. Your next I suppose will inform me of your having received my credentials from the Accademy of St. Luke. Poor Mr. Drummond must be now advanced in years. I heartily wish him success in his undertaking, but am afraid he cannot enrich himself much by any commissions from your part of the world. I shall be sorry if Forbes has brought himself into scrape on account of Wilks. From what I have heard of the North Briton, I have been often surprised how the spirit of our countrymen lay so long hid.* When I consider Wilks' opponents, I cannot say but I wish he may triumph, tho' in himself he little deserves it, and is only the tool of a party. Since I wrote you last, I have again lost an entire day by the weather; and yesterday I dined with Cardinal Malvezzi, his niece, &c., and where I in general spend my evenings. I will forward you next post a letter from my dear Bella, who, I thank God, is well, as are all the children; and I remain, dear Andrew,

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* Referring to Captain Forbes' ineffectual attempt to call this libeller to account for his aspersions on the Scottish nation, in which he showed the white feather. Forbes' second was the Honourable Alexander Murray, who has already figured in our pages. Full details will be found in the Scots' Magazine for 1763.

"Yours affectionately,
"ROBT. STRANGE."

On the 1st of October Lumisden thus replies: "I have the pleasure my dear Robie of yours of the 22d ult., and heartily congratulate with you on every additional mark of distinction you receive. Prince Lichtenstein's present is very genteel, and you cannot omit writing to his Serene Highness on this occasion. If you have not already done it, I send, as you desire, a form of a letter for that purpose. I hope in time you will rival even Pitt in gold boxes. I have now got your diploma from the Academy of St. Luke. It is wrote on vellum most beautifully, and many of the letters gilded, with the seal of the academy appended in a tin box. I gave the treasurer the sixty crowns. I intend to put it up in a tin case alongst with your Florence diploma, and send them to you by first opportunity. You will soon need a chest to hold your diplomas and gold boxes." To this compliment Strange answered: "I shall receive with pleasure the diploma for my reception in St. Luke's. What with diplomas, gold boxes, &c., should I leave nothing else, they will at least be an honourable legacy to my children."

An artist conscious of professional deserts, and accustomed to no measured commendations from partial relatives, would naturally aspire to the highest distinctions in the line which he had chosen. Yet we are startled to find one, of Strange's unobtrusive character and cold temperament, thus intent upon gathering in and chronicling academic honours or princely baubles. A solution will be found in the feeling which, originating on perhaps inadequate grounds, gradually grew into a belief that his merits were systematically repressed by English artists. The incidents connected with his leaving England, as well as his recent collision with Dalton and Bartolozzi, naturally fostered such an impression, which, as we shall see, gained ground from circumstances occurring on his return to London. In proportion as he considered himself slighted at home grew his ambition for foreign distinctions, and the desire of thus proving to his supposed enemies that he could dispense with their favours. While enumerating such distinctions, we may include one which was noticed in the periodicals of the day, although I have not been able on personal examination to confirm the alleged facts. "The ceiling of the room of the Vatican Library in which the collection of engravings are kept, is elegantly painted by Signor

Roffanelli. It represents the progress of engraving, and the portraits of the most eminent artists in that line are there introduced, among whom is Sir Robert Strange. Under his arm he holds a portfolio on which his name is inscribed. He is the only British artist on whom this honor has been conferred." The artist here misnamed was Stefano Toffanelli; but his fresco, executed for Pius VI., was obliterated by order of Cardinal Consalvi, to make way for the armorial bearings of Pius VII.

Having completed his pleasant and improving though laborious tasks in Italy, Mr. Strange left Bologna in the end of March, and, after visiting Venice, proceeded by way of Parma and Turin to Paris. Of his journey we have no incidents, besides a narrow escape in crossing the Po, and great sufferings from cold on the Alps. Reaching Paris in May, he tasked himself to engrave two plates before rejoining his family in London; choosing for this purpose Raffaele's allegorical figures of Justice and Meekness, from the Hall of Constantine at the Vatican, which he had drawn and etched in 1761. In the former, the principal figure is grouped with an ostrich, the Egyptian symbol of impartiality, seeing that each of its plumes is balanced by a similar number of lateral feathers, or, according to others, from its want of the instinct of natural affection. To this awkward bird Strange's taste demurred. Just before quitting Italy he had written to Lumisden, "You may remember I had once some thoughts while at Rome of having some little alteration made on this animal by Vandermeulen; I at that time thought I might dispense with it, but I now find, upon maturely considering this figure, that it will make a ridiculous appearance, and may be an object of derision to those who are fond of cavilling, though it may bear the name of Raphael. My lately examining this drawing, after being some time out my sight, has confirmed me in this opinion." By next post he says: "This only serves to transmitt you my dear Bella's letter, and a sketch of that ugly creature the ostridge. You'll be so good as wait on Vandermeulen; he lodges in the Barberini Palace. What I chiefly want is to have the body and under part of this animal a little turned about, to take away from that disagreeable uniformity in the original. I know he is alone equal to the task. He will paint it up at once on a bit of canvass, in the same time that he will draw it. You must on this occasion open your sellar, and send him, in my name, ten or a dozen of bottles of something that's good, which I shall repay you at another time. I am sorry to have been under the necessity of troubling you on this occasion, but there is no avoiding it, and I know nobody fitter to serve me than Vandermeulen. * * * Tell him that the ostridge is of a brown colour, and keept much down, so as not to hurt the effect of the figure." Lumisden replied: "The bird no doubt makes but a foolish figure, nor do I see any good reason for making it an emblem of justice. I daresay, however, Raphael was capable of defending the propriety of his composition. But pray what effect would the figure produce without the bird? If taking out the ostrich entirely does not hurt the perspective, or effect of the picture, I should think it better to leave it out than to substitute a composition in its place which the public may justly say is not Raphael's." The Flemish painter, however, declined the job. "He says he never painted an ostrich, and as there is no such bird to be seen here, what he could do would be only ideal, and consequently do honour neither to you nor him. * * * You must, therefore, either make Raphael answer for his own bird, or get it altered at Paris. I remember to have seen an ostrich at Versailles; by seeing it perhaps you will be able to do all you want yourself." The secretary's judgment fortunately out-weighed the engraver's crotchet, and the following letter proves that Raffaele was saved from emendations of Strange and Vandermeulen:—

Robert Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"Paris, May 27th, 1764.

"My dear Andrew,—Since my arrival here I had the pleasure of writing you. * * * I have made a beginning on my two plates, but before I proceed I have etched the portrait of Raphael, and intend retouching part of the drapery and back-ground, purposely to bring in my hand. I find the want of upwards of four years' practice makes some difference, but a short essay will set all to right, and the rather that my ideas are much improved by the long habitude I have had in drawing. I intend continuing the ostridge as it is, and if possible to engrave it in a picturesque manner, which will in some measure balance its other defects. * * * I find Count Ulsters' character is unchangeable; his lodging at Barazzis' was certainly, everything considered, the properest place for him. The next of the family who travels may probably put up at the scoundrel Jenkins's. I think your Court at Rome have acquired little honour on this occasion.* I had called on David Hume without seeing him: I had this day a visit of him, and am to-morrow to wait on Lord and Lady Hartford, who I find are anxious to see me and my works. I have only to add that I remain as usual, dear Andrew,

"Yours affectionately,
"ROBT. STRANGE."

The professional advantages of Mr. Strange's residence in Italy were in some respects dearly purchased. After seventeen years of married life, his helpmate could look back upon but about half that period of domestic union; and, to her mercurial temperament, his long and recurring absences were rendered more irksome by the increasing cares of a numerous family, and the complication of her father's affairs, as well as by the onerous duty of presiding over the sale of her husband's works without the intervention of any publisher. Hence the impatience she occasionally manifested at his apparently interminable procrastinations in the Italian galleries; to which was added another source of misunderstanding. John Keith, a son of her husband's sister, appears to have been dependent upon his bounty, but by irregularities and folly to have forfeited his good opinion and assistance. Mrs. Strange's prejudice against Keith knew no bounds; and, in deference to it, her husband and Mr. Lumisden concealed what intercourse they had with him in Italy, where, after forfeiting the good opinion of two merchants at Naples and Leghorn with whom he had been placed, he, from interested considerations, embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and was sent to the Scotch convent of St. James at Ratisbon, in 1765. These circumstances having accidentally come to the knowledge of Mrs. Strange, her indignation against her husband and brother was so strong as to alarm the latter for her domestic peace, if not for the equilibrium of her mind. His best endeavours were accordingly given to allay her "gusts of discontent" by gentle letters and conciliatory suggestions.

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* See Vol. I. p. 215. as to His Royal Highness the Duke of York's visit to Italy. His brother, George III., sent acknowledgments to his Holiness for the attentions paid him at Rome.—Scots' Mag. July, 1772.

Partly perhaps to soothe his wife's sensitiveness, arising out of these various annoyances, and also as an interruption to labours which imperilled his health, Mr. Strange made a short visit to London in July, 1764; when all past complainings were mutually forgotten in a cordial reunion and renewal of the most affectionate intercourse. But time was too precious for dalliance, and as he could not induce her to accompany him across the Channel, he returned to Paris in September, to finish his Justice and Meekness, with the assistance of an artist qualified to perform the merely mechanical portions of the plates. Impressed with the necessity of keeping himself before the English public, he now projected an exhibition of his Italian drawings, to be followed in due time by another of the pictures which he had collected. This object was further gratified by a new academic distinction, conferred upon him in the beginning of 1765, which is thus mentioned by Lumisden in a letter to Bruce the African traveller: "My brother-in-law has been unanimously received a member of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture at Paris. He is the first British subject that ever they received. This honour flatters him much, as the academy is, no doubt, the most honourable institution of this kind." "Upon my return from Italy," says Strange, in his printed Letter to Lord Bute, "I had the honor of being received unanimously a member of that academy. It is customary, on those occasions, for the candidate to place in the academy such specimens of his works as he judges proper for the inspection of the academicians, that they may thereby form a judgment of the ability of the artist. With a few of my engravings, I accordingly presented a series of the drawings I had made abroad. Before the assembly broke up, when I was expecting to carry back these specimens as is usual, I was asked, by order of the academy, if I had any objection against leaving my drawings a few days, for the inspection of the students. This honour was too flattering not to be complied with. My drawings, therefore, remained a week in the academy, which was kept open, not only for the satisfaction of the students in particular, but for that of the public in general." Of the very different reception these works experienced a few months later from the London Society of Artists we shall have immediately to speak.

CHAP. XII.

MR. STRANGE DISGUSTED BY HIS RECEPTION AT HOME.—SQUABBLES OF ARTISTS.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY FOUNDED, ENGRAVERS BEING EXCLUDED. — EXHIBITION AND SALES OF STRANGE'S DRAWINGS AND PICTURES. — HIS PUBLICATIONS RESUMED.

In February Strange carried his plates of Justice and Meekness to London, to be printed off and published. Of subjects so celebrated description is here uncalled for. In selecting them he indicated his desire to draw inspiration from the fountain-head, and by wooing the Muse of Painting in her severer mood, he challenged a more exacting criticism than was due to the treatment of those eclectic masters whose works he had hitherto rendered. Nor was he found wanting by many anxious admirers who awaited the result. In four years of disuse his hand had forgotten none of its cunning, while his style had gained in dignity and vigour; qualities without which it were vain to follow in the footsteps of Raffaele. But to artists who, like Gallio, "cared for none of these things," and to connoisseurs whose beau-ideals were Simone da Pesaro or Pompeo Battoni, innovations demanding a higher standard of taste and of execution were far from welcome. Accordingly, in his printed Letter, Strange informs Lord Bute that "a few days had hardly elapsed when there appeared in the Public Advertiser [of April 30.], a very long and elaborate performance, taking to pieces these prints, in order to depreciate them in the esteem of the public." But this peevish tone may be ascribed to morbid sensitiveness in a mind anticipating injustice, rather than to the terms of this newspaper critique; though a feeble and pointless attack on these compositions, and especially on the mystical *ostrich*, it is aimed neither at the engraver nor his handiwork. Amid such annoyances, the following consolation reached him: —

Andrew Lumisden to Robert Strange.

"July 3d, 1765.

"I have received, my dear Robie, your affectionate letter of the 17th May, and, by what you write me, I reckon you are now at Paris. I was indeed anxious to hear from you, at the same time I knew that your silence proceeded from your hurry in publishing. Hurry in some degree must always attend publications, but you will no doubt for the future endeavour to avoid it as much as possible. Justice and Meekness, I am persuaded, will be universally admired, notwithstanding of the London critics. These beings, like gnats, are always the busier the brighter the sun shines. Raphael will easily defend himself against their impotent attacks. You judge however well to let your next publication consist of compositions which will remove the objection of single figures. But the two works of Guercini you intend to engrave are so large that I am afraid it will not be possible for you to finish them for next spring. Your scheme of working at Paris will surely be attended with advantages, but at the same time I cannot but regret our dear Bella's situation, left so much alone, left brooding over the thoughts of your absence. I hope however that her good sense will get the better of it, especially as it will, in the end, prove so beneficial to your family. Pray in what manner do you send the boys to Scotland? You must have had infinite satisfaction to see the progress the dear children made during your absence. I shall communicate to Piranesi what you say of him: he, and all your friends here, long much to see Justice and Meekness. I reckon you will have ordered them to be sent to Leghorn.

"In my last I mentioned to you Mr. Boswell of Auchenleck. He was much with me whilst here, and I have a particular esteem for him. He left with me the enclosed miniature of himself, painted by Alves from a large portrait done by Willison: it is exceeding like. Pray desire the Principal to show it to the Abbé Colbert, as a specimen of his nephew's work, and afterwards send it to Bella with the first sure hand, with directions to her to forward it to Scotland to our friend Thomas Boswell. I reckon you will see Mr. Boswell in Paris about the beginning of winter. He is a gentleman of great talents, and beloved by all his acquaintances. Lord Mountstuart took an affection to him, and carries him with him to make the tour of Italy. I shall write next week, if possible, a line to Bella, for I have not now time to do it. Of myself I can say nothing new. The King is much in the same situation as when you left Paris. I embrace you with the warmest affection, and ever am," &c.

Naturally fond of praise and sensitive to obloquy, Strange found much to disappoint him on reaching home. After years spent abroad, at many sacrifices, in earnest study of the master-pieces of painting, and after his success had been attested by the diplomas of five foreign academies, and by compliments showered from all quarters, he returned to find the Exhibition closed against his works, the artists caballing against his fame, and himself excluded from any share of court favour at the moment when it was first extended to art. "I consulted with my friends," he writes to Lord Bute, "how I might recover your lordship's protection. Conscious that I had done nothing that should have deprived me of that honour, I had hoped that your own reflection and my long absence would have at length softened your resentment: but in vain,—I was assured that you were inflexible. I wished no doubt to have the honour of showing my drawings to the King, but I found every avenue shut against me. No situation, my Lord, could be more disagreeable than mine was at that period. The plan I had for years been engaged in had expended, I may say, the whole of my little fortune, and the purchases I had made abroad were at that time dispersed over the Continent. It would have required a mind superior to misfortunes not to have felt extremely in such circumstances, and to bear up against the difficulties which surrounded me. Upon closing the subscription for my [next] four historical prints, I informed the public that I was going abroad to procure the necessary assistance for forwarding this work. Scarce had this advertisement appeared when fresh sarcasms were thrown out in the papers, and the public were cautioned not to encourage my works, because every line of them forsooth was not to be done with my own hands: as if it had been a matter of importance whether the background of a subject, or the fold of a piece of drapery were to be dead-coloured either by an Englishman or a Frenchman; and as if we had not foreigners daily introduced into this country who are encouraged in preference even to the natives of superior merit." *

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* The notice in question appeared in the Public Advertiser of May 18th, announcing that "Mr. Strange being to set out for Paris in order to procure the necessary assistance towards executing the inferior parts of his work," his Exhibition of drawings, and the proposals for his new prints, would close on the 25th inst. Our artist was not, however, the only target for those paper pellets under which he thus winced. In a newspaper squib, aimed at his old opponent Ramsay, I find the latter accused of such "frigid indifference" to his father's poetry, that he once thought of buying up and burning it all. "Sir," said Mrs. Strange, "the thing is impossible. Were all the copies of the Gentle Shepherd at this instant in the fire, I have it every word by heart, and shall publish a new edition of it as often as the old is destroyed. I hope, however," added she, "I shall live to see a son of yours possessed of as much wit as his grandfather; in which case the first thing he will employ himself about, the moment your breath is out, will be in

There were indeed circumstances rendering this state of matters peculiarly galling. Lord Bute retained his influence with George III., and it was the ambition of both to encourage art. Strange's disfavour with the Sovereign and the ex-Minister was of course no recommendation to those brother artists whose personal vanity and professional prospects were flattered by hopes of royal patronage; and, quickly discovering that he was regarded by most of them with no friendly eye, he ascribed to their intrigues whatever coldness he encountered, and to their pens all the pungent effusions of the press. In this conclusion petted feeling may have had some part; but the treatment experienced by his works surely warranted his suspicion as well as chagrin. Finding, on his return to England, that the Society of Artists had been incorporated by royal charter, he resolved to send some drawings to their next Exhibition. One of its directors, whom he consulted, while approving his intention, expressed a fear that he might be precluded from doing so by certain rules recently passed, and, as it was whispered, specially aimed at his productions. In

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buying up and burning the whole of your Hanoverian works, which, let me tell you, sir, are a disgrace to your family." The lady, ever ready to exchange her Roland for an Oliver, was not apt to forget her supposed wrongs; but we have already disclaimed the Lumisden estimate of Allan Ramsay's excellent portraits.

order to test this, he carried to the directors his copy of Guido's Magdalen, when they exclaimed that as a coloured drawing it could not be received; and, a majority insisting that the point should be submitted to ballot, Mr. Strange withdrew the bone of contention. A head in red and black chalks after Guercino was admitted, but placed very high; while, as if to invalidate their own pretext, similar coloured drawings, presented at subsequent exhibitions by his rival Bartolozzi, were readily received. So situated, we cannot wonder that disgusts should arise, or that he should in dignified silence quit an ungenial shore. He accordingly arranged to return to Paris early in July, with the intention of remaining there some years; and only postponed until autumn his departure from the temptations of his family circle, while occupied in the preliminary work of etching his two great plates after Guercino. It is pleasing, however, to find a generous appreciation even of his opponents. He wrote in 1766 to Bruce, the traveller: "I was agreeably surprised at seeing one exhibition here since my return from Italy; I saw that at Paris for the subsequent year, and if we set aside two of the French artists, Vernet and Greuze, the former exhibition will by far claim the preference."

We have neither inducements nor intention here to investigate the artist squabbles into which Mr.

Strange was gradually drawn, from a sense of premeditated slights, pointed at himself, but extended on his account to the profession in which he was honourably engaged. A few words may, however, convey some idea of the unhealthy condition of English art and its followers at this period. The failure of attempts made in 1753 and 1755 to embody the artists of London for common ends and mutual benefit was followed some years later by arrangements for an annual exhibition of their works, which opened in 1760, at the rooms of the Society of Arts in the Strand. No sooner was this desirable object accomplished than dissension infected their ranks. In 1761 two rival exhibitions were organised; one under the former management, but transferred to an auction-room in Spring-gardens; the other by the seceders, who resumed possession of their last year's place. The separation thus organised was lasting. The Spring-gardens body, who in 1765 obtained a Royal Charter as "The Society of Artists of Great Britain," became the more important association: the others, calling themselves "The Free Society of Artists," dragged on a feeble existence until 1779. In 1767 an academy of instruction was established by the incorporated Society, in opposition to its own directors, whose domineering sway was highly unpopular. The gradually embittered contentions which ensued were brought to a crisis in the following autumn, by a vote displacing part of the governing body, and by the immediate resignation of the rest. At this juncture, his Majesty's willingness to support some association for the improvement of art was brought to bear upon the parties thus ousted, chiefly through Benjamin West; and on the 10th of December, 1768, the "Royal Academy of Arts of London" was instituted, with a code of laws digested by Mr. Chambers, the architect, in a great measure after the King's own suggestions. Exclusiveness was, and has continued, a chief feature in its constitution; for to its own very limited body the most valuable of its privileges are still restricted, including all moneys collected at exhibitions, although almost from the first a great majority of the exhibitors were not members of the Academy, and had no voice in its concerns.

The incorporated Society was of course greatly disconcerted by this unlooked-for manœuvre of its late leaders. Their charter was to all intents annulled, the royal favour virtually, though not avowedly withdrawn, and the art-apparatus of their school remained in the hands of their supplanters. Mortification and disgust were the natural results; but their efforts for redress were vain. Drowned in debt by an ill-advised expenditure in erecting the Lyceum room, their energy soon relaxed, their affairs fell into confusion, their adherents dropped off, their exhibitions became irregular, and about 1791 they ceased to exist for any practical purpose.

In regard to Strange's part in these doings, we find his name on the committee of the proposed but abortive Association of 1755, and, as we have already seen, he exhibited in 1760. In 1766 he stood enrolled as a member of the incorporated Society, although then under no friendly guidance, Ramsay being its vice-president and Dalton its treasurer. In his published Inquiry into the Establishment of the Royal Academy, which is our chief contemporary authority for the facts, he tells us that, even before the disruption of the parent society, its direction was torn by divisions, and that he often there "burned with a secret indignation when he heard the names of the great masters of Italy treated with contempt." At the secession of 1768 he assumed a considerable lead in the discussions, taking part with those members who did not constitute the Royal Academy, and severely exposing in his pamphlet the intrigues and jobbing of its founders. And he vainly endeavoured, at subsequent meetings of the old Society (of which he was a director in 1769), to have a statement of the whole circumstances laid before the throne and the public. Thus did he become especially obnoxious to the Academicians, who, though not numbering either Ramsay or Dalton, included in Chambers one already mixed up with that untoward misunderstanding with Lord Bute, whence all his professional entanglements may be dated.

As to his own especial grievances, the point which he considered personal is thus stated in his Inquiry (p. 112.): "The next step of our Academicians was more alarming, and affected me more particularly than anything they had yet done. It was an attack upon the art of engraving: a profession which will transmit to posterity the works of painters, when devouring time has left no traces of their pencils: a profession which had been as well the support of my numerous family as the source of my principal pleasure through life. In modelling the plan of their Academy, I had the honour, as I was informed, to be particularly remembered by them. At length, the more effectually to prevent every chance that I might have, of partaking the honours they were sharing, it was proposed that nothing less than a total exclusion of engravers should take place. When men are guided by false and underhand motives, they meet with eternal embarrassments, and are ever reduced to act with inconsistency. No sooner had the Academicians passed this law, which in a manner gave the lie to the royal establishment, and which excluded every ingenious engraver and native of this kingdom, than they admitted among them M. Bartolozzi, an engraver and a foreigner. The better to cover this glaring partiality, they pretended to receive him as a painter, and insisted upon his furnishing them with a picture at the opening of their exhibition."

Having admitted these severe strictures upon the Academicians from Mr. Strange's pen, it may be well to quote what in his opinion they ought to have done: "Had the Academy set out upon an enlarged and truly royal plan,—had the honour of the King and advancement of the arts been the sole objects of this establishment,—had it comprehended all the arts and all the respectable artists of this country, and attracted distinguished artists from other parts of Europe,—had it exhibited annually and gratis to all the lovers of the fine arts the best works of the members only (as in other academies), and excluded whatever was unworthy of the public attention: — in that case an exhibition would have been a sight that would have charmed the public, inflamed that affection towards the arts which was rising here, produced rewards and honours to artists, raised their emulation, distinguished this country and these times, and set a lasting and honourable mark on his Majesty's reign. But alas! all such exalted ideas have been swallowed up in contracted, mean, selfish plans, which, in any country of the world and under any patronage whatever, will as certainly depress the fine arts, as it is certain a great artist will detest whatever is dirty and mean." (p. 128.)

The original exclusion of engravers from all grades in the Royal Academy (notwithstanding a warm opposition by West) being thus considered by Strange as personal, it brought to open rupture his long dissention with many of the members; and resenting it as an ungenerous attack at once on his profession and on himself, he publicly charged the Academicians with "illiberal treatment, meanness, imposition, and falsehood." These accusations assume a somewhat plausible colour from the early admission of his rival and enemy Bartolozzi as an academician, as well as from the obnoxious exclusion being speedily modified, as regarded the secondary rank of "Associate,"—a scantily gracious concession to their claims of which engravers hesitated to avail themselves. Whether Mr. Strange's impression was well-founded or the reverse, that their whole body were originally debarred from the Academy as a slight to himself, various efforts to throw open to them its full honours have from time to time proved ineffectual, until the beginning of 1853, when a more liberal course was adopted by the Academicians, and sanctioned by the Queen.

We may here advert to the correspondence of Messrs. Lumisden and Strange with their relation

Bruce of Kinnaird, whom they had met in Italy in 1762-3. At his request they made many efforts to find an artist willing to accompany him in his African travels as draughtsman; and, after several disappointments, Signor Balugani sailed from Leghorn for that purpose in the spring of 1764. In Strange's letter to Bruce of 1766, already quoted, he mentions having completed, in 1764, the plates for Bruce's proposed work on Pæstum, adding, "I make no doubt of their giving you that satisfaction you could wish for; be assured that in the executing of them they were equally interesting to me with my other engagements." These plates, thus traced to our artist, are unknown to me, the work never having been published. Some farther account of it, with other matters of moment to our narrative, appeared in a letter to Mr. Strange prefixed to Bruce's Travels (1804, I. p. cclix.); but as, with the usual editorial laxity of that day, that letter has been considerably altered, we here reprint it from the original MS., as an example of the traveller's extended views and vigorous style:—

James Bruce of Kinnard to Robert Strange.

"Sidon, May 16th, 1768.

"Dear Sir,—I can never sufficiently regret the very bad fortune that has attended our correspondence. I have wrote you from every place from whence it was possible,—from Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, and Bengazi in

Africa, from the island of Candia, and twice here from Sidon, once before I set out for Palmyra, and again soon after my return. I am uneasy at the miscarriage of some of my letters, as I wrote several things which, though perfectly innocent and trivial in themselves, I would not have wrote to an indifferent person. On the other hand, I have never received but one from you, besides your last of the 25th of July, 1766, which too never came to hand till the 18th of last month, near two year after it was wrote. I have very great reason to believe the same fate has attended many others of my letters.

"I suppose you will expect some account of what I have been doing in Asia, but as I hope several of my letters may have at last reach'd you, I shall not repeat the list which I have already given you several times, and to which my bad health has prevented any later addition. You will see my works begin to be nearly as numerous as yours. I wish they resembled them in anything else. I have made myself as great a slave to them as ever man working for his bread did, and am astonish'd when I think of my own perseverance and self-denial. All that my utmost care and application can do is there: what degree of merit that will be able to give them I will not judge, but will very cheerfully submit them to you. I have not, as far as I know, left one stone from which anything can be learnt, either in Africa or the heart of Syria, through which I have travelled: and tho' the plague is very violent at Alexandria, such is my desire to embrace every thing, and to return soon, that I part in a few days for Ægypt, and shall advance as far as the Cataracts, and return by the coasts of the Red Sea. And after visiting Arabia Petræa and Deserta, I shall return through Syria, Mesopotamia, and take my station somewhere in Armenia, as far to the north-east as the troubles of Persia and Georgia permit, to observe the transit of Venus in June, 1669: and then continue my journey homeward through Asia Minor, by Constantinople, through the Morea and Bosnia to Ragusa, where I shall perform quarantine, and return speedily home through Sicily and the kingdom of Naples.

"I heard while at Aleppo that a society of lovers of the arts had agreed to send a person well qualified into the Levant to make drawings, and collect antiquities, and that his appointment was 1000*l.* per ann., and Mr. Dingley in the City was the principal director. I daresay you will have told them how fruitless and unnecessary this turn out. I have, I am sure, passed through every place where Europeans can go, and to many where no person merely an artist will expose himself, and to several where, with all the desire any one can have to run the risque, the ignorance of the language and customs of the country will be an invincible obstacle. And as for antiquities, they will no where meet with any but my leavings, either of medals, intaglios, or basso relievos, which will not be worth the carriage. In several places indeed I have myself received but little profit from my researches, by Mr. Montagu's being before me there. Syria has indeed made me pay dearly for what I have found there: I have had a severe fever and five relapses this last year. It is an unwholesome climate, full of bad air, but the air of Mount Libanus, and still later of Nazareth has greatly strengthened me. We are entirely unprovided either with surgeons or physicians, and had it not been for the great humanity and attention of Dr. Russell at Aleppo, I believe my works would have been all posthumous. I do recollect I think to have heard you say in Italy that Mr. Mylne had some intention to publish a work upon Sicily. I pray you to write me if it is so: I would not willingly interfere with anybody, and least of all with him. I am very sure what he offers to the public will be very much as it ought to be, and if his intention continues, I will willingly relinquish the journey, or, if the drawings I may make do any ways serve him, he shall be entirely master of them. It gives me very great pleasure to hear his bridge [Blackfriars'] goes on to his wishes. In all the clamours against him I never had a doubt, as I thought him sure of his principles: other architects there are paving streets, while he is employed in bridges and palaces. There is a particular Providence presides over the arts, which, with a little patience, puts every body in their proper places: it is very necessary this should be an article of your credo.

"I thank you for your kind promise of assisting me in my works. I have nearly finished twelve drawings of Palmyra and four of Baalbec; their size is 24½ inches by 16⅕. It is but to you I say it, they will be the most magnificent prints of the kind ever published. I have not meddled with the regular architecture or description (except notes for my own instruction), out of regard to Mr. Wood. I have collected all the dresses of the different nations of Asia for figures for them. What do you say? Will you go halves in the publication? I desire but your superintending and correcting the engraving. We had great difficulty to get there, and still greater in returning: I am sure every design has cost me an eminent risque of my life.

"I must now give you some account of your own performances even in the heart of Syria, for so far they are arrived. At Aleppo I saw in the house of a French merchant where I lodged, an entire room allotted for your works, without any other master being admitted.

The room was elegantly fitted up in every respect, and all your performances there in elegant frames, from your first Cupid and Madona down to your Sleeping Child by Guido, but Justice and Meekness were not arrived. You make a very great figure, but there is still room for many more of your prints, which are to be sent as soon as published. In all the English houses there was not one of them to be met with, — fye upon us! What you say of our proficiency in England gives me great pleasure, and would give me much more if the incouragement came from the King, for, till that is the case, we never shall do great things. The taste of the people and especially that of England is always changeable, but what kings promote is speedily accomplished. You see an example in France what royal patronage in a long reign has done. They were, I may say till your time, the only engravers, the only painters, and the only draughtsmen in Europe: they still excel all others in the two last. What is this but the remaining genius which Louis the 14th rais'd and cultivated, which still subsists tho' his present Majesty has not at all contributed to maintain it.

"I hear with the utmost concern that the engraving of my prints of Pæsto at Paris has produced an edition there by M. Soufflot, which neither has nor deserves to have had any success. I still am more vex'd to hear that, notwithstanding this, he is printing by subscription a work perfectly on my plan. I suppose during your absence he has seen my prints and probably copied them. Pray let me know how this is, and whether I have no friend that, in some review or periodical paper, will advertise the public of the matter, and engage them to wait for mine. After receiving no answer or account of my letters, I did not dare risque my manuscript, as no direct opportunity ever offer'd for England, and last winter the fair copy was lost in a bark in the Gulf of Sidra, together with many of my books and designs, and all my mathematical instruments, among which was a large astronomical quadrant and two telescopes which cost me a considerable sum, and which I am now obliged to replace. I was making the journey by land, and so escaped being involved in the misfortune. I have made a fair copy anew, and it is now ready, but I have some thoughts to join it to the Antiquities of Sicily, and make two volumes of the Antiquities of Magna Grecia. If your public encourages the plagiary of M. Soufflet, at a time when I am taking such pains for their pleasure and instruction, they are not the patrons of art you would make them appear. I am well persuaded your collection of pictures is a good one: pray did you buy the two little landscapes of Albani at Bologna, or did you not find something worth your pains at Parma? Poor Don Philip is a great loss to the arts: I am always bound to regret him from the many civilities I receiv'd from him both at Colorno and Parma.

"Mr. Russell, secretary to the Turkey Co., is to send me some instruments for observation to the Levant: pray seek an opportunity soon after the receipt of this, and ask him if they are sent: and buy for me at some bookseller's a Treatise on Parallaxes by Mr. Stone, and send this by the first ship that parts for Smyrnaa to the care of Messrs. Daniel Tremeaux and Co., or for Alexandrella to the care of Mr. Robert Abbot, merchant at Aleppo. If you recommend it to any of the Turkey Co. it will come safe. I beg my kindest compliments to Mrs. Strange and all your family, and beg you will write me soon *via* Marseilles, under cover of *M. de Salle, pour me le faire tenir chez M. Joseph Belleville, négociant à*

Aleppo. I hope, at least if this plague ceases in Ægypt, to write you soon from thence of my success there. There has never been as yet one good design of the architecture of this country; I hope you will see something better than Mr. Dalton's pyramids. But the country, as indeed all those here, are dangerous beyond belief, from the ignorance and suspicions of the inhabitants, who are ever ready to treat us as magicians who are come in search of hidden treasures; and if it were not for the character we assume of physicians, and the remedies they receive from us, it is impossible that we could approach any ruins or ancient building.

"I am always, with the greatest esteem and regard,
"My dear sir, your most affectionate and
"Most obedient humble servant,
"JAMES BRUCE.

"We have had lately three earthquakes here, one Feb. 27. and the others the 16. and 20. of April."

During Strange's visit to London he avoided all allusion to the painful subject of his nephew John Keith; but, after his departure, some very improper letters of that graceless youth, from his convent at Ratisbon, again roused his wife's indignation, jealous that one, whom she had with good cause thrown off, should resume an influence over her helpmate's heart and purse, to the prejudice of her own children. Her coolness was now extended to Mr. Lumisden, whose exertions to restore peace and confidence were, however, crowned with the success they deserved. About midsummer, 1766, her husband spent a few weeks with his family, and returned to the labours of his studio in Paris accompanied by his eldest girl Mary Bruce, then a girl of seventeen, whose talent for drawing had already raised her father's hopes. James, the next in seniority, was then at school in St. Andrews. The two following letters throw light upon various matters connected with this period, and refer to Lumisden's generous proposal, from time to time repeated, of making over to Mr. and Mrs. Strange his whole patrimony, reserving to himself only an annuity from them: —

Robert Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"Paris, Nov. 22d, 1766.

"My dear Andrew, — I have by last post the pleasure of yours, enclosing letters to Sir Stuart [Thriepland] and our dear Bella, which of course I shall transmit. What you said to the Knight is I think proper, and flatter myself it will procure you a letter, and a state of your affairs. The situation of my own affairs are so totally unsettled at present, that I shall, at least for a time, decline taking into my hands what funds you have; but when I can with safety to you do so, and give you absolute security for an annuity, I shall then, and not before, cheerfully comply with your proposal. Much do I lament your present situation, and much do I wish you'd extricate yourself from it. The longer you are a-doing it, the greater the difficulty will be. Repent in time, and make the remainder of your life easy. You have nothing to fear from want. The annuity the King left you, I take it for granted is good. Your pension from this [French] Court will always be continued, tho' now and then they will pilfer from you a month or two. Your funds at home I hope will soon be properly secured to you. All this together will make something: you are a single man, and may live decently in the heart of Paris. My assistance, which God knows, has hitherto been nothing, yet in time I may be able to befriend you. I shall certainly leave this about the end of the year: what would I not give were you here to be a guardian to Bruce during my absence? you even yourself lose a great deal. Do endeavour to meet us here next summer. I propose, too, sometime hence, bringing Jamie over. These are pleasures only offered you for once, and they will seldom or never return. Bruce is applying as yet to little but the language and dancing, and she is soon to begin music. I hope before I leave this to be able to transmit to you impressions of my four plates together, but I now forget by what direction the last were sent you from Marseilles: let me know by the return of this. When I was last in London, I heard of our friend Bruce [the traveller] that he was well, and pursuing with vigour the plan he went upon. He was to return, I was told, by Venice, in which case you will certainly hear from him, if not see him. I proposed to you lately a visit from our female Bruce; but as I know the inconvenience would attend it, I have laid aside all thoughts of it. I'll make her write you next post or so. Bella and the babies are, I bless God, tolerably well.

"I remain, as ever, dear Andrew,
"Yours most affectionately,
"ROBT. STRANGE.

"The enclosed [proof] I know will give you pleasure, tho' not quite finished."

Robert Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"Paris, 28 Dec. 1766.

"My dear Andrew, — I was last week favoured with yours of the 9th, and I have herewith the pleasure of transmitting you a letter from my dear Bruce, the answer of which she'll probably receive when I am not here. I intend, on my leaving this, to give our friend, the Principal [Gordon], a fatherly charge of her, now and then to take the trouble to ask how she does. You'll write to her under his cover, and give her your best advice from time to time. I once thought I should have been able to have left this before now, but wait the finishing of my plates, which will yet employ me about a fortnight, or even three weeks. That done, I set out for London immediately, to publish them there, and profit of the season that I shall find everybody in town. I question if I can transmit you any impressions before my return to Paris, as I do not propose printing them till I reach London. I even do not cause the inscriptions to be engraved till there. Bella has transmitted me lately a box to be forwarded to Rome, directed to the Secretary of the Ambassade. Do you know anything about such a box? It contains, I believe, some mathematical instrument. She must have received her instructions from you: for if any such past thro' my hands, it has escaped my memory. I shall leave it with the Principal, to whom you'll give your directions. I all along have seen the impossibility of your getting rid of your present bondage — I mean immediately; but I daresay if ever an opportunity offers, you'll not allow it to slip, tho', from present appearances, I almost despair of it. God bless you in the meantime, and enable you to bear so hard a lot. I should lament your situation less, had you but one person of sense to converse with; but being denied this, you are robb'd of one of the first enjoyments in society. I have asked you many questions about one thing and another.

"Pray resolve me about what year Cardinal Howard died, and whether or not our friend Mr. Edgar was in Rome about that time. It is the most rational account I can give of King Charles's picture, and carries with it the appearance of truth. I think it was you first gave me the account of its having belonged to the Cardinal. Bruce's remaining in Paris you may believe will be an inducement for my return to it the sooner. I have another motive which likewise induces me, viz., the sale of Monsieur Julien's collection of pictures, &c., which begins the first of April. If I can accomplish the printing and publication of my prints before that, I may probably be here by the time I mention, especially can I afford to lay out a few hundreds, which I do not despair of. Next I write you, I shall remember your pamphlet, and the numbers of Smollet's History, when I get to London. My compliments to all friends, particularly to the Abbé; tell him I hope he'll excuse my long silence, but that he shall hear from me soon; assure him I always remember his friendship. I shall finish by wishing you many happy returns of a new year, and more fortunate than those which are past.

"I remain, as ever, dear Andrew,

"Yours affectionately,

"Robt. Strange.

"The 31st will be solemnized at the College, where you'll all be remembered."*

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* It was the birthday of Prince Charles. The picture alluded to was the small full-length of Charles I. in his robes by Vandyke, which Strange bought of Mr. Edgar's executry in 1764 for sixty guineas, and engraved in 1771.

Induced, perhaps, by the adventitious interest attaching to his squabble with Dalton, in reference to the Sleeping Cupid by Guido, which he had purchased at Bologna for Sir Laurence Dundas*, rather than from any special merit in that picture, Mr. Strange selected it for early publication. His delicate treatment of the flesh tints, and appropriate conducting of the landscape and other accessories, impart to this engraving a charm beyond what the original promised. Faithful to his rule of putting forth companion prints, he mated it with the greatly misnamed Offspring of Love, after a picture by the same master in his own collection. It represents the head and bust of a matronly Madonna, who with folded hands adores the Slumbering Babe—a subject treated by earlier masters with their wonted unction, and by Mrs. Jameson aptly designated *La Madre Pia ;* though, "as here it is not characterised with any particular marks of divinity, and as we have rather a supernumerary quantity of Madonnas," the engraver chose to consider it "an affectionate mother watching her tender offspring." This plate, while more attractive in subject, is less vigorously treated than the companion. Of greatly higher pretension were a pair which issued along with these two prints. Impressed by the talent of Guercino, Strange selected two compositions from biblical history peculiarly adapted to display it, and which ranked among his masterpieces. The Abraham and Hagar, then in the Zampieri Palace at Bologna*, is now the most popular, if not the best work in the Brera at Milan, and is excelled in dignity and truth by no production of the Bolognese school. Its companion, Esther before Ahasuerus, though ill supplying these merits by a somewhat feeble mannerism, was judiciously chosen for the purpose which our artist had in view; and to both plates he did the greatest justice, as will be seen from this letter, written on the eve of their publication:—

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* See above, p. 4—6., 9—10.

Robert Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"Paris, 13 Feb. 1767.

"My dear Andrew,—When I wrote you enclosing Bruce's letter, I little imagined that the return of it should find me [still] in Paris: but so it is, that my plates have occupied me with that attention that (tho' I have not lost an hour, but employed many more than I could have done), it was only yesterday I could say the last was finished. I flatter myself they will do me credit, and in time answer every other expectation. I have only taken off a few proofs of the two Guerchinos. The inscriptions are not even yet engraved:—this I delay till I go to London, where, as you observed, I shall have little enough time to print and publish. Yet I flatter myself I shall be able to accomplish this by the end of March. I shall be as anxious in sending you copies of the whole as you will be to receive them. I set out for

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* See above, p. 2—9.

London on Sunday, and expect to have the happiness of embracing our dear Bella and children by the 19th. I leave the most of my pictures in the [Scots] College till my return here, when I shall soon after carry all home, and form my little collection in the most elegant manner I can. I'd fain find a purchaser for my drawings before I bring my pictures to light, and, on my return to London, I shall this spring make some attempt of this nature. Even my Raphael has not as yet been seen but by a few. It is my intention engraving this as soon as possibly I can; but I have too many irons in the fire for some of them not to cool, and I find now, by experience, that I am obliged with my own hands to execute above two-thirds of every plate I do. Nay, I often consume more time in correcting the work of others than had I done the whole myself. Could I see with other eyes than I do, it might be otherwise, but I am generally the last to please. This will always be the case with every man who values his reputation. I have delivered your *brochure* to the Principal, who will forward it to you. Bruce will write you I believe by this post, and as I see her to-morrow, I may probably enclose it to you. I am under no apprehension of her on my leaving this; she is in a genteel creditable house, where there are a number of young ladies much about her own age. I give her every opportunity to improve in the accomplishments which are acquired here, and which are ornamental to her sex. I will on her account endeavour, you may believe, to return the sooner.

"I went the other day with Bruce, and visited Monsieur Julien's collection. I had not seen it for many years, and consequently saw it with other eyes than I formerly had done. I scarce think it will hasten my return here a day sooner, for, excepting a very capital landscape by

Salvator Rosa, there are scarcely any Italian pictures in the whole collection; they are mostly Dutch and Flemish, and even but a few capital by these masters:—I was indeed much disappointed. There are a world of middling pictures, but, from the reputation of the collection, I believe the whole will sell dear. The arrangement of this collection is its greatest beauty, and has imposed greatly on the unthinking crowd of pretended connoisseurs. The number of vases, &c., and china, for a private collection, is incredible, and to such as are not real judges of painting attracts more. I write you this letter in a great hurry, having scarce a moment I can call my own. You shall hear from me as soon as I am a little settled at London. God bless you, and grant the latter end of your days may be more agreeable than what I fear form the present. I shall only add that, on all occasions, I remain unalterably yours,

"ROBT. STRANGE."

On the 18th of April Lumisden wrote thus to his brother-in-law: "Since you left Paris I have wrote twice to Bruce. She tells me that an indisposition of your printer gives you the unreasonable fatigue of printing your plates yourself. What with one fatigue and another, I am afraid you will destroy your health. The love of your family ought to prevent you from doing anything to impair it. I expect to see you every day in the newspapers with all your titles. I cannot but long to see your new prints. I am persuaded that you have done great justice to Guercini, and that the public will greatly admire you both. I think you are next to give immortality to Titian. I anxiously wish that you could properly dispose of your drawings. As you have now executed [on copper] four of the capital ones, you can begin to deliver them to the purchaser. I doubt not but you judge right in first disposing of your drawings before you produce your paintings. Such a collection must do your taste much honour, and attract many people to see them."

Mr. Strange continued to put moderate prices on his works, fifteen shillings for the smaller, and twenty-one for the larger pair. On taking them to the Exhibition one day after the time, they were rejected with, as he supposed, "an air of supercilious indifference;" and thus was his quarrel with the Society of Artists embittered. "After such treatment, is it wonderful that I avoided to associate with these men, and that, though a member of the Society, I even shunned their assemblies? * * * There were, indeed, amongst them a few individuals, men of genius and abilities, whom I esteem and respect; but I believe they had the least share in the management of the Societie's affairs."*

An engraver publishing his own works has much occasion for the command of capital. The labours of a profession producing no rapid results are to be remunerated by sales yielding small returns and extending over long years. While his plates were slowly receiving the impress of his graver, and while their impressions were gradually finding a market with the public whom he disdained to flatter or to court, Strange had a numerous family to support and educate, distant journeys to defray, and the double tax upon his time to meet, of seeking out subjects and elaborately copying them; nay, sometimes he printed them off, rather than employ less trusted hands in what are deemed subordinate duties. Looking to his own and his wife's narrow patrimony, it seems wonderful how all these demands were met, still more how he could at the same time collect pictures of value in various parts of the Continent. Accordingly, so early as 1762, we find his miniature copies after the old masters contemplated as good convertible property, in the following letter from Lumisden addressed to him at Florence, where he had met Viscount Fordwich.

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* Letter to the Earl of Bute, p. 57.

"Dec. 11. 1762.

"You may easily figure to yourself, my dearest Robie, what a relief it was to me to receive your letter. * * * * I have had little time to consider what you say of Lord Fordwich's desire to purchase your drawings. This is indeed an article of consequence to you, and ought to be duly examined. Your drawings are such as will always attract purchasers; and I am persuaded you may dispose of them at almost what price you please. However, if you can at present secure a reasonable price for them, perhaps 'tis more advisable to accept of it than to trust entirely to hope. Lord Fordwich's situation is rather a discouragement to treat with him, unless his father [the Earl of Cowper] should concur in the purchase. The father may live many years, and the son, an expensive young man, will not be in a situation, perhaps, to pay you either the interest of the price, or the annuity as you shall agree on. As to the price, I am entirely at a loss what to say. I cannot think it unreasonable for you to demand *50l.* a drawing, one with another; for as you are to frame and glass them very handsomely, this will reduce your price to about *45l.* a drawing. You might, therefore, engage for 24 drawings, to be specified, for 1200*l.* As the drawings can only be delivered in proportion as they are engraved, it will be years before his Lordship is possessed of the whole. If you dispose of the drawings for a certain sum, that sum, or the interest of it, will only be payable, I reckon, from the delivery of the first drawing, for it would be hard to pay before he reaps any satisfaction; and if you agree for an annuity, it will only be payable from the same period, viz., the delivery of the first drawing. It requires time and reflection whether it would be better for you to have a sum of money in hand or an annuity. I would have you state the affair to Bella." * * * * *

We have found nothing farther regarding the negociation thus alluded to; but it had no result. Nor have we learned any particulars of the transaction by which Strange sold to Sir Laurence Dundas, in 1767, the twenty-seven water-coloured drawings, and five in red chalks, now hanging in the town house of the Earl of Zetland. A list of them will be found in No. II. of the Appendix, along with notices of other drawings by the same hand. On the 5th of August Lumisden writes: "You may easily believe what a satisfaction it is to me to know that you have at last disposed of your drawings. This was a necessary point, and which I much wished for. I heartily long to hear that you have likewise disposed of your Raphael, and some other of your capital pictures. Although the value of these paintings may not diminish, yet it is too great a stock to be lying dead. Whether it would be more advantageous to accept of a certain price at present for these pictures, or to get a higher price some years hence, is a consideration of mere calculation. 'Tis a general rule in trade to be satisfied with a smaller profit, in order to have a quicker return of the stock."

Having thus stated what I have been able to learn regarding the disposal of Mr. Strange's drawings, it may be well here to consider his picture-sales. We have already found him purchasing pictures on commission for Sir Laurence Dundas, and to his taste his friend Dr. William Hunter owed some of the best of those now in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow. It was not uncommon during last century for artists to import pictures for sale; less perhaps with the idea of realising large profits, than with a view to supply the then melancholy deficiency of good works of art in this country, to which their residence abroad had rendered them peculiarly sensible. The earliest sale-catalogue that has come under my notice was put forth by Andrew Hay, whom we have seen mentioned in Strange's autobiography. It is a large folio broadside, with a showily-etched sybil-like female supporting a tablet, inscribed with the title of Hay's Collection. The heading runs thus: "A Collection of Fine Pictures, brought from abroad by Mr. Andrew Hay, will be sold by Auction at Mr. Cock's new Auction-room in Poland Street, corner of Broad Street, near Golden Square, on Saturday the 19th of this instant February, 1725-6. The pictures may be viewed on Wednesday the 16th, and every day after, till the hour of sale, which will begin at eleven o'clock in the forenoon precisely. Catalogues to be had at the place of sale, and at Mr. Hay's in Monmouth Court, near Suffolk Street." There are seventy-five pictures of the Italian, French and Flemish schools, nearly all of the seventeenth century; and although very few appear, from the brief descriptions, to belong to high art, they seem to have brought nearly 1800*l.* Twenty-five numbers rose above 25*l.*, the highest being "a large picture representing Abraham, Hagar, and Sarah, by Pietro da Cortona, 215*l.*" Those of best name are a portrait of Innocent X. by Velasquez, St. Catherine by Murillo, a Holy Family by Schidone (89*l.*), and several landscapes by Gaspar Poussin.

The collection formed by Robert and James Adam, during a residence of eight years in Italy, France, and Holland, was brought by them to sale in Mr. Prestgage's rooms, Saville Row, in February, 1765. Two hundred and eighteen were disposed of in three days, but most of them rather seem to have been bought in. Of seventy-two numbers, on the second day, but fifteen passed 15*l.*; the highest being an Infant Christ with the Cross and two Cherubs, by Nicolo Poussin, for 73*l.* 10*s.* The pictures were of a class nearly similar to Hay's, with, perhaps, a greater preponderance of landscape, a sprinkling of Bolognese masters being the only high names.*

Of his acquisition of works by the old masters Strange gives this account in his printed Catalogue: "In a short time after I went abroad I was fortunate enough to meet with a few excellent pictures which were to be sold. They were such as I thought I could wish to engrave, and consequently entered more immediately into my plan * * * of gratifying that species of taste which, I saw with great pleasure, was every day rising higher, and diffusing itself farther, in this opulent country. * * * This induced me to purchase them.* Elated with the prospect which this auspicious beginning presented to my imagination, I forthwith took the resolution of proceeding to form a collection of pictures upon a principle different from what the generality of purchasers had hitherto followed, viz., a collection selected from the various schools which, during the two last centuries and upwards, have made a figure in Europe, comprehending, if possible, specimens of the most remarkable painters who established, or did honour to these schools. * * * I was fired with a love for the arts: whatever I saw that was excellent I coveted, and, from time to time, the possession of one picture only raised a stronger desire of possessing another."

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* The prevailing preference for landscapes is thus accounted for by Sir John Dalrymple, with more ingenuity than critical acumen: "The things that will take most, by which I mean that will sell best, are landscapes. The most ignorant can judge of the impropriety of a human figure or a human passion, but it must be only one accustomed to look at the beauties of nature who can judge of a false step in a landscape."—Duncan's Notices of the Literary History of Glasgow, Maitland Club, 1831.

Having disposed of his drawings, the same motive next induced Mr. Strange to bring his pictures to sale, after a public exhibition of them, which, by the kind permission of Sir L. Dundas, was enhanced in interest by containing also the drawings lately sold to that gentleman. It was then usual to admit the public by purchased catalogues, and Strange, improving upon this idea, printed a descriptive list of his pictures and drawings, containing critical notices of them, the masters and schools. It appeared in 1769, and includes eighty-seven pictures and thirty-two drawings, classed alphabetically according to the painters' names; details of which will be found in that by no means scarce volume.* The Italian works form about two-thirds of the whole, and include a Raffaele, a Correggio and a Leonardo; the last similar in subject, but in size slightly different, from the picture bequeathed by Mr. Howell Carr to the National Gallery. The Raffaele Madonna Child and St. John was the most prized of all his Italian acquisitions. I am, however, unable to trace or vouch for it.† Next after it, his correspondence most frequently alludes to the Charles I. by Vandyck, which he engraved, and to the portraits, by Titian and Scipione Gaetani, of personages whom he seems to have somewhat conjecturally baptised as Niccolo da Pitigliano and Cardinal Santorio. In his Descriptive Catalogue, the works of each painter are prefaced by a brief and useful notice of the master, and the critical account of the pictures is generally simple, correct, and judicious.

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* Four only of the pictures so acquired, and included in his Catalogue of 1769, were engraved by Mr. Strange; Nos. 36. 39. 47. and 79.

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* "A Descriptive Catalogue of a Collection of Pictures selected from the Roman, Florentine, Lombard, Venetian, Neapolitan, Flemish, French, and Spanish Schools. To which are added Remarks on the principal Painters and their Works. With a Catalogue of thirty-two Drawings from capital Paintings of great Masters. Collected and drawn during a Journey of several Years in Italy, by Robert Strange; Member of the Royal Academy of Painting at Paris; of the Academies of Rome, Florence, Bologna; Professor of the Royal Academy of Parma, and a Director of the Royal Society of Artists of Great Britain. London, printed for the Author," &c. 1769.

† See Vol. I. 297.

The Exhibition appears to have been continued during three successive seasons, additional purchases being from time to time sent in, and the whole being sold by auction in February, 1771. On the 20th of that month Lumisden wrote thus: "I cannot delay a post to thank you for your affectionate letter of the 12th, and to congratulate you on the sale of your pictures. As soon as I saw your advertisement in the newspapers, I was justly anxious to know of your success. The risks that attends such sales must be great. Its gives me, indeed, great pleasure that upon the whole you are not dissatisfied. You could not, however, expect that the whole would go off in proportion to the King Charles and Albani. There can be no greater proof of want of taste in your English nobility than the not attending to the most interesting sale of pictures that has been in England since the time of King Charles. I reckon that such of your collections as you intend to engrave, you will get back from the purchasers when it is convenient for you to do it. I shall enquire about the sale of the Baron Thiers' collection, and in my next inform you of it." In a newspaper notice of the day, Strange is said to have acknowledged a gain of 500*l.* by his exhibition, apart from returns on the capital invested. Accordingly the success of this venture appears to have induced a repetition; for in the autumn of that year a number of pictures were sent to London, partly collected by Strange in Holland, and in some measure obtained at the sale of the painter Boucher's cabinet at Paris. In March, 1772, Lumisden reports: "The sale is over. Some pictures sold above and others below what they cost him. But upon the whole he has lost nothing. He was resolved to risque all, and would have no *puffs* or *white-bonnets.* This has gained him credit, and his next sale may gain him more money." Among them were probably two Canalettis and a Jouvenet, bought by Lumisden in Paris for 22*l.*

Three years later we find "A Catalogue of a capital and elegant Collection of Pictures selected from the Roman, Florentine, Lombard, Venetian, and other Schools, consisting of the Works of the following Masters [twenty-four being enumerated]; the whole collected during two separate Journeys abroad by Robert Strange; which will be sold by auction by Mr. Christie, at his great room in Pall-mall, on Friday, 5 May, 1775, and following days. To be viewed on Wednesday and Thursday preceding the sale." The hundred and nineteen pictures seem generally of a less elevated class than those in the

Descriptive Catalogue of 1769. Of the latter, only Nos. 27. 34. and 69. reappear in 1775, though pictures then mentioned may possibly be identical with Nos. 26. 28. 49. [or 50.] 64. and 73. of 1769. One picture, entered anonymously, is stated to have been sold to Strange as a Domenichino, which assertion "he entirely submits to the curious"; a frankness entitling us to augur somewhat favourably of the nomenclature generally adopted.

Tired of long separations from his family circle, we find Strange, in the summer of 1767, planning a more fixed residence with them in Castle Street, Leicester Fields, so soon as he should meet in Paris with a qualified assistant, willing to accompany him to England. This he appears to have arranged before the end of the year, and in the following summer he brought out two of his Titian prints, which were acknowledged at Rome "to be the most elegant productions that have come from the graver." The more idealised of the two Venuses of the Tribune at Florence, and the Danäe in the Borghese Palace at Rome, are pendants of rare beauty, and must have produced a great sensation in England, at a time when the originals were little known to our countrymen. The engraver had there full scope for his singularly fine management of flesh-tints and texture; in the former under the full blaze of unbroken light, in the latter mellowed by a delicate chiaroscuro. Indeed, in these respects the Danäe probably stands unrivalled; next to which may be quoted his Cleopatra in 1777, and Raffaele Portrait ten years later. Meanwhile that untiring hand was pursuing its craft, and, in the spring of 1769, there appeared his Venus binding the eyes of Cupid, after another Titian at the Borghese — more vigorous in tone than its predecessor; — and Joseph with Potiphar's Wife, after a Guido in the Baronelli Palace at Năples — a subject unworthy of painter or engraver, and treated with little beauty or interest. The price of these four prints was half-a-guinea each. So soon as Mr. Strange could extricate himself from the exhibition of his pictures, he repaired to Paris about midsummer, in order to meet his brother-in-law, whose lengthened service with the Stuart princes having abruptly terminated, he was free to at least approach those relations whose English home the law still prevented him from sharing.

Upon Mr. Lumisden's history since he had consigned his titular sovereign to the vaults of St. Peter's we must now return, referring back to our eighth chapter, and relieving our reader for a time from artistic details. Meanwhile, however, we find place for a letter, wherein Mr. Strange describes the judgment given by the House of Lords in that great Douglas Cause, which enrolled every Scotchman as a partisan numbering the Lumisdens among the adherents of the successful litigant.

Robert Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"London, Feb. 28. 1769.

"My dear Andrew, — I lose no time to acknowledge the receipt of your agreeable favours of the 7th currt., and the rather that I can convey to you the earliest intelligence of the great and important cause between the families of Douglas and Hamilton being at length decided in favour of the former, and that too in a manner the most honourable that could have been wished for. No cause I believe was ever brought before the Parliament of Great Britain so much attended to as this has been. I was present at the pleadings at the bar for the last two days by Sir Fletcher Norton, in favour of Mr. Douglas, and I again was there yesterday, being the day of decision. They begun at 11 in the morning, and continued without intermission till 9 at night. The present Duke of Newcastle was the first who rose, and by a short speech told that he had deliberately red the cases on both sides, and by which he was fully convinced that Mr. Douglas was the son of Lady Jane, and gave it as his opinion that the sentence of the Court of Session should be reversed. The Earl of Sandwich was the next who rose, and harangued the House during the space of three hours and a half in favours of the Hamiltons. The speech was wearisome and full of digressions, which served no purpose but an attempt to ilustrate the arguments he aduced. He took particular pains to acquitt Andrew Stuart of many reproaches had been thrown out against him by Sir Fletcher Norton,—reproaches that, in my opinion, were but too justly founded. The next who rose was Lord Cambden, the present Chancelor; his discourse continued about two hours and a half, but in my life was I never so entertained. Eloquence itself seemed to flow from his lips. He went through the whole cause, refuted every argument which Lord Sandwich had offered, and proved the whole chain of Andrew Stuart's evidence to be a series of most unheard-of subornation and corruption. He treat this agent for Duke Hamilton, I mean Andrew Stuart, in a manner I would not have been brought upon the carpet, not for the estate of Hamilton itself. He proved the inconsistency of their evidence, how often they had shifted their batteries, and that too by the most dirty chicane; he set at nought the alibi of Godfrois, upon which they laid great stress; he concluded his discourse by doing justice to the memory of Lady Jane, and exposed the treatment she had ever received from the Hamiltons. The Duke of Bedford, an early partizan of the Hamiltons, rose next; his speech was short, nor was it much attended to. My Lord Mansfield was the next, and the last too, who spoke in this cause. He exposed, no less than the Chancelor had done, the proceedings of the Hamiltons, and detected their principal evidences of the like corruption: he entered into the nature of the Tournelle process, and show'd in the clearest light how inconsistent those proceedings were with the laws and constitution of this country. In speaking of their proof, he said it was an insult upon justice to offer such; and he added, in these express words, that it had been calculate to throw dust in the eyes, to confound the understandings, and to mislead the hearts of every honest man. He took notice of the pleadings of their council at the bar, which he said surprized him; but when he came to compare his notes with the evidence itself, he found they had affirmed the grosest falsehoods. He concludes, as the Lord Chancelor, in doing justice to the memory of an injured woman. Many had prepared speeches on both sides, but none had the resolution to get up. The question was then put, and nothing was heard but to reverse the sentence of our Lords. You cannot imagine the general joy which this decision creates, which, indeed, does immortal honour to this country from the equity of so respectable a body. Tho' I have dwelt long on this subject, yet I know it will give you pleasure, which I daresay you'll impart without loss of time to Mr. Hay.

"I ever am yours,
"R. S."

CHAP. XIII.

MR. LUMISDEN GOES TO MEET PRINCE CHARLES.—THE PRINCE ARRIVES IN ROME.—HIS HUMILIATING AND UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION.—MR. LUMISDEN IS CONTINUED AS SECRETARY.

WE shall not attempt to trace the wanderings of Prince Charles after his expulsion from France, nor to expose conduct which would probably do him little credit. Lord Blantyre and the refugees residing in Holland generally speak of him as Mr. Burton, while those in Paris occasionally allude to him as The Baron. In October, 1765, Mr. Lumisden writes to Lord Alford, "The Baron's conduct of late years has been so extraordinary that we cannot now be much surprised at any resolution he takes. Yet I think his coming here after the death of a certain person would, considering all that has happened, be one of the most unadvised steps he ever took. My reasons for saying so will easily occur to your Lordship." The Prince delayed setting out to see his father, until assured of a satisfactory reception; and when a message from the Pope at length gave promise of the same honours and rank enjoyed by the elder Chevalier, he undertook the journey, but too late for its object. While life still flickered in the socket, Mr. Lumisden thus alludes to his expected arrival, on the difficulties being got over: —

Andrew Lumisden to the titular Earl of Alford.

"Dec. 24th, 1765.

"I humbly thank you for the letter of the 1st, with which you honor me. Although the King seems to be pretty much in his ordinary low situation, yet for fear of a return of the fever, they still continue to give him a little of the bark. This unlucky indisposition has no doubt considerably weakened him. He has entirely lost his memory.

"It was not, my Lord, either from want of attention or confidence, that I have not sooner acquainted you of the Prince's design of returning to Rome. It proceeded from the orders I received, — and these I always religiously observe, — not to mention it to any one, till there was a certainty of his coming, which it now appears there is. If this has been published sooner than was intended, it must be ascribed to the indiscretion of some persons to whom the Duke was obliged to communicate it. I am persuaded it will give you much satisfaction to know, that the prejudices which the Prince so long entertained against the Duke are happily removed. May friendship and confidence always subsist between the Royal brothers! It is above a year that they have carried on a private correspondence. The Duke's disinterested conduct to, and love for, the Prince, has been very conspicuous on this occasion. It was evidently against the interest of the former to have promoted the return of the latter, especially whilst the King lives. But, notwithstanding of this, he has done it with the utmost zeal. He has induced the Pope to invite him here, and to declare that he will receive him with the same honors, and give him the same treatment the King has always had. To facilitate the Pope's consent, and to remove the objection of the expense to the Camera, the Duke himself proposed to resign to his brother the 10,000 crowns a year that the Pope had settled on him in case of the King's death. Your Lordship will remember that, by the King's settlement, all the savings would have gone to the Duke; but, by the Prince's return, he deprives himself of that advantage, as he is to give them to his Royal Highness for his immediate support, as well as what money has been saved this year. But alas! this fund can be of no long duration. It is therefore to be hoped that, since the Prince has now broke the ice, and has taken the resolution to appear in public, he will take the proper steps to get subsidies for himself from those Courts who have hitherto assisted his Royal father; for without such assistance how can he support his dignity after the death of the King, or prevent from starving those loyal subjects who have risqued their lives, and lost their all in the service of the Royal family? It was, no doubt, indispensibly necessary for the Prince to get out of the obscure life he has too long led, but how far his coming to Rome may be proper for his political connections in Britain, I shall leave to your Lordship to judge. May he in the meantime, live with that decency so necessary to reestablish his reputation in the world! This is the only effectual method to belie the reports that have been spread of him. Uncertain of his arrival, they are in a hurry preparing the Queen's apartment for him, which the Duke possessed.

"To this long letter I shall only add that your friends here are all well, and remember you most respectfully.

With the greatest respect and unalterable attachment, I have always the honor to be, my Lord," &c.

The death of his father was thus formally announced to the Prince by the same hand, through a special messenger:—

Andrew Lumisden to Prince Charles.

"The KING,

"Sire,—Prostrated at your Majesty's feet, I most humbly beg leave to condole with you on the death of your Royal father, of blessed memory, and at the same time congratulate you on your accession to the throne.

"Overwhelmed with filial grief, his Royal Highness the Cardinal Duke is not in a situation to write at any length to your Majesty on this occasion. He is pleased, however, to direct me to inform you, that the King, your father, died last night, at nine and a quarter. Notwithstanding his long illness, his death was a surprise to us. From Friday last, that he had an attack of fever attended with a fainting fit, he remained calm till yesterday after dinner, when he had a relapse that carried him off.

"Words are insufficient to express the zeal with which his Royal Highness, your brother, has served, and continues to serve, you at the Court of Rome. He has no reason to doubt but that, by the prudent steps he has taken, he will obtain for you everything you can reasonably expect from that quarter. But as this Court is always dilatory, and obstinately attached to ceremonial, his Royal Highness earnestly begs your Majesty to go directly to and stop at Urbino, till every difficulty regarding your reception at Rome shall be removed; so that you may appear here in all your dignity. It would, no doubt, be highly disagreeable to you to enter Rome otherwise than in your proper character. Nor would it be decent for you to remain here incognito. You may be well assured, that his Royal Highness will give his Holiness no rest till he has obtained for you what he desires. The moment things are brought to the wished for issue, your Majesty will be informed; and, from time to time, of every step that is taken. Cardinal John Francis Albani, Protector of Scotland, has sent directions to have the Albani Palace at Urbino put in order for your reception; for as nothing can be accepted of from this Court by halves, it is judged preferable for your Majesty to be thus lodged in a private palace, rather than in that of the Pope, till he shall have once acknowledged, in their full extent, your just titles and prerogatives. In the present conjuncture, it is thought absolutely necessary that your Majesty write from Urbino, a letter to the Pope, which the Cardinal Duke will present, or not, as prudence shall direct. Its purport will be to thank his Holiness, in the properest manner, for his goodness to you, informing him that, in consequence of his holy and warm invitation, you have come into his country, not doubting but he will receive you with the same honors, and give you the same treatment your Royal father always had. Nor needs the stopping at Urbino to embarass your Majesty, being no more than what happened to the King, your father, who was obliged to remain there above a year before matters were arranged for his appearance at Rome.* His Royal Highness, sensible that any kind of countenance or recommendation to the Pope, from the Courts of France and Spain, would remove every difficulty, is actually writing to these Courts to that effect. It is a sensible affliction to his Royal Highness to be deprived a moment the consolation of embracing you: since I may with the utmost truth affirm, that never brother bore more love to another than he does to your Majesty. However, he willingly submits to this privation, being, as it is, for your advantage.

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* For some curious particulars connected with the Stuart Court at Urbino, collected by me in Italy, see Quarterly Review, LXXIX. 141.

"May your Majesty long live, and soon enjoy your undoubted rights, thereby rendering an infatuated people happy, by the blessing of your reign!

"I am, with the most profound respect, Sire,
"Your Majesty's most obedient, most devoted,
"And most faithful servant and subject,
"ANDREW LUMISDEN.

"P. S. Since writing this letter, his Royal Highness the Duke has been advised by persons (not Italians) of great distinction and weight, that your Majesty should come directly to Rome. They think your being here, may quicken the acknowledgement of you by the Pope. Should you approve of this opinion, you will have occasion to fortify yourself with patience till things are finally settled."

The next mail carried to Lord Alford news of another complexion. "I know not what impression the death of his father will make on the King, but he must no doubt hear of it when on his journey hither. Will your Lordship believe that the Pope, after the strong invitation he gave him to come to Rome, should now hesitate to give him his just titles? Yet such is the case. Had the King taken his brother's advice, he might have been here long since, and which would probably have prevented this difficulty. It is impossible to express the Duke's zeal and activity at this critical conjuncture. By the steps he has taken, and continues to take, I am persuaded the Pope will be at last obliged to do what reason, honour, and principle engaged him to have done at once."

Another week having developed the new policy of the Roman Court, Mr. Lumisden thus writes to Lord Dumbar:—

Andrew Lumisden to the titular Lord Dumbar.

"Jan. 14, 1766.

"I am honored with your letter of the 28th past. I am extremely sensible of the affliction my last letter must have given you. What an advantage in all appearance would it have been to the King's affairs here, had he arrived before the death of his father! I dread the scene his arrival may occasion. The Pope's delay or refusal to acknowledge his titles, after the invitation he gave him to return to Rome, will no doubt irritate him to the last degree. Yet to take any violent steps might be of dangerous consequence to him. To leave the Ecclesiastical state at this critical conjuncture might perhaps put it out of his power ever to return to it. And in his present unhappy situation where can he go, I may say even to hide, and much less to appear in public,—a thing indispensibly necessary for his reputation? The enemies of the Royal family have got the Pope to name a congregation of cardinals to examine this affair. It consists of the cardinals of the Pope's ministry, and others known to be attached to or subjects of the House of Austria. They have been so barefaced as to exclude from this congregation Cardinal Negroni, whose office of auditor to the Pope necessarily led him to have been of it, because he had been in the Duke's service, and they have admitted Cardinal Alexander Albani, the public minister of the Emperor, and the private but known minister and spy of the Duke of Hanover. What justice is therefore to be expected from such proceedings! We still flatter ourselves however, that nothing will be decided till there are returns from the Courts of France and Spain. We have as yet no accounts of the King's having begun his journey. God grant that all may at last end here to his satisfaction!"

Nothing having been heard at Rome of the Prince's movements, and it being thought advisable to prepare him for the unsatisfactory position of his affairs with the Papal Court, Mr. Lumisden, on the 17th day of January, set out to meet him, carrying the following able statement of their aspect at this juncture:—

Andrew Lumisden to Prince Charles.

"Rome, Jan. 16. 1766.

"To the King,—Judging it necessary for your Majesty to know the steps which your brother has taken to serve you, since the death of your Royal father on Wednesday night the 1st instant, I most humbly beg leave to give you an account of them.

"It is proper, however, first to observe that his Royal Highness, foreseeing the difficulties that the Pope, or rather his ministers, would make, not only with regard to the ceremonial of receiving you on your arrival in Rome, but more particularly in acknowledging your just titles, in case of the death of the King, prepared a memorial for that purpose, which he had privately communicated to several cardinals, and people of consequence. They all agreed that the reasons contained in that memorial were unanswerable in themselves; and that nothing but the timidity, and private views of the ministers here would retard the Pope's doing what no doubt he would at last be obliged to do. This memorial, wrote entirely by his Royal Highness himself, will shew the zeal, as well as superior talents, with which he has served you. Early therefore on the Thursday morning, his Royal Highness, altho' overwhelmed with the most sensible affliction, forced himself to write a letter to the Pope, in which he insisted, in the strongest manner, that his Holiness should not do an injury to your Majesty by delaying to acknowledge your titles; and at the same time to bestow on you the like marks of attention and treatment, which the late King always had. This letter was delivered by Cardinal John Francis Albani, Protector of Scotland, who likewise presented a copy of the King's testament, and of the above memorial. The Pope answered by the Cardinal Protector, that he never intended to do an injury to the Royal family; but that, in the present difficulties in which he finds himself, he could not come to a resolution, in an affair of such consequence, without taking further advice; and in the meantime, desired that the Cardinal Duke should make no further use of the memorial. This answer his Royal Highness immediately communicated to M. d'Aubetarra the Ambassador of France, to Monsignor Aspurn the Minister of Spain, and to Cardinal Orsini the Minister of Naples. It would be doing an act of injustice to these ministers not to mention the warmth they have shewn in all the affair for your Majesty's service. The French ambassador particularly advised the Duke to ask, without loss of time, an audience of the Pope, and with his own mouth represent your Majesty's case to him.

"Notwithstanding the melancholy state of his mind, and the indecency of going abroad before his father's obsequies were performed, yet such was his Royal Highness' zeal for your Majesty's service, that he asked an audience of the Pope, which he got on the Friday night. He represented to his Holiness, in the most pathetic but becoming manner, the indispensable obligation he lay under to acknowledge your Majesty's title; an obligation that arose from the strictest principles of religion, and gratitude to a family whose misfortunes, in this world, proceeded only from their invariable adherence to the Church and See of Rome. The Pope, after protesting that he never intended to do you an injustice, continued to give the same answer that he had returned to the Cardinal Protector. When his Royal Highness perceived that he could make no impression or draw from him any other answer, he told his Holiness that, since he delayed to acknowledge you, he hoped he would at least allow him to use every method that might tend to facilitate his just demand, and particularly to communicate the memorial to whom he should think proper. This last demand the Pope agreed to, and in consequence of it, the memorial has been shewn to all the Sacred College, and to such persons as might be useful to you. Having left the Pope, his Royal Highness went to the Cardinals Rezzonico and Torregiani: he repeated to them, what he had represented to his Holiness, and they returned the same answer.

"His Royal Highness immediately communicated to the French ambassador the result of his interview with the Pope, as he did afterwards to the Spanish and Neapolitan ministers. In consequence of it, they asked audiences of the Cardinal Secretary of State, and represented to him their surprise that his Holiness had any difficulty to acknowledge you; that although their Courts, never doubting of his doing it immediately, had given them no particular instructions on that head, yet, from their general ones, they could aver, that his doing that act of justice to your Majesty would be highly acceptable to their Courts, and that any affront or injury done to you would produce a contrary effect. The Cardinal Secretary remained inflexible with regard to the delay, but the French ambassador hopes that, as soon as they receive fresh instructions, the Court of Rome must agree to so reasonable a demand.

"These applications to the Pope having proved fruitless, the next step his Royal Highness took was to write letters, in the most moving strain, to the Kings of France, Spain, and Naples, which their different ministers forwarded, and warmly recommended. In these letters, after mentioning the death of your Royal father, he represented the state of your affairs at the Court of Rome, and anxiously begged their powerful mediation with the Pope in your behalf; not doubting but that such recommendations would remove all difficulties. Along with these letters he sent copies of the above memorial. With the letter to the King of France he transmitted one which his late Majesty left for him, to be delivered after his death, together with an article of his testament, in which he instructs his Most Christian Majesty to continue to you the same marks at least of his generosity, which he himself had so long enjoyed. At the same time that his Royal Highness wrote to the King of Spain, he recommended your Majesty's interest, to the good offices of Don Emmanuel de Roda, who whilst here, shewed always much attention to the Royal family. It is to be hoped that, by his means, your Majesty may obtain some supply from that Court.

"These are the principal steps his Royal Highness has taken to serve your Majesty; but I should never end this narrative, were I to represent his many interviews with the ministers and others, as well as the incredible fatigue of body and mind he has had to bring this affair to an happy issue. Nothing but an extraordinary effort of that singular love and affection he justly has for you could have roused him to have thus acted at this melancholy but critical conjuncture. Nor can your Majesty ever doubt of his unwearied zeal to promote your interest in general, and more particularly to preserve your prerogatives at the Court of Rome. In so doing, his own dignity is mutually concerned. Thoroughly acquainted with all their management and intrigues, no one is so capable to conduct your affairs here as he is. By his prudent measures, it is to be hoped, he will at last obtain for you whatever is reasonable from the Pope. But it is necessary to proceed with caution and circumspection, for a rash measure might precipitate all: your Majesty has to combat against ignorance, prejudice, and the secret enemies of your family. In the meantime, his Royal Highness, as well as all your real friends, most ardently beseech you to arm yourself with patience till all is finally settled. Were you to take any hasty and violent steps, it would give much pleasure, and even a triumph to your enemies, who would wish for no better handle to do you a prejudice. Indeed, the ministers of the Court of Rome's calling in doubt your titles, or delaying to acknowledge them, reflects a real dishonour on themselves, and not on you. Such will be the universal sentiment of the unprejudiced public. To leave the ecclesiastical state, in the present situation of your affairs, would put it absolutely out of your power ever to return to it; whereas, by persevering in it, you may from day to day obtain all your desires. The government here is different from that of any other country. It is a continual flux, that depends upon the precarious life of an old man. As soon as the Pope dies, there is a total change of the government. A new Pope produces a new ministry, who lie under no obligation to pursue the measures of the former, nor are they answerable for their conduct. His present Holiness is undoubtedly in a bad state of health, and of late has had very dangerous attacks. In all human appearance he cannot live long. It is therefore to be expected, that, if he should die without doing justice to your Majesty, his successor will. After the disagreeable but like portrait which his Royal Highness gave your Majesty of the present ministry here, you cannot be much surprised at their conduct. It would, indeed, be doing an act of injustice to the Pope, not to confess the great love and attention he always shewed to the King your father, as well as to your brother. He declares he has the same sentiments towards you, and heartily regrets the necessity they have put him under, not to give you immediate proofs of it. But it is obvious that, until there is a return from France and Spain, he will determine nothing; and till then no other steps can be properly taken here.

"Your Majesty being at a distance from Rome would be very inconvenient at this conjuncture; and yet, perhaps, you may justly have a reluctancy to enter the city without the honors due to you. His Royal Highness whose mind you entirely engross, has therefore thought on an expedient, viz., that you might stop at Caprarola; for which purpose he has desired Cardinal Orsini to write to Naples for the use of that palace. Here you would be nobly lodged in a royal palace, not within the Pope's jurisdiction, and yet within half a day's journey from Rome. By this means, you would easily be informed of everything that is done in your affairs; his Royal Highness could often visit you, and, after your conferences, return to town to execute your ideas; and, if your Majesty judged proper, you could, from time to time, come privately to Rome, and return back to Caprarola without fatigue.

"It is unnecessary for me to mention his Royal Highness' generous intentions to your Majesty, in case it had pleased God to prolong the life of the King. That event is now no more. All, therefore, that his own situation permits him to do for your immediate support, is to give you the 10,000 crowns a-year which the Pope had settled on him after his father's death. Indeed, his Royal Highness of himself proposed to his Holiness to do so, in order to facilitate his consent to your return to Rome, and to remove the objection of the expence you might thereby occasion to the *Camera*. Although by the testament all the King's savings belong to the Cardinal Duke, yet he has laid aside for your Majesty's use the savings of last year, but which are much diminished from what he intended, by the extraordinary expence of the King's death, the maintenance of the family, &c. Such solid proofs of love cannot but increase, if possible, your affection and confidence in your Royal brother.

"I beg leave to lay myself at your Majesty's feet, and most humbly hope you will be graciously pleased to consider this plain but faithful representation of your affairs at the Court of Rome as a fresh mark of my inviolable attachment to your sacred person and service.

"I am, with the most profound respect,
"Sire,
"Your Majesty's most obedient,
"Most devoted, and most faithful
"Servant and subject,
"ANDREW LUMISDEN."

The following despatch from Mr. Lumisden to Cardinal York will explain the result of his journey:

Andrew Lumisden to the Cardinal Duke of York.

"St. Quirico, Jan. 21. 1766.

"Monday morning, about 4 o'clock, I had got two posts beyond Florence, when I learned that the King your brother would be there at break of day. He was so, when I had the honor to present your Royal Highness' letter to him. He read it with much pleasure. He inquired for you in the most affectionate manner, and expressed his great desire to embrace you. He was of opinion that he should go directly to Rome. He was much surprised that the Pope and his ministers should have any difficulty to acknowledge immediately his titles, after the strong invitation he had to return to Rome. He thinks he should acquaint the Pope of his arrival in consequence of that invitation. However, till he sees your Royal Highness, he will take no resolutions, and that he will give the proper attention to your opinions in an affair which you so thoroughly understand, and in which your own dignity is equally concerned. It is unnecessary however to enter at present into any detail, as he hopes, with God's assistance, to be in Rome on Thursday night. He proposes to lye to-morrow's night at Montefiascone, and to reach Rome by 10 or 11 o'clock at night, at which time he begs that supper may be ready for him, as he does not propose to dine by the way. He is much pleased that the Queen's apartment is prepared for him. There must be a bed in the apartment for Stuart, and beds somewhere else for two of the King's domestics, besides beds for three gentlemen, and a servant that attends Mr. Hay. His Majesty desires that you may obtain an order from the Treasurer to allow M. le Baron de Douglas's baggage to pass at the gate without being examined. He wishes that your Royal Highness would send a coach to take him up at Ponte Molle, to conduct him to the palace, but absolutely desires that you yourself should not come out to meet him at so late an hour. The courier Stefano Uslinghi, the bearer of this, may be sent back to meet the King at the Storta, from whence he will despatch him to inform you of his exact arrival.

" I am, with the most profound respect," &c.

That evening the travellers slept at San Quirico, and next night at Montefiascone, where, forty-six years before, the elder Chevalier's marriage had taken place. They entered Rome late on the 23rd, and for some days the Prince suffered considerably from fatigue and swollen legs. The following additional particulars of this comfortless journey were sent by the secretary to his brother-in-law, on the 12th of February: "The hurry I have been in since the death of the King is incredible. I may with truth affirm that, since that mournful event, I have not had, one day with another, three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. I was even obliged to take a journey to meet the present King, to give him an account of the state of his affairs here. I met him between Florence and Bologna, and had the honour to attend him to Rome. We run the risque of breaking our necks every moment, the roads being covered with ice and snow. Two days before I met the King, he was overturned in a precipice, but he wonderfully received no hurt. As soon as I met him he did me the honour to embrace me, and took me into his own coach, having caused one of the gentlemen that attended him to go into my chaise. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather and badness of the roads, I never stopt till I met him, and I went from Rome to Siena in eight hours less than the French courier did at that time. In the present situation of the King's affairs I cannot insist on leaving him, but as soon as he is properly settled, and things put on a regular footing, I will then earnestly entreat him to permit me to retire. Indeed I could not long resist the fatigue I now have. Besides, the only real satisfaction I propose to myself is to be with you and your dear family."

Forty-eight despatches in thirty-three days are all that the letter-book shows in support of these complaints; and, as no concourse of visitors besieged the Muti Palace to do honour to its new inmate, it is probable that the secretary's labours were there chiefly given in personal solicitations to promote the public recognition of his master as another crownless king. This was now the great object of the Stuarts; and on the 28th of January Mr. Stafford is instructed "to take his own method to let the Vice-legate at Avignon know that the King receives no more letters without his new titles," that is to say, the royal style, which he had fully adopted.*

All that his father's death brought to Prince Charles was a tissue of mortifications. The nature of these, and the situation of his affairs may best be shown by a series of extracts from Mr. Lumisden's letters, addressed for the most part to the titular Lords Dumbar and Alford, but sometimes to less confidential correspondents. "The Court of Rome's behaviour to him is such as could never have been expected: however, we hope that things will yet be adjusted."—"The mortifications the King has met with here since his arrival are not to be believed. Hitherto he has borne them with patience. His obtaining his just demands at Rome depends entirely on the warmth of the interposition of the Courts of France and Spain. God grant that they may do it effectually, for was he forced to abandon this country, where would he now go to?"—"In a few weeks he will be able to judge with some certainty what he may expect from these Courts. In the mean time he remains in private, and takes no notice of the absurd and barbarous conduct of this Court towards him."—"The Pope, no doubt, ought, immediately upon the death of the late King, to have acknowledged his present Majesty. It would effectually have prevented any complaints or representations that could have been made on that subject. Honour, reason, and every principle engaged him to have done so. How can we reconcile this conduct with the warm and strong invitation he gave him to return to this country? He said, he would reckon it the greatest consolation and glory of his reign to receive him, and bestow on him all the honours due to his royal birth, and which the King had ever enjoyed from the Popes his predecessors. What an absurdity is it to offer to continue to his Majesty the title, and to give him the treatment of the Prince of Wales, after the death of the King his father? Yet such is the ridiculous offer of this Court. They have indeed never said that they will not acknowledge him as king, but only that they cannot do it *per ora* [at present], as the Cardinal Secretary of State expressed it in his billet to his Royal Highness [the Duke]. In short there never was such a jumble of unlucky circumstances as have concurred in this affair. However, the King continues well, and has hitherto bore his disappointment with much moderation."—"The patience his Majesty has showed on this occasion has surprised every one, and greatly increased the number of his friends here: we have even reason to believe that some of the Cardinals that opposed him in the congregation begin to regret what they have done."—"But, what is most barbarous, and contrary to every principle, is a private order the Court has given, forbidding the subjects of this state to give the King his just titles. This to be sure was the height of malice, and prevents every one from coming near him, as he will receive none that do not treat him as they ought. Hence, you see, he has few to converse with but his brother and his own family. He goes out every day to take an airing with the Duke."—"However, so absurd and cruel an order cannot last long. We heard in the beginning that they wanted to find fault with the Duke's giving the right hand in the coach to his brother, but they were ashamed to say anything on that head."—"I am indeed afraid that it is the dread of the Government of England, that prevents the Courts of France and Spain from serving the King effectually at the Court of Rome. But will these Courts absolutely abandon a family from whom they have often received so much benefit, particularly in their wars with England, and from whom they may still reap the same advantages?"

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* The Lumisden papers, quoted above, entirely contradict Klose's assertions that the Prince resided at Florence immediately before and after his father's death, without assuming his royal titles.

Such was the complexion of affairs during the first three months of Charles Edward's residence in the Muti Palace, when matters took a somewhat new turn, which will be explained in the following letter to Lord Dumbar at Avignon, and postscript to Lord Alford in Paris.

Andrew Lumisden to the titular Lord Dumbar.

"Palidoro, April 15. 1766.

"I am honored with your letter of the 28th past. The King came here on Thursday morning. He amuses himself with shooting. It is a relief to him from the disagreeable incidents that almost daily occur to him in Rome. We were told that the Court of Rome seemed to regret the lengths they had carried matters against him, but last Wednesday we had a proof of the contrary. It had been suggested to his Majesty, that his own national colleges and convents here would willingly receive him, and do all the honors due to his Royal person. In consequence of this he went and heard mass at the English and Scots Colleges, and at the Irish Dominicans and Franciscans. At all those places he was prayed for by name, and a *Te Deum* sung. The Pope and his ministers, irritated at this acknowledgement of the King, although done only by his own subjects, has exiled the heads of these colleges and convents from Rome. And as Abbé Grant had a hand in receiving him at the Scots College, he is exiled from the Pope's palace, and deprived of the pension he had from the Datory. Pray what does your Lordship think of all this? I offer my most respectful compliments to my Lady, and have always the honor to be, with the greatest respect and real attachment,

"My Lord," &c.

"P. S. Since writing this letter, his Royal Highness is come here for a few days to visit his Majesty. They are much concerned at what has happened to the heads of our colleges and religious houses at Rome. We think that, in the present circumstances, it might be useful to the King were you, and as many of his ecclesiastic subjects as you can find, to go to the Nuncio at Paris, and represent to him the bad effects this conduct of the Court of Rome may have on the missions in Britain. It will be constructed an attempt to withdraw the subjects from their allegiance, and which would induce many rather to separate from the Church than to give up a point so rooted in them. That you do not pretend to enter into the question whether the Pope should or should not treat with the King, but only that the Court of Rome should not think to prevent his own subjects from bestowing those honors they apprehend to be due to him. It would even be advantageous to procure as many letters as possible to the same purpose, and address them to the *Propaganda fide.* You will easily see the necessity never to mention that you had a hint of this kind from hence." *

Under circumstances so depressing, disgust and *ennui* added bitter ingredients to the Prince's cup; and, in writing to Lord Blantyre, one of the few active agitators who still followed his fortunes, the secretary points thus vaguely at essaying some other refuge: —

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* Mr. Lumisden makes no allusion to an impression put abroad by the Papal Court, but indignantly repudiated by the Prince, of his heretical tendencies. It is difficult to conceive a situation more embarrassing, as, in order to conciliate that Court, and the Roman Catholics in Britain, he was driven to professions ill adapted to forward his interests at home. See Scots' Magazine for 1766, *passim.* Also the Lyon in Mourning, MS., *penes* Mr. Robert Chambers.

Andrew Lumisden to Lord Blantyre.

"Aug. 16th, 1766.

"Your letter of the 30th past gave me much pleasure, as indeed does every line that comes from your hand. To hear from our friends supplies, in some measure, our being deprived the satisfaction of seeing them. But there are certain situations of life that make it improper to risque our thoughts on paper. I find myself at present in this case. However, I can tell you that my Cousin continues in good health, and always expresses his particular regard and value for you. He has hitherto behaved here with much moderation, notwithstanding the disappointments he has met with. His friends had long pressed him to appear in public, but where could he do it, in the present conjuncture, but in this very place? He came on a solemn invitation, having been promised by the Prince of the country all these distinctions that his superior knowledge in trade entitled him to; but his treatment has been the reverse of these promises. 'Tis true, he must be sensible that he cannot carry on trade advantageously here, and must, therefore, wish for a more proper post for that purpose. I am periuaded that, as soon as he can find such, he will immediately leave this residence. In the meantime he hopes his friends will continue to favor him with their commissions, and doubts not of your unwearied zeal to promote his interest. Adieu, my dear friend! surely I need use few words to convince you of those warm sentiments of regard and attachment, with which I constantly am," &c.

Still more melancholy is the following, from

Albano to Lord Dumbar, on the 2nd of September: "The King arrived here on Sunday evening; and, unless something unforeseen happens, he will remain till November. Deprived by the cruelty of this government of the pleasure of society, 'tis the same to his Majesty whether he is here or at Rome. He says that he is like one on ship-board; he converses only with his own little crew."—"There are much company at Albano; but his unhappy situation prevents him from reaping any amusement from them. His only relief is a little music and shooting. Giovannino and his violincello assists him in the former; but the scarcity of game renders the latter the less agreeable. It is, indeed, surprising how he resists the fatigue; for 'tis certain he never fatigued at any time of his life a-shooting as he did the month he was at Palidoro last spring." The Prince sometimes carried his point of honour to inconvenient lengths. In one instance his secretary returns two bills of exchange, which came addressed "à son Altesse le Prince Edouard Stuart à Rome," disavowing all knowledge of such a person; and, in transporting his effects from France, he would neither have them examined nor pay duties.

In January, 1767, Mr. Lumisden writes to Paris: "I am persuaded you past the last day of the year [the Prince's birthday] more agreeably at the Scots' College than we did here. But what pleasure can we expect to taste whilst the King is excluded from all society?" A few months afterwards things had, however, taken a somewhat better turn, for we find, under June 2nd, "he had lately, along with the Duke, a private interview with the Pope. He went in no disguise, nor was the visit ever intended to be kept a secret; but what passed on the occasion his Majesty has not been pleased to mention to us. I doubt not that it will give rise to many ridiculous stories. May this step prove useful to him, and open a way to remove the difficulties, and put an end to the cruel usage he has met with here! Such surely was the intention of it, and 'tis said that it was at the Pope's particular desire that he waited on him." This trifling advance on the part of his Holiness seems to have restored a gleam of passing sunshine. "On Saturday, our carnival [of 1768] begins. Fond of music, the King intends to amuse himself at the Opera. He has ordered boxes to be taken for him at the theatres d'Aliberti and Argentina. Such is the increase of luxury here, that Guadagni, a celebrated gelding, gets 1200 Roman zecchins [about 600*l.*] for singing on the Argentina stage this carnival." — "This night puts an end to our diversion of the carnival. There has been music this season at the different theatres, much applauded; but, as I am no musician, I do not venture to judge in that matter. Perhaps, by too great refinement, and dividing and subdividing the notes into too many parts, they may have diminished the harmony. However, such as it is, it gives great pleasure to the ear. Guadagni is the most elegant actor I think I have seen tread the stage, and sings with infinite art and taste, but his voice is rather too weak for the great Roman theatres. He is what the Italians call a *Contralto*, but the voice that pleases most generally here is the *Soprano*."

Utterly desperate as the Prince's position had become even in a social view, political aspirations still occupied a few deluded partisans of the elder branch. In May, 1768, the secretary thanks Mr. James Rutlidge* for "the letter you were pleased to write me, the 6th of last month. His Majesty takes this fresh mark of your zeal for his service extremely well of you. He will, no doubt, make the proper use of the circumstances of the times; and may his attempts be soon crowned with success! In the interim he commands me to assure you of that just value he has constantly for you." Are we to suppose the fantastic tricks of John Wilkes, at this time closely watched by the writer, are the "circumstances" thus darkly alluded to? To a Sir William Stuart, another such schemer, he however, soon after administered this very wholesome reproof: "I return you my hearty thanks for your obliging letter of the 13th of last month. I could not but do myself the honour to communicate its contents to the King. He was pleased to take extremely well of you this mark of your zeal for his service and attachment to his person, and commands me to thank you for it in his name. The picture you draw of the present state of affairs in Britain is no doubt very just. The majority of the people of that distracted country are sensible of it, nor are they ignorant of the remedy; but the difficulty is to unite a sufficient number of such jarring heads and interests to bring it about. This is a work of too serious a nature to be transacted in taverns over the fumes of liquor, or to be effectuated by a mob of *marrow bones and cleavers.* 'Tis natural for the King to do everything in his power to recover his just rights, but at the same time he has too generous sentiments to risque, without a reasonable prospect of success, the lives and fortunes of his faithful subjects to satisfy his own ambition. However, it is to be hoped that the happy time is not distant, when he will be able to obtain what is due to him, and complete the happiness of his country."

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* A relation, no doubt, of Walter Rutlidge, an Irishman, settled as a banker at Dunkirk, whose zeal in fitting out the Elizabeth of 68 guns, as a convoy for the brig Doutelle in which Charles Edward sailed to the Hebrides, had obtained for him a pseudo-baronetcy. In this very year he brought some claim, connected with his losses by that vessel, before the Stuart princes, who, through Mr. Lumisden, referred him for indemnity to the French Court. The Prince, however, expressed anxiety to give to him or his family substantial marks of the just value he entertained of his services; and the Duke offered some ecclesiastical patronage to one of his sons. The vessel in which James II. escaped to France in 1688 was commanded by one Walsh, thereupon created an earl; his son Anthony, a merchant at Nantes, fitted out the Doutelle in 1745.

To Lord Carlyll, also a political intriguer, the Prince speaks more encouragingly a few weeks later: "His Majesty is justly sensible of your zeal as well as talents to serve him. He hopes you will be able to settle a regular correspondence between him and his subjects in England. He will be anxious to hear of your safe return from that country. * * * * Many of his Majesty's friends, we hear, regret his being far distant from England, considering the present situation of affairs in that country. They cannot but be sensible how necessary it was for him to appear in public, but where could he do it but in this very place? The fact is, that he sojourns here not by choice but necessity, and bears with all the inconveniences that attend it, because he knows not where to find another, to fix any residence in, that might be preferable to where he now is, and answer the views that should induce him to abandon it. But if those friends who lament his distance from them know of any place where he may remain with honour to himself, and with more conveniency to carry on the great work of the Restoration, they have only to mention it, and, if he finds the proposal reasonable, he will no doubt with alacrity embrace it." On no after occasion does "the Restoration" occur in Mr. Lumisden's letter books.

CHAP. XIV.

THE PRINCE'S PERSONAL ATTENDANTS.—HIS POVERTY.—HE DISMISSES HIS ENGLISH FOLLOWERS.—MR. LUMISDEN'S EXPLANATIONS.—HE SETTLES IN PARIS.

THE British attendants whom the Prince brought to Rome were John Hay, Colonel L. Macintosh, Captain Adam Urquhart, and John Stuart, his valet-de-chambre. Mr. Hay's father was an advocate, and his brother Thomas obtained a seat on the Scottish bench in 1754, by the title of Lord Huntington, which he enjoyed but a few months. The latter was a correspondent of government during the progress of the Rebellion, but his brother John, writer to the signet (who assumed the designation of Restalrig, being "portioner," or part-owner of some lands near Edinburgh), attended Charles Edward through his campaign, and was attainted. He generally served on the staff, and was blamed by Lord George Murray for grossly neglecting the duties of quartermaster on the eve of the battle of Culloden. The Prince kept him much near his person in after years, made him his major-domo on arriving at Rome, in place of Sir John Constable, and created him a baronet of Scotland on the anniversary of his own birth in 1766. Lauchlan Macintosh, having in 1745 commanded the regiment of his clan, was attainted. Captain Adam Urquhart was of Bythe, a branch of Meldrum, now merged in the main stem. John Roy Stuart, a reputed cadet of the Ardvorlich family, had accompanied the Prince from Scotland, and shared his imprisonment at Paris in 1748. Having escaped from France with his master, and subsequently become on cool terms with him, Stuart retired into Holland, where he engaged in mercantile concerns. Eventually he rejoined Charles Edward, and, having remained with him at the secession of his Scottish attendants in 1766, was, in exercise of an almost obsolete pretension, created a baronet in 1784. As major-domo he had a considerable legacy from the Prince, and was father of Colonel Stuart, commandant of artillery in the Papal States in 1846.* To these we may add the Rev. Mr. Wagstaffe, a Welshman, originally attached to the Muti Palace on account of its Protestant inmates, and retained by Prince Charles, after their departure, perhaps in order to keep alive the impressions entertained at home of his secret adherence to the reformed faith. He died suddenly in 1770.

During his many wanderings, the Prince seems to have maintained establishments at St. Germains,

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* See No. IV. of the Appendix.

Bouillon, and Avignon, from which places he removed property to Rome in 1767. At the last of them he had left Mr. Stafford, and one Stokes, a liveried servant, who accompanied his effects to Italy, and joined his household. The allowance to his gentlemen was twenty crowns a month, with table and lodging.

By his father's will Charles Edward succeeded to his savings, and to funded property (including that of the Sobieski family) invested in France and estimated at 47,000 livres a year. But there were debts and annuities affecting this inheritance, and, even including a pension of 10,000 crowns from the Holy See, Mr. Lumisden states his income in 1767 under 15,000 crowns, little above 3,000 guineas. This pension had been granted by Clement XI. to his father, on coming into Italy, and the reversion of it was subsequently settled on the Cardinal Duke, who, finding his ecclesiastical revenues adequate for his wants, and even enabling him to continue partially the elder Chevalier's benefactions, gave it up to his brother. In this state of matters it is not surprising to find the secretary obliged to meet the recurring applications from needy adherents by avowals, that "his Majesty at present has not wherewithal to support himself with decency, much less to assist his suffering subjects." But for long they flattered themselves with vain hopes, or negotiations with the French and Spanish Courts for a subsidy, pending which, "applications for reliefs or charities from him will only serve to make him uneasy, without producing any other effect. My particular friendship, joined to my natural humanity of temper, makes my heart bleed for you." To one of his benevolent disposition, thus compelled to deny to former associates and early friends a pittance on which they were in a great measure dependent, this was the most revolting portion of his irksome duties. Sad and dismal are the terms in which he speaks of his master's position and his own. "I am persuaded that could his disagreeable situation be made properly known to some of his honest subjects, they themselves would do something for him, nor permit him to be obliged further to diminish his little family, which he maintains with the utmost frugality." Alas! for royalty reduced to mendicancy. Next year he discontinued the English newspapers from economical considerations, and, while giving a dubious assent to Lord Carlyll's proposal of joining his household, expressly intimated that all he could allow him was table and lodging. This pseudo-peer did, in fact, join the Prince after his dismissal of the Scotch gentlemen in 1768, and in 1771 Lumisden's post of secretary was filled by a M. Meuret.

Mr. Lumisden had long looked forward to the elder Chevalier's death as an event which, however it might diminish his own resources and those of numerous other dependents, would restore him to freedom of action, and enable him to gratify the long yearnings of an affectionate heart, by repairing to Paris and joining Mr. Strange, now in a great measure resident there on professional avocations. He does not seem to have doubted that his presence in France would induce his sister to move her family for a time across the channel. Accordingly, in the first letter he wrote after closing his master's tomb, he informed Mrs. Strange, "I am still resolved to come to Paris to embrace you there; but, as I expect soon my young Cousin [the Prince] here, I can settle nothing positively about myself till I have seen him, and given him an account of all my transactions." Honour and duty required this of him, but the result was unfortunate. Five weeks later he writes, "Since the King is come here, and commands me to attend him, I cannot but obey, although it alters all the scheme of happiness I had proposed to myself." Nor was this sacrifice all. To Lord Alford he says confidentially, "Did your Lordship know the fatigue and uneasiness of mind I have had for these two months past, you would heartily pity me. Happy should I have thought myself to have been with you and my good friends at Paris, distant from the disagreeable scenes I have lately seen."—"My abode here is no small sacrifice

I make to my duty. Constantly employed for others, I have not a moment to think or do anything for myself. True, I receive every mark of affection from my friend, and lament his situation infinitely more than my own." —"Hurried and oppressed with a variety of affairs, I have not time to open a book; I have not strength to resist my fatigue."

The nature of these duties are thus detailed to his sister: "Almost from break of day to midnight, I am employed about the King. Besides serving him as his secretary, I am obliged to attend him as a gentleman of the bed-chamber when he goes abroad, both morning and evening; and after dinner and supper I retire with him into his closet. Add to this the time we sit at table, and you will see I have not a moment to myself. I am never in my apartment but either to sleep or write. But this is not all: we have been five of the nine months, since the King's coming into Italy, either at Albano or other parts of the country, a-shooting, and which wandering kind of life is more likely to increase than diminish." Well might he add, "I have lived for many years in a sort of bondage; but I may name these past months a mere slavery. Yet I readily submit to every inconveniency, when honour and duty call on me to do so."—"To extricate myself immediately from my present engagements cannot be attempted: it will require prudence and time to do it. Had the King a sufficient number of gentlemen about him to serve him, I should have no difficulty to urge his permission to retire; but, as this is not the case, he will not consent to it, and would take much amiss of me such a proposition. To abandon him, indeed, in his present situation, might justly reflect on that character I have hitherto maintained, and trust in God I shall always maintain. But you may be sure it shall be my constant study to free myself from bondage."—"If I have not slaved in the service of the Royal family with ability, I have surely done it with fidelity. I desire neither titles nor riches. I am sufficiently recompensed with the consciousness of having done my duty. My only ambition is to retire from business, and to live the remainder, whatever it may be, of life in my own manner."—"Riches nor poverty will ever influence my conduct of life. Honour and virtue I hope will always be my guides."—"When I see that I can be of no further use where I am, I shall desire to retire, and spend the remainder of my life as much with you as possible. My intention always was to have left this country on the death of my old Friend [the Chevalier]; but my Cousin's [the Prince] coming here could not but prevent my effectuating that design. Indeed, I had no reason to suppose that he would have come into this country. His principal reason for doing it was, no doubt, to put himself in a situation to marry. But the bad reception he has met with has, for the present, frustrated all his schemes. He still hopes for a change to the better; but if it should not take place, he will surely form some other plan, for he cannot long remain in this situation. By this account you may easily perceive my uncertain and disagreeable state of life. Formerly I had at least a certain pleasure in being the advocate of the distressed, and doing real services to many honest people. But now I am deprived this satisfaction, as my Cousin has not wherewithal to support himself with decency, and consequently cannot relieve the wants of others. You, whose humane breast is daily doing services to the deserving, will readily feel what pain this last article gives me."*

That others less stedfast should have shrunk from such sacrifices, added to manifold personal annoyances which the Prince's habits, and the almost interdicted intercourse of Italians and English with the Muti Palace, must have entailed upon its inmates, can occasion no surprise. Lord Alford had long removed to France. Colonel Macintosh followed him thither in 1767; but, finding his allowance stopped, indicated a wish to return the following year to his trammels, for the sake of bread. To this proposal the secretary replied: "You may easily believe, my dear friend, what a real pleasure it would be to me to have you here, could it contribute either to your advantage or satisfaction. 'Tis true that Mr. Stafford's death, which happened three weeks ago, ought to induce the King to call you here, for, if any indisposition should happen to Sir John Hay or to Mr. Urquhart, or to myself, his Majesty cannot go abroad with two coaches, which he reckons so necessary for his decorum. Yet, unless some accident of the kind should happen, he will not think of desiring you, or any one else, to attend him; and was it to be proposed abruptly to him, it would be an effectual method to prevent its taking place, for instead of increasing, he grasps at every opportunity to diminish his expence."

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* Of these collected extracts, the last was addressed to his sister in April, 1767.

It was in reference to the same wish of Colonel Macintosh, in August, 1768, that Mr. Lumisden's correspondence betrays the first indication of secret grievances: "We can only answer for our own, and not for the conduct of others. It often indeed happens that we dare hardly venture to explain, even to ourselves, the reason of some things. This consideration I own has long since given me an aversion to business, and made me often anxiously wish to spend the remainder of my life in obscurity. I certainly watch for an opportunity to do so, consistent always with the duty I owe to the King and my own reputation." That opportunity was at length at hand. On the 14th of December Mr. Lumisden announced to Lords Dumbar and Alford, with others of his habitual correspondents, "The King was pleased last Thursday to dismiss Sir John Hay, Mr. Urquhart, and me from his service. This melancholy event must give you, as it gives us all, the utmost affliction. But although I am obliged to inform you of it, I beg your lordship will forgive my not entering into any detail of the unlucky circumstances which have given occasion to it. What I think only permitted to me is to say in general, that his Royal Highness the Duke has been pleased publicly to approve of our conduct, and to thank us for our behaviour in the most gracious manner."

The circumstances thus veiled, from motives of delicacy, are understood to have redounded little to his master's credit, and no doubt arose from some outbreak of temper by the Prince, while excited by wine, in which he had long indulged to excess, and possibly by the remonstrances of his devoted adherents. In one letter, the secretary refers, as if hypothetically, to what a sudden "gust of passion may have led him to do." Elsewhere he says, "My service has been long of little use to the King: my absence therefore can be no loss to him. I am persuaded that H. M., notwithstanding of what has happened, is fully satisfied in his mind of the fidelity, zeal, and attention with which we have all served him. But you know he will always be served in his own manner." In subsequently writing to his fellow-sufferer, Sir John Hay, from Paris, Lumisden adds, "After all, why should we torment ourselves for the improper conduct of another? We did every thing that duty and zeal could suggest to us to prevent it. That our endeavours were not attended with success is our misfortune, not our fault. Our behaviour here is criticised by no one." In a matter so momentous to their reputation, it is satisfactory to possess evidence from others than the actors; but as our extract from the Lyon in Mourning is somewhat long, we refer to it in No. IV. of the Appendix, where several curious particulars regarding the Prince at this period will be found. Meanwhile we submit Mr. Lumisden's intimation of the dismissal to his sister, maintaining a dutiful reserve as to its causes.

Andrew Lumisden to Mrs. Strange.

"Dec. 17th, 1768.

"You will no doubt be surprised, my dear Bella, when I tell you that, on the 8th instant, my master was pleased to dismiss me, along with the other two persons who attended him, his service. I am sensible that this event will give you much uneasiness. But, as it has proceeded from no fault of ours, I entreat you will suspend your judgement, and not blame me on this occasion. You are too well acquainted with my principles and attachment to believe that I have failled in that duty that became a faithful servant, or that anything can ever diminish my zeal for him, or make me discontinue my ardent prayers for his life and prosperity. Altho' I am obliged to inform you of what has happened, yet I beg you will forgive my not entering into any detail of the circumstance that produced it. It is enough for me to tell you that our conduct has been so honorable, that it has met with the public approbation of his own brother, who shows us all sorts of attention, and has thanked us for our behaviour in the strongest expressions.

"Having now recovered my liberty, altho' not just in the manner to have been wished, I propose to spend the remainder of my life in the manner the most agreeable to us both. For this purpose I intend, along with my two worthy friends, to leave this place immediately after Easter, and to direct my course to Paris, where I reckon to be, by the beginning of June. After so many years' absence, and after the promises you have made me, I cannot doubt of your undertaking a journey for two months to meet me there. The consolation of embracing one whom I so tenderly love will amply compensate all my sufferings. It will give me an opportunity to settle with you many things that I could not well do by writing. I reckon that in the months of July, August, or September, when London is deserted, you can easily afford time for the long-wished for visit. I have laid aside as much money as will carry me to Paris. I have had this attention for these three years past, easily foreseeing that I might be obliged to undertake some sudden journey. I shall therefore observe the promise I made in my letter to the Knight [Sir Stuart Thriepland], not to desire any supply till the month of July, when I hope he will send me one. Pray assure him of my most grateful acknowledgements for his friendship, and that I shall be able fully to satisfy him that my present misfortune is not at all owing to me or my two friends. As I must add a few lines to my dear Robie, I shall only add my tender love to you, and most affectionate embraces to the dear children, wishing you all, with many years, all that health, prosperity and happiness your hearts can desire."

To Mr. Strange, of the same date, the subject is thus briefly dismissed:—" Although what has now happened to me cannot but give me much concern, yet, with a little time and reflection, I hope to get the better of it, and that I shall, with my liberty, recover that peace of mind to which I have been long a stranger." The following are the characteristic answers to these announcements: —

Mrs. Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"London, Jan. 13. 1769.

" My dear Andrew,—I have been so long in the school of adversity that now no event can surprise me, but I have not yet learned to be unfeeling, either in time of my friends' affliction or my own. Well did King David know the weakness of human nature when he said, 'O trust not in princes nor in any child of man.' I always pity the offender more than the offended, because what they do amiss always proceeds from a weak head or an untutored heart. God Almighty is daily forgiving us; let us do so too to those both above and below us. The greater their fault, our merit is the more: even parents may be unnatural to their children, but that by no means can excuse children from doing their duty. Your letter of the 17th Dec. has been in my pocket ever since I received it: my lord has often asked a sight of it; hitherto I have avoided giving him it. I wish to bury from others what grieves myself in the conduct of a friend who is dearer to me than life. O! entreat the person [Cardinal York] whom I never saw, but even for his father and family's sake I ever lov'd, to, if possible, patch up things so as, in the eye of the world, you may bid a respectful farewell. I could walk barefooted to kneel for this favor. Whoever are the two honest gentlemen that are to be your fellow-travellers, tell them what I say. I hope they have goodness enough not to laugh at me; my request is to prevent the laugh of our weak friends and avowed enemies. If ever anything in prejudice to my darling's [the Prince's] character is suggested, I deny it, or find an excuse for it. Oh, he has had much to disturb his brains! I am perfectly satisfied, my dearest Andrew, that you have not failed in your duty, for which I thank God. Believe me, I would sooner wish to hear of your death, than blush for anything you ever did in your life. Suffer I can, but sin I will not. Honest principles were the noble legacy our dear parents left us: while we live we will display them, when called on to do so. All I beg is secrecy. Four-and-twenty years' faithful service cannot be rewarded with a frown; no, you must be mistaken! If you are not, at least be advised;—'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, least the uncircumcised rejoice, and the daughters of the Philistines be glad.' This was our good grandfather's text for many years on the 30th of January. 'Tis always a sort of reflection on ourselves to publish the faults or frailties of our friends; we can reap no honour in their dishonour.

"Well, my dear Andrew, in the midst of sorrows I have the comfortable hope of seeing you. I will do every thing in my power to make your latter days of life most happy. Our little funds will be sufficient to make you quite easy; with frugality you'll be rich. I'm sure there's been a blessing in what our dear parents left us. You may depend on an ample supply when you are in Paris; meantime, if you have occasion for more, draw on me, or borrow from Mr. Byers, and I will send him a bill to the extent of what he gives you. I think if you can sell what of your books are shop books, it will lighten your baggage, and I will replace them. Be sure to give instructions to some friend about Mr. Alexander's friends*; I have found the bill and here shall enclose it. Pray be as careful in writing to Sir Stuart or any body as possible; you cannot say anything that does not almost destroy even the very hopes which has sustained friends so long. No! my hopes shall never be destroyed. Despair is the doom of devils. Write to me as often as you can: let us cheer up one another in all situations: family affairs ought always to give place to public disorders. I shall have letters lying for you at Scotch College; I believe another letter from me will hardly reach you before you take your journey. If my words do not come too late, say I have took an unreasonable longing to see you, and am rich enough to indulge myself, and that you have love enough not to baulk my natural desire: I wish this may mask any other reason you have for bidding adieu to your friends in Rome. Bid farewell to my admirer Casali: tell him from me not to leave Rome, we have got such a prejudice to superior merit. I will be sorry if you leave your good old Holy Father [Wagstaffe] behind you; your surgeon [Murray] will always find friends, on account of his profession and merits; divine merit is little minded. Pray has Abby Walker got his flannel waistcoats which I sent by Sir J. Dick the late consel of Leghorn? When you come to Paris, the subject of my letters then shall be my journey, which I should be glad to shorten by your meeting me half way; I will cross the water, but I care for going no farther; I have no curiosity. You know that Glengyle nor I have never made up matters with the French Court, so I do not incline to do them the honor of [a] visit; but I'll do anything to make you happy. All here are well, and join me in wishing you many happy days and years. I ever am, with truth and sincere affection, your loving sister,

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* The brothers Runciman, then students of painting in Italy, in a great measure by the pecuniary assistance of this generous patron, who was afterwards provost of Edinburgh. The Cavaliere Casali had long been employed flimsily decorating English mansion houses.

"I. S."

Robert Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"January 13. 1769.

"I have only time, my dear Andrew, to congratulate you upon the event you have communicated in your last letter. Released from a wearisome bondage, we now hope the remainder of your days will be past agreeably. I am happy in the prospect of meeting you next autumn at Paris.

"Why have you not given me a name to the Cardinal? no matter whether or not it be the man; who at this distance of time can contradict it? You once mentioned to me a Cardinal who conducted the edition of the Vatican Septuagint, but which I cannot now come at; pray let me have this, or find me out a person of eminence at that time: any picture is discredited if without a name. Do not loose, I beseech you, a single post, as my Catalogue will wait for it. I hope you'll receive a copy of it on your arrival at Paris. God bless you! adieu.

"P.S. 'Tis so much the better that you cannot find a Cardinal like the drawing, the name from the catalogue of names will be the less called in question. A name we must have, or, at least, he'll be no Christian Cardinal. I'm glad this will procure a letter soon. Pray buy a dozen of Guido's Buccos and Ariadne, and the like number of the Aurora from D. Frey; get them as good impressions as possible. Bring them with you, or see and get Mr. Byers or Morison to send them with their first baggage to this place. Tell Mr. Byers I admire his plan for the Drs.; Sir Stuart writes me to get the front view engraved, which he proposes to put in the first page of the Medical Essays. I will send all the booksellers a set of the prints next week, and advertise. The Douglas cause comes on the 17th current; God send a happy end! fears and hopes are so mixed I can hardly give you my opinion. Adieu." *

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* The P.S. of this letter is in Mrs. Strange's hand. Although containing an evident sarcasm upon the taste which values a portrait more by the man than the merit of the work, Strange appears far too unscrupulous in assigning the name of Cardinal Santorio to No. 66. of his printed Catalogue. Yet he had, alas! many precedents in the practice of picture dealers and amateurs for a licence tending to undermine all reliance on one of the most interesting adminicles of history. We have already at p. 71. shown to what degree the Stranges and Lumisden were partisans of the claimant in the great Douglas cause, which excited an amount of interest in Scotland now difficult to conceive. In 1763, the secretary sent fruitless inquiries to Naples after the witness Pierre la Marr, at the request of his old acquaintance Mr. Alexander McKonochie, writer to the signet in Edinburgh, cousin of the first Lord Meadowbank.

In replying to his sister, the secretary observes, "Our opinions are the same. Nor, you may be sure, shall anything ever fall from my lips to the prejudice of a certain person. But how is it possible to conceal what has been seen by so many? Time and reform of conduct can only efface the remembrance of what is past. May this soon be the case! May he live to acquire the esteem and love of mankind, and transmit his ancient family to latest posterity!" Whatever may have been the facts of the dismissal, the following letter justifies us in crediting any amount of discreditable conduct on the part of Charles Edward:—

Andrew Lumisden to Lord Alford.

"Dec. 27th, 1768.

"Altho' the King does not think proper to send any letters he finds in the packet for Sir John Hay, Mr. Urquhart or me, yet, as I am persuaded that you honor me regularly with your letters as formerly, I cannot but trouble you with this line to ask you how you do. This procedure, of opening and retaining our letters, gives great offence to the Duke, but I have endeavoured to soften him on this, and on every head that might possibly produce any misunderstanding between the Royal brothers. For on their union alone, whether real or apparent, depends the King's reputation and settlement in this country. Altho' indeed I have a right to demand at the post office any packets or letters addressed for me, yet I shall never dispute with my King on this or any other account. He is at full liberty to open and read every letter I receive or write. He will find that I carry on no correspondence to his detriment. On the contrary, he will thereby see how many services I render him, often unknown to himself. However, after he has read my letters he might be pleased at least to return them to me; but this I do not expect. But two posts more will put an end to this inconvenience, as his Royal Highness gave Mr. Waters directions to send our letters under his cover."

Thus was Mr. Lumisden at length relieved from all farther part in a kingly comedy which had gradually fallen to a lamentable farce. A retrospect of eighteen years, rather of endurance than service, left him little consolation or reward, beyond the thought that he was among the last of his countrymen who lingered round the stranded vessel to which, in a moment of misguided loyalty, their fortunes and their hopes had been rashly committed.

Whenever he found himself at liberty to quit Rome, the ex-secretary resolved to realise the aspiration of many long years by meeting his sister; but being still debarred from doing so in England, he requested that she might find him at Paris. As winter travelling was in all respects inadvisable, he delayed setting out until after Easter, and on the 10th of April, 1769, turned his face northwards. "The journey," he says, "was as agreeable as the situation of my mind would admit of. I should indeed have been void of all sensation, had I not felt a real uneasiness in leaving Rome, where I had spent the better part of my life, and where I left many worthy friends." Accompanied by Mr. Urquhart, he travelled by Florence, Pisa, Genoa; thence by sea to Antibes; then by Toulon, Marseilles, Avignon and Lyons to Paris. "Lucky in fine weather, we stopped to examine whatever was most remarkable in our route. At Florence, I received great civilities from Abbé Nicolini, and you may easily imagine the friendly and warm reception I had from Lord Dumbar at Avignon." At Marseilles he was joined, on the 1st of May, by his cousin Charles Bell of Craigfoodie, who, having lost his health whilst governor of Cape Coast, had wintered at Montpellier. On the 7th they "visited the famous fountain at Vaucluse. I am not surprised that Petrarch should have encamped here with Donna Laura, to sing their chaste loves. This place indeed inspires poetry, and seems to be the very seat of the muses. Fancy herself can imagine nothing more romantic. To-morrow morning we make an excursion to Nismes, where I expect to feast my eyes, and must there take leave for some time of admiring the elegant remains of Roman magnificence."

Mr. Lumisden reached Paris on the 31st of May, and in a few weeks had the mortification to find his sister's visit, on which he had counted with confidence, indefinitely postponed. Whatever may have been the cause of this change, her excuse is characteristic: "I told Mr. Bell I hoped neither you nor he would insist on my coming to Paris, as I was too aquart a cub for that dissipated, giddy, worthless people: besides, I can speak nothing but broad Scotch, plain truth, and common sense. Such bairns as me makes the best figure at home; but see you I will, at one place or other. I should like it were as near Dover as possible, but we will not fall out about a mile, nor anything else. Jamie and Andrew shall be in my train; they are the jewels that deck me out, their father is my chief ornament." On first learning this disappointment, Lumisden proposed to indulge his fraternal yearnings by risking a secret journey to London; but he was dissuaded from the hazard, and consoled himself by her solemn assurance of a visit next year, as well as by her husband's arrival in the end of June. He lodged at first in the Hotel de Picardie, Rue de Seine, at a cost of fifty livres a month (2*l.*), which he considered twice as expensive as Rome; afterwards with Strange in the Hotel d'Espagne; upon whose departure he furnished a small apartment in the Hotel de Beaugrand, Rue St. Hyacinthe, near the Luxembourg, paying twenty-seven louis d'or a year. Sir John Hay, after a short visit to Naples, followed him to Paris.

The settlement of their father's affairs had been a source of great trouble and anxiety to Mr. Lumisden and his sister, ever since his death; and they were now intent upon closing them by a plan which the former had long urged, and which is thus stated in the case drawn by him for a legal opinion: "The late Titius left a son and a daughter. The son was attainted in the year 1746; and the daughter married without the father's consent, but to which he was afterwards reconciled. Titius conveyed his estate by disposition to a trustee, whom failing to a second, then to a third, &c. The trustee first named denuded in favour of the second [Sir Stuart Thriepland], who is now in possession. He is willing to make such a division of Titius's estate between the brother and sister as they themselves shall agree to. The brother, unwilling to bring any of his stock abroad, intending never to marry, and desirous that his sister and her children should profit of whatever he has, would willingly make over all his father's effects to them, provided he could be properly secured in the life-rent of the whole. Such a proposal cannot but be acceptable to the sister and her husband. Nor has the brother the least doubt of their honour, nor that of the present trustee, in performing their promises to him; but, in case of their deaths, he wishes to know how his annuity may be properly secured to him, on account of his attainder? Perhaps it may be thus executed. As the present trustee proposes to keep the money in his own hand at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., he may grant an heritable bond for it to three trustees, who should give a declaration of trust, obliging them to pay the interest to the brother during his life, and, after his death, to convey the principal to the sister and her children, as she shall judge proper to order. Let the trustees, in case of the death of any one of them, be obliged to substitute another in his place." It does not appear what arrangement was adopted, but Mr. Lumisden's pardon eventually solved all technical difficulties.

In 1771, 2,500*l.* are stated to have been realised from William Lumisden's succession, besides his shop property in the Luckenbooths, and certain debts not yet recovered from the Home and Airds estates, yielding to his son in all about 200*l.* a year. There is no trace how long he continued to draw his pensions from the Chevalier de St. George's bequest and the French Gratuity Fund; but the prolonged evening of his days was unquestionably spent in easy circumstances, and he eventually left some property.

One of Mr. Lumisden's earliest cares was for the transport of his library. "A passion for books has made my collection larger than is convenient for one who is not in a fixed state of life. However, they are such companions as I cannot think of parting with. They will indeed become the more necessary, as I reckon to spend the remainder of my days in retirement." Accordingly they arrived, viâ Marseilles, in three cases and a trunk, and were gradually augmented in bulk, until his death. "In this retreat, with the assistance of my little library," he writes from the Rue St. Hyacinthe, "I hope to spend my time with at least more tranquillity of mind than I have done for many years past. I envy no one engaged in the intrigues of courts or bustle of camps. I have had enough of both. I have indeed long lived for others; it is time to begin to live for myself. I am now likely to converse more with the dead than the living. I still intend to correct and put together the remarks I have collected on the Antiquities of Rome and its environs. I dare not flatter myself that such a trifle will be worthy to be presented to the public, but it will always be an amusement to myself, and perhaps to some of my friends who are fond of that branch of learning."

But new scenes and renewed pursuits relaxed not the firm hold with which Lumisden clung to his pristine political faith. While describing these with zest to Lord Dumbar, he adds, "But if my poor but faithful service can ever be of any real use to the King, I shall rouse myself from my retreat, and be always ready to give proofs of my inviolable loyalty and attachment to him." And, as each successive year closed with the Prince's birthday, the *cidevant* secretary failed not to forward to the Royal brothers such letters as these:—

To the King.

"Paris, Dec. 18. 1769.

"Nothing can ever diminish my zealous and dutiful attachment to your Majesty's person and service. I shall ever be ready to spend the last drop of my blood as a proof of it. Animated with these unalterable principles, I cannot but throw myself at your Royal feet, and wish you the compliments of the season. May you, with added years, enjoy health, and every felicity you can desire! May you soon possess the crowns that are due to you, and transmit your Royal blood to latest posterity! Such are the ardent prayers, at this and all seasons, of him who is, with the most profound respect, sir," &c.

To the Duke.

"Dec. 18. 1769.

"Animated with the most dutiful zeal and gratitude to your Royal Highness, allow me to lay myself at your feet, and to wish you the compliments of the season. Long a witness of your great and singular virtues, no one can do it more sincerely than I do. May you, with the addition of many years, enjoy health, attended with every blessing your heart can desire! Happy in having had your Royal Highness' approbation of my past conduct, I trust in God that my future behaviour will always render me worthy of the continuation of your protection. I am, with the most profound respect and inviolable attachment, sir, your R. H.'s," &c.

CHAP. XV.

MR. LUMISDEN'S OCCUPATIONS AND INTERESTS AT PARIS. — HE MEETS MRS. STRANGE. — FRENCH EDUCATION FOR ENGLISH BOYS. — STRANGE'S LABOURS. — THE PRINCE'S MARRIAGE. — LUMISDEN ALLOWED TO RETURN HOME.

THOSE engagements which had so long kept Mr. Lumisden apart from his brother-in-law being now concluded, we are enabled in future to arrange continuously our notices of them both. We accordingly avail ourselves of his letter-books to learn Strange's avocations during this autumn in Paris. "Mr. Strange left this on the 6th [Dec.], and I expect soon to hear of his arrival in London. I thank God he is now perfectly well. 'Tis incredible with what fortitude he bore his late sufferings, at the same time that it made him neglect no part of his business. * * * During his stay here, he bought several fine pictures, particularly a St. Catherine by Domenichino, — a half-length figure, but perhaps one of the finest productions of that celebrated master. Among others, he has got an admirable half-length portrait of the Great Montrose by Vandyke, which was formerly in the collection of the Duke of Valentinois. Last spring he published a descriptive catalogue of his pictures, which is wrote with much ease and taste: I reckon he will soon publish a second edition of it, to which he will add his new acquisitions.* Whilst here, he etched two great drawings, viz. the Corregio at Parma, and Raphael's St. Cecilia at Bologna, These will make noble prints, but no doubt it will require much time to finish such large works. The walls of the church of St. Geneviève are I think finished, but they have not yet executed any of the ornaments. It is usual, it seems, here to cut the capitals of columns, and ornaments of windows, doors, and friezes, after the stones are actually placed in the building. As the walls both within and without are still covered with scaffoldings, one cannot easily judge of the effect that the whole will produce, but, from the peeps I have had of it, I think it will be a heavy building."

After quitting Rome, Mr. Lumisden's correspondence diminished in bulk, but extended in variety, being no longer occupied chiefly with Jacobite adherents and their affairs. There is also greater freedom of expression as well as subject; he writes like one eased of a heavy burden. With the more intimate of his political fellow-sufferers he, however, maintained a pretty regular intercourse, although the larger portion of his letters was devoted to relations and friends at home, and to travellers recommended to him from thence. Indeed, his high Jacobite principles never prejudiced him against those opposed to his titular sovereign, provided they cordially approached himself; and his letter-books from Paris (1769—73) show that he was visited by a large proportion of his more distinguished countrymen who passed that way. In proof of this we may mention the names of Allan Maconochie, afterwards Lord Meadowbank and his cousin Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Graham of Gartmore, Colonel Graham of Dougalstoun, the Earl of Findlater, Mr. Lockhart of Castlehill and brother, Dr. Rutherford, Mr. Nollekens the sculptor, Mr. Loch of Drylaw, the Duke of Hamilton with his tutor Dr. Moore, Mr. Jardine and the sons of Baron Mure, the Lord Justice Clerk Miller, Mr. Constable of Barton Constable, Mr. Forbes of Newhall, Sir Laurence Dundas, Mr. afterwards Lord Abercromby, a Scottish judge, Mr. Kennedy [of Dunure?], Sir John Dalrymple of Borthwick, Sir John and Lady Anstruther of Anstruther. Among a good many youths of family sent to Paris for education, and committed to his good offices, we may name Lords Berriedale and Dalrymple, the sons of Sir John Anstruther and of Sir Gilbert Elliot, one of whom became first Earl of Minto. A large portion of his letter-books at this time deals with commissions on behalf of these and other friends.

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* No second edition, I believe, ever appeared. From the above notice it might be gathered that the catalogued pictures had not as yet been disposed of; we, however, find the Montrose portrait brought into the after sale of 1775. A list of portraits of that hero will be found in the preface to Mr. Napier's first volume of Memorials of the Marquis of Montrose, printed for the Maitland Club; unfortunately, a suggestion by Lumisden to engrave this one, as a companion to the Charles I. in his robes, was not adopted by Mr. Strange, and I am unable to trace it.

From one painful portion of his correspondence, as almoner of the Stuart bounties, he resolutely emancipated himself. Writing in 1771, to the eldest son of the titular Lord Nairne, he says, "With the utmost readiness I should have embraced the opportunity of your illness to write to the Duke, did I think it would be of the smallest use to you; but as I am fully persuaded that it would not, I decline doing it. Every unsuccessful application of that kind is attended commonly with disagreeable circumstances. And was I to write to his R. H. of your fever only, it would be called using too much familiarity, if not something worse. In common discourse one can with propriety let fall a word which in writing would be deemed impertinent. Besides, an answer I had to an application I made to him in behalf of a person whose merit was great, determines me to write no more to him on these subjects; at least till I know that there is some alteration in his situation." Again, in the previous year, we find as follows: "In the retired state of life in which I now am, I can be of no use to my friends. At that period, when I had both opportunity and credit, I applied them entirely to serve others and not myself. Nor do I regret it. Were I to begin the farce of life again, I would do the same. The world perhaps may think that I have partaken of the Duke's generosity, but I can in confidence tell you that I never received a shilling from him; no, not even at a time when a little money might have been properly given, and surely it would not have been inconvenient for me to have received it. 'Tis true, the day before I left Rome, when I took leave of his R. H. at the Conclave, he gave me a snuff-box which belonged to the late King, which he was graciously pleased to call a small token of his grateful remembrance of my long and faithful services to the Royal family. As I was not in absolute want, such a present I confess was more agreeable to me than a trifle of money he might perhaps have given me. As I never applied to the Duke for anything to myself, I cannot complain of his having refused me, but you know there are certain circumstances in which one expects to be remembered without asking." In January, 1771, he says, "Of the King or the Duke I know nothing;" yet the old leaven lurked in him, notwithstanding ingratitude and neglect. "It is uncertain whether we are to be blessed with peace or cursed with war. For the sake of humanity I cannot but wish for the former, but if the latter will produce any advantage to our Royal master, I shall willingly submit to every inconveniency that may attend it." These are, however, the words of one whose heart was no longer in a cause possessed of no attractions beyond the supposed demands of indefeasible right.

Mrs. Strange's maternal feelings so far overcame her Jacobite scruples that she applied, through her mother's relation, Sir Laurence Dundas, for an Indian writership for her eldest son, the old Chevalier's name-child. In the view of preparing him, by some general education, he was boarded with one of the private instructors at the College of Navarre. This was effected through the suggestion and good offices of his uncle, who writes, "As the master it seems is of a delicate constitution, he always eats meat, and Jamie will do the same, and not risque his health by eating meager, which otherwise he would be obliged to do at the [college] common table. Here he will not be teased about religion, or be obliged to go to church, which is required at public academies." The expense was 800 livres a year for board, and 150 for room and furniture. His mother's letter on this occasion is interesting.

Mrs. Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"London, Feb. 5. 1770.

"My dear Andrew,—I only waited for your approbation to send Jamie to Paris. * * * * However, do not depend on his staying two years: begin with the most advisable breanches, such as history, mathematics, &c. He has been reading French for some time. He can write and figur very well. He dances and fences a little. He has begune the fiddle which I wish [him] just to acquair as much of as will become an amusement: these little ornements are very often of more use to a young man in foreign countrys than we at home generally imagin. In his early days I remember his papa and you fear'd I had encourag'd dancing too much: pray tell me if you think I did. This I am sure, it strengthen'd his constitution, which from the beginnin was reather feeble. His outward appearance is what you now see, passable. His temper is easy and naturally amiable, which is very dangerious, for he's as easly perswaded to do wrong than right. He's soon senseable of doing wrong, but till lately affraid to confess the wrong: I have now so far made him sensable of the beauty of truth that he can confess anything to me. In dressing him out I insist on plainness in every article, particularly I will allow of no ruffels of any kind for some time, silk or lace: I have a reason for that which none but he and I knows, so do not tell me a word about the fation: that on some occasions we ought to despise. In this point for some time oblige me; if we have the pleasure of meeting next summer, I'll give you a reason for what at present may appear unreasonable. I likewise insist on his present application to business; no visiting, no plays, till you see how he can apply. Let not your love blind you.

He is indolent and wants a spur, not to gayiety but to study. I make no doubt but you will alway look on my children as your own, but remember he that spairs the rod hates the child. I assure you I never was a blind mother. My dearest Andrew, will you order Jamie to attend you every Sunday morning for an hour or two, which let me entreat you to spend as our dear papa and you did, reading a sacrat lesson, Laitin or English or French as you judge proper. I'm very sensible I'm writing a great deal more than what there is occasion for betwixt you and me, but my good intention towards my children is the best gift I can give them. * * * * My lord says a sword is a common part of dress in Paris for all ranks; in this I intreat as in the ruffels, &c. for some time I will not allow any. If he appears aquard, say he does so by the positive command of his worthy old mother, who never did or said anything but what she had a good reason for, therefore you comply without asking a single question. I shall write you when to launch out in gaietys of any kind. I will keep a corrospondence with Jamie, in which I will endeavour to show the parent and Christian too: in time I hope he will make us all happy. I here incloss the Knight [Sir S. Thriepland's] last letter, but remember we cannot show he holds anything in trust. As I'm sure he's an honest man, while he lives that's better than stampt paper: death is all we have to fear. I ever am, with love unfeign'd, my dear Andrew,

"Your affectionate sister,

"ISABELLA STRANGE."

Before dismissing the question of French education under the *ancien régime* for English youths, we may extract Mr. Lumisden's report, made to his relation Sir Alexander Dick of Prestonfield, for the use of Lord Berriedale :—

Andrew Lumisden to Sir Alexander Dick, Bart.

"Paris, Sept. 22. 1770.

"To hear of you and your family's welfare cannot but give me the utmost satisfaction. You may, therefore, easily judge with what pleasure I received your obliging letter of the 7th of last month. Distance of time nor place can ever diminish that regard and affection I have so justly for you. They began with my dawn of reason, and age has served only to strengthen them. The many and solid obligations I owe you are always fresh in my grateful memory. May you long enjoy every blessing your heart can desire ! *

"The concern you take in your cousin Mr. Sinclair's education is worthy of yourself. I should think myself particularly happy could I be useful to him on this occasion. It is not necessary, I believe, to leave Britain in quest of science and solid learning. The branches therefore of education he intends to apply to in this country are, I suppose, chiefly ornamental ; viz., riding, fencing, dancing, &c. For these exercises there are academies in different provinces of France, as well as in Paris. Which of these are to be preferred I cannot take on me to decide : each of them may have their particular advantages. These exercises are said to be taught in greater perfection in Paris than in the provinces. But this difference must be very insignificant, and may perhaps be at least balanced by the additional danger a young man runs in being more easily led astray in this debauched capital than in the country. Besides, the expence is certainly less in the latter than in the former. I have a particular friend who is settled with his family at Angers, to whom I have wrote to inform me of the present state of that academy, and the expence of it; and as soon as I receive his answer, I shall communicate it to you. In the meantime I shall inform you of what I know with regard to that of Paris.

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* The obligations seem questionable, if they chiefly consisted in placing Lumisden in the fatal pre-eminence of the Prince's secretary. See Vol. I. 80.

"There were formerly several academies here where young gentlemen boarded, rode, and had masters for different branches of knowledge. These are now reduced to one only, viz., the Royal Academy at the Thuilleries. Here the director, the Chevalier Dugal, keeps no boarders, nor does he charge himself with the conduct of the young gentlemen: he only receives them at the academy hours, and instructs them in riding: he is paid 152*l.* [livres] the first month, and 72*l.* each subsequent month: besides, there is a triffle given to servants. There are masters for fencing and leaping who attend this academy, but gentlemen may employ them or not as they please: their price I think is 3*l.* each lesson. A good dancing master is paid 6*l.* a lesson. The expence, therefore, of these articles is easily calculated, as it depends on the time a person intends to apply to them. As to the expence of lodgings, diet, clothes, &c., that will depend on the footing on which Mr. Sinclair puts himself. Permit me, however, to say that, although he has a right to be called Lord Beriedale, as eldest son of the Earl of Caithness, yet he will do well not to take that title whilst abroad, which would, I think, only lead him into an additional expence. If he has no governour, it is at least necessary that he have a trusty servant to attend him: but as this is not easily to be had here, it is to be wished that his father would send a servant along with him, on whose prudence and honesty he could confide. The expences of a servant for wages, board, and clothes will be about 600*l.* a year. He must either take furnished lodgings near the Thuilleries, or board at some private house. If he takes the first method, you may reckon his lodgings at the rate of 72*l.* a month, and his table, served from a cook, 120*l.* a month: but if he prefers the second, which I believe is better, it may be had for about 100*l.* a month. I see no need of his having many or fine clothes: a genteel suit of dress clothes and a frock for the winter season, will be sufficient, especially for a young person still growing. You may, therefore, reckon 600*l.* for dress. In short, if Mr. Sinclair comes here, I shall do everything in my power to assist him, and see him settled with all the economy that the nature of the education he desires will admit of.

"Your old friend and my cousin Dr. Armstrong is now with me. He is just returned from Italy, where he had gone on account of his health. He is now tolerably well, and intends to set out for London in a few days. He desires me to convey to you his kindest compliments. When I name Dr. Armstrong, you will not doubt of the pleasure I enjoy in his company. I beg you will make my affectionate compliments acceptable to your lady, family, and all my relations, and believe the unalterable sentiments of esteem, regard and friendship, with which I have the honour always to be, my dear cousin," &c.

Upon farther inquiry Mr. Lumisden reported a *pension* at the rate of 1500 livres [£60] a year; viz., board, 900*l.*; apartment, 200*l.*; firing, 96*l.*; barber, 48*l.*; washing, 48*l.*; candles, 48*l.*; a "governour," to accompany the pupils, teaching them *belles lettres* and German if desired, 160*l.* But, in estimating these figures, it may be well to bear in mind an observation made by the Duchesse d'Abrantes in 1830, that "40,000 livres a year fifty years ago would have commanded more luxury in Paris than 200,000 now." Lord Berriedale, a most promising youth, was unfortunately cut off at an early age, generally regretted.

Mr. Strange's professional labours of this year, though limited to a single plate, were crowned with marked success. About September, 1771, he published his full length of Charles I. in robes, after the cabinet picture by Vandyke, which he had purchased from the executry of his friend Mr. Edgar. While reporting the delivery of some presentation impressions to friends in Paris, his brother-in-law observed: "This portrait, even although party prejudice should never be laid aside, will hereafter be esteemed among the finest of your works; nor shall I despair of seeing your Marquis of Montrose for its companion." The former portion of this prediction was amply verified, a proof before letters having been bought by the Rev. Mr. Cracherode, at Sir Mark Sykes' sale in 1824, for 51*l.* 9*s.*; not, as has been alleged, from its having Strange's autograph, that inscription being in another hand. This impression, with the rest of the Cracherode Collection, is in the British Museum; but a similar one lately brought 33*l.* The companion head here suggested was (as we have mentioned at p. 127-8.) never undertaken. In the following March Strange crossed to Paris; but was immediately called home by news of his wife having a violent feverish attack, followed by severe relapses. It was accordingly not until August, 1771, that she made out her long-intended visit to Paris, where she was joined by her husband from a tour in Holland. Her children, Bruce and Andrew, accompanied her. Mr. Lumisden writes to an uninterested correspondent: "You may easily imagine what a happiness it was to me to embrace her after an absence of twenty-five years. She proposes to remain here a month only. It is natural for me to wish to spin out her visit as long as I can." After seven weeks she returned home, promising to repeat the excursion in the following year; a plan which, however, was not carried out.

Regarding his life in Paris, Lumisden thus writes: "Of myself I can say nothing new. My life slips away neither very agreeably nor disagreeably. It holds that indifferent middle that it is likely always to hold. I am resolved to draw no considerable bills on so slow a payer as futurity. I have many debts which hope has assigned to me, which I would willingly part with for a little ready enjoyment." In such epicurean sentiments he, however, rarely indulged. "Meanwhile, unmingling with the affairs of the world, I spend my time partly with a few friends, and partly among my books, with a tranquillity of mind to which I had been long a stranger: a tranquillity that arises from a consciousness of having done my duty in that state of life in which it pleased Providence to place me. But, as principle and not passion has been my constant guide, if my poor but faithful service can ever be of real use to the King, or to his Royal brother, I shall rouse myself from my present retreat, agreeable as it is, and be always ready to give them fresh proofs of my inviolable loyalty and attachment to them." Many of his hours in Paris were passed at the house of Chevalier Macmahon, a naturalised Irish Jacobite, who divided his year between that capital and a country seat in Burgundy. "They load me with friendship. Indeed, I never knew more worthy people, nor were riches ever better bestowed." These attentions were no doubt partly in acknowledgment of Lumisden's services during the last years of the Chevalier de St. George, while Macmahon's brother, the Marquis d'Eguilly, pressed an unavailing suit for a nominal peerage. He had been envoy from the French court to Prince Charles at Culloden [?], and his brother, a Dominican friar, was made Bishop of Killaloe in 1765.

The following year was eventful in the series of Strange's works, as it ushered forth a pair of *chef-d'œuvres* by two of the greatest Italian painters. Of Correggio's St. Jerome he speaks with an enthusiasm rare in so sedate a character: "Before I undertook my journey to Parma, I had visited Rome, Naples, Florence and Bologna. I had seen several copies of this picture, and some even ascribed to the Caraccis and other great painters. I was in possession of the print by Agostino; but I must here confess that all fell short of the beauties of this incomparable original, my ideas of which had been but little raised by any representations of it I had before seen. On examining this picture no surprise was ever more agreeable than mine. Raphael with his superior excellence; Guido, whose pencil was conducted by the Graces; the fine performances even of Titian, Rubens, and Vandyke, all yielded in my opinion to the beauties of this inimitable performance. Its composition in many parts is elegant beyond description. It is magic in point of colouring, and in general it is drawn with correctness; there is an effect in it resulting from such force, harmony and union, as renders it altogether the finest picture I have seen. The character of the Madonna is most expressive of maternal tenderness and love. The child appears in motion. The head of the Magdalen is beautiful, and the whole of the figure distinguished for elegance and grace. There is in the angel something so celestially sweet, in the original, that he gives you the idea of an inhabitant of another world. There is scarce a part of this picture which does not exhibit something that is worthy of admiration. It must certainly be considered as the first picture in Italy, if not in the world."

After this unmeasured tribute to the picture, we may presume that the engraver spared no pains on his labour of love; and a more conscientious performance does not grace his collected works. Yet we may question whether his success quite equalled his aspirations. Of that bright diffusion of circumambient light, emanating from the Divine presence, which has procured for the original the title of "Day," in contrast to Correggio's "Night," illuminated by an intense supernatural radiance, it is probably impossible to give the entire effect from copper; at all events, not by the legitimate exercise of those processes to which Strange was rigidly and exclusively devoted. His graver and dry needle have rendered with accuracy the grand contours and vigorous handling of Raffaele, the soft forms of Guido, and almost the flesh tints of Titian; but they seem too positive for the impalpable qualities of graduated shadow and of all-pervading effulgence, wherein the school of Parma stands unrivalled, — too severe for those artful graces over which its founder has shed the magic of a melting pencil. Although regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Correggio, we cannot assign to this the same place among the publications of Strange, who was more fortunate on the companion plate, having, in Raffaele's St. Cecilia, to deal with solid masses, and a simple, though elevated, nay wrapt, sentiment. Never did he acquit himself more consummately; indeed, the original may be almost said to gain in the engraving, its somewhat heavy colouring being now probably more dusky from the notorious mal-treatment it underwent in Paris. These elaborate works, on which Strange no doubt put forth all his strength, occupied him little more than two years, having been etched at Paris late in the autumn of 1769. Their price was one guinea each.

The publication, early in the year, of these two plates, was followed by Strange's now almost annual picture sale, no particulars of which have reached us; and in March he employed the leisure he so well had earned on a short excursion to Paris; partly no doubt for the auction of the Duc de Choiseul's collection. Meanwhile his wife hurried to Scotland, to make herself useful at "the auld tower," by the deathbed of her cousin Bruce of Clackmannan.*

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* This worthy Jacobite gentleman was survived nineteen years by his wife, who, attaining a patriarchal age, formed the connecting link between old manners and modern usages, and who is still remembered as the type of ladies of that school in which her relatives and dear friend Mrs. Strange had been trained. In Billing's Baronial

Their eldest son James, having obtained a writership to Madras, by the interest of his relative Sir

Antiquities of Scotland we find this characteristic notice of her: "The venerable Lady Clackmanan was one of those women, not unfrequently met with among the Scottish gentry, who seem to live into a new generation, to teach it a suitable respect for the physical and mental vigour of that which has departed. Though she lived to the age of ninety-five, the universal tyrant rather surprised than subdued her, for her death was owing to an accident. She kept a hospitable board in the old tower, had troops of friends, and was ever ready, in good-natured pride, to show the trophies of her house — the helmet and sword [of King Robert Bruce] — to the patriotic pilgrim of whatever degree. On the guest of gentle blood she would sometimes confer the honour of knighthood with the two-handed sword; nor did she consider the ceremony entirely jocular, or barren of distinction, though conscious that it went for nothing in the Heralds' College." Accordingly, when Burns the poet visited Lady Clackmanan in 1787, the venerated heir-loom was called into requisition, and was applied to the bard's shoulder, with a hint that this act was no infringement on the *assumed* rights of "some folk." In her Jacobite parlance the reigning family were of course thus indicated, and in a like spirit her daily first toast was *Hooee uncos*,—the howl used by Scotch shepherds to repel an intruding flock, but here signifying "away with the strangers set over us!" Another of her knights was Henry Dundas, afterwards first Lord Melville, who when a winsome youth bent his knee before the sword of Bruce, and on rising begged in courtly phrase to kiss the hand that had conferred on him so great an honour. "What ails ye at my mou', man?" replied the blunt holder of the royal blade; a challenge which the future statesman was too gallant to evade. This anecdote I owe to Mr. Keith Milnes, now probably sole survivor of the Clackmanan chevaliers.

The following obituary was drawn up by Mr. Lumisden for one of the journals. "Mrs. Katharine Bruce, daughter of Mr. Bruce of Newton, and widow of Henry Bruce of Clackmanan, Esquire, died at the Castle of Clackmanan on Friday the 4th of Nov., 1791, in the 95th year of her age. Long as this lady's life was, alas, it was too short for those who had the happiness to know her! Possessed

Laurence Dundas, returned from Paris in December, his third brother, Robert, about the same time entering the Indian navy, which he afterwards quitted for a cadetship in the Honourable Company's army.

We find in Mr. Lumisden's letter-books a few allusions to the marriage of his late master Charles Edward. Oct. 9. 1771.—"The King's sudden departure from Italy has for some weeks awakened the public attention. I know nothing of this mysterious affair but common report. There is no doubt of his having been some days in Paris. His valet-de-chambre, John Stuart, was seen in the streets. It seems, however, that he has now left it, and 'tis said that the Marquis de Fitz-James accompanied him in his journey. The report of his going to Poland I think is rather too romantic, unless he goes there in quest of a wife and not of a crown. Durst I, between ourselves, hazard a conjecture, I should rather believe that, disappointed of his views at Rome, and tired of the expence of keeping up the appearance of a court there, he has disappeared on a saving scheme. A little time will clear up this

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of every virtue, and every amiable quality that adorns her sex, she was a pattern worthy to be imitated by all. Her conduct through life, her hospitality and dignity of character, reflected a new lustre on the ancient and noble family of Bruce." Twelve years before her death this venerable dame was portrayed in a rare etching by David Allan, with the Bruce arms, supporters, and sadly appropriate motto, *Fuimus!*

matter. But wherever he is, may his conduct be always such as to acquire him the esteem and love of mankind!" This vapid phrase, when addressed to Mr. Sheridan, sounds like a sarcasm. In April, 1772, Mr. Lumisden writing to Mr. Stonor, who still occupied a situation in Cardinal York's household, says, "It gives me infinite pleasure to hear that his Majesty has at last put it in his power to preserve the Royal family; and may it be continued down to latest posterity!" To Colonel Mackintosh he gives these details on the 30th of that month: "The King's marriage I reckon surprised you. There is no doubt of the truth of it. They were married at Paris [28th March] by proxy, the Duke of Fitz-James having a commission for that purpose. I am this moment informed of the Queen's arrival at Maccrata, two posts from Loreto on the side of Rome. The King is gone there to complete the marriage, and to conduct her to Rome. May they enjoy a continued series of happiness, and transmit down the Royal family to latest posterity! The Queen has got the noble blood of the Bruces in her veins, being great granddaughter to the Earl of Ailesbury, by his daughter who married at Brussels the Count de Horne." To Mr. Maitland he says in July, "The King's unexpected marriage must have given you much pleasure. Every one attached to that family wish to see the continuance of it. It was no doubt the interest of the Courts of France and Spain to promote the King's marriage; but whether or not they had any hand in it, or have made any provision for him on this occasion, is hitherto unknown to the public. The Queen, who was a Canoness of Mons, is a daughter of the Prince de Stolberg. Her mother is a daughter of the Prince de Horne, by a daughter of Thomas Bruce, Earl of Elgin and Ailesbury. Hence the blood of the Stuarts and Bruces is again united. She brings with her no fortune, but this, 'tis said, is compensated by her agreeable person and affable manner. Long since tired of courts, I have now bid adieu to them, otherwise I might have been tempted on this occasion to have undertaken a pilgrimage to have seen her Majesty, since, as a Bruce, the same blood runs in my veins as in hers, with this difference, that my mother was of the elder branch." It was only to warm partizans of the exiled race that the ex-secretary even alluded to this matter, if we except a few lines of apology to his sister for having trusted to her husband's informing her of "an event very interesting to her."—"I can tell you that the lady performed the greater part of her journey with wonderful expedition. She flew on the wings of love." It does not appear that Lumisden ever met with this princess; but we shall find his sister corresponding with her sixteen years later.

His usual Christmas letter of duty was from this time discontinued to the elder of the Stuart princes. At the close of the year he, however, indited some warm expressions of devotion for Charles Edward, while writing to Lord Carlyll, his principal attendant: "May he soon be blessed with issue, and may he and they for ever possess the throne that so justly belongs to them! He has not a subject that wishes it more sincerely than I do. I should have congratulated him upon his marriage, but, sensible that my letters must be disagreeable to him, since he is never pleased to take any notice of them, I think it improper to give him any farther trouble, till I have reason to believe they would be acceptable to him. Nothing, however, will prevent me from continuing to render him every faithful service in my power, and to wish for opportunities to do it." These words may be regarded as the peroration of Mr. Lumisden's long-cherished adherence to an effete and thankless cause. In his letter-books, ending next year, no farther record of Jacobite sentiments is preserved, and the time had at length arrived when the mark of political outlawry was to be virtually effaced from his name.*

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* Several rumoured particulars of the Prince's marriage are mentioned in the Scots' Magazine for this year; but being of doubtful authenticity we do not introduce them. Extracts from the Lyon in Mourning relating to this event will be given in No. IV. of the Ap-

Writing in December, 1770, to Dr. J. Murray at Rome, Lumisden says, " The assistance that friendship and regard are capable of is, at a certain age, the greatest of comforts. Sensible of it, Lord Alford proposes to leave his elegant house and garden, and to spend the few years he may have to live, at the Scots' College.* At present I enjoy, thanks to God, health and strength, but 'tis natural for me sometimes to think that this cannot always be the case, and what then shall become of me in a foreign country, without friends with whom I can use such freedom, for my religious tenets prevent me from having recourse to any such house ? " It was not, however, his fate to realise these gloomy anticipations or to be dependent on such an asylum. The rigour of government and of public opinion towards

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pendix. We are able on the same authority to explain as to this Carlyll title, which will be vainly sought for in the peerages. John Carlyll of Ladyhof married Lady Mary Mackenzie, sister of William fifth earl of Seaforth, and had a son, who, having assumed the white cockade, was created Lord Carlyll by the Chevalier de St. George at the time his uncle was made Marquis of Seaforth. He attended Prince Charles at Gravelines in 1742, served in the subsequent Rebellion, and devoted the rest of his life and shattered fortunes to the Stuart cause. " He is one of the genteelest best-bred men I ever knew : * * * a really fine gentleman, a person of courage, and a man of business too. * * * He has not even dog's wages for his trouble, but does all for stark love and kindness. 'Tis true he has always his apartments in the household."

* There died this titular Earl, on 3rd of January, 1773 ; his money, about 18,000 francs, and furniture, going to his brother David Graeme in Scotland.

the Jacobite partisans had been gradually relaxing. The Prince's personal misconduct was felt to. have ruined his cause, and the servants whom he abruptly dismissed in 1768 seemed objects rather of pity than apprehension. Accordingly, Sir John Hay, though deeply involved in 1745, was tacitly permitted to visit his Scotch relations in the autumn of 1771, as thus described by Lumisden: "Without his knowledge a relation of his procured him that permission. The Lord Advocate received an order from Court to stop all procedure against him. This is what is called a *noli prosequi.* 'Tis not properly a pardon, but a tacit protection. Sir John himself received no writing, but on his arrival at Edinburgh, he was presented by his friend to the Lord Advocate and to the Lord Justice Clerk. They received him most politely, as a gentleman come from abroad, without taking any notice of the reason of his being abroad, or asking any conditions from him. This was all that passed on that occasion. To show the present moderation, Sir John told me that these two Officers of State, formerly my companions and friends, enquired very kindly of him about me." This extension of the olive branch to Hay probably occasioned a report of Mr. Lumisden having also made his peace, which, in October, 1770, he contradicted, observing, "hitherto I have never even thought of visiting Britain." No long time, however, elapsed ere his friends in Scotland, backed by several whose acquaintance he had made or renewed at Paris, were on the move in his behalf, as the following correspondence will testify: —

John McGowan to Andrew Lumisden.

"Edinburgh, 28th March, 1772.

"My dear Sir, — I have longed with impatience to hear from you, but hitherto I have been disappointed. It's true I have been informed from time to time of your being well, through the channel of others, and in whatever way that intelligence comes, it will be agreeable to me; but to have it under your own hand would greatly augment the pleasure. I wrote you a few hasty lines some months ago, which should have accompanied the Reliques of Ancient Poetry I sent you by Mr. Hay, but by some neglect it was mislaid, and did not go. And since that time I have deferred writing from day to day, till a plan, which I had long ago in view, should be fully digested by the advice of our friends, in which you are a good deal concerned. The coast is sounded, and I hope it will succeed; if it does, it will give us all real joy, because we are all equally interested. In short, it is to put it in your power to return to your native land, and pass the remainder of life among your old friends, the companions of your youth. If we have proceeded in this without consulting you, impute it to the zeal of friendship, ripened by distance and length of time; for we could not suppose that you esteemed any place more dear to you than your native country, nor loved it or your friends less on account of long and tedious absence. Several are warmly engaged in the application, and, to enforce it the better, Dr. Robertson, Lord Kennet, A. Tait, John Davidson and I have subscribed a short memorial and assurance, which is transmitted to London to the proper persons; a copy is annexed. We could have said much more in your behalf, but we thought it best to be modest, and leave the rest to the result of enquiry. What happens you may believe I will communicate; at present it is unnecessary for me to say more than I have told you. I flattered myself, till within these few days, with the pleasing hopes of making a trip this spring to Paris, on purpose of seeing you, and conversing of the above, and many other things too tedious for a letter, but some unexpected business has fallen in the way, and rendered it impossible for me to leave the oar. Last year I promised myself, the same pleasure, and in the same manner I was disappointed. But if the mountain cannot go to Mahomet, Mahomet may go to the mountain; and be assured you have many friends here, you know nothing of, ready to receive you with open arms, and show you every civility your heart can wish, to render life agreeable and pleasant; and without partiality, I can venture to say, that there is no place upon earth where you can enjoy the pleasures of conversation in so high a degree, and with so little expense, as in AULD REEKIE.

"I thank you most heartily for the kind civilities you have shewn to Mr. Jardine, and my little friends under his care, and the more so that you did it on my account, and without any recommendation, which you would have received had my letter gone by Mr. Hay.* Baron and

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* Of the two sons of Mr. Mure of Caldwell, Baron of Exchequer, and their tutor Mr. Jardine, many particulars will be found in the Caldwell Papers, lately printed for the Maitland Club by his grandson Colonel Mure, M. P. "We have made acquaintance with a Mr. Lumisden here, a Scotsman, one of the most useful agreeable men

Mrs. Mure, Sir James and Lady Campbell reckon themselves greatly indebted to you, and bid me send you their grateful thanks and kind compliments, with wishes to have it in their power to oblige you. I am persuaded you will like Mr. Jardine the more, the longer you are acquainted with him; I have known him for several years, and always found him a worthy as well as a learned man, and I hope you can say that I am not mistaken. Of him you will receive intelligence of some of your friends, and of the state of the country, which has undergone a surprising change since you left it: improvements of different kinds has totally altered its face, but of this, I hope you shall soon be convinced by occular demonstration. Do you remember our journey between the East and West seas, along the Roman wall? In a short time we shall be able to steer almost the same course by water: but no more of joys that are

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we could have met with. He is a man of the finest taste and learning, lived long at Rome for a *certain reason*, and has more knowledge of that country than anybody I have yet met with. He has also a neat collection of the best English, French, and Italian books, which we are made welcome to, and is upon the whole a most agreeable man. The boys are exceedingly fond of him. He calls upon us regularly. I have not yet ventured to ask whether he would like to return to his native country, but if he does, I pray most heartily that it may be in his power. He lives most genteelly here." The Baron, besides taking a large part in the affairs of Scotland, was acting guardian to Douglas Duke of Hamilton, then also in Paris with his tutor Dr. Moore. Mr. Jardine afterwards for many years exemplarily filled the chair of Logic in the University of Glasgow, and Dr. Moore is well known as a popular writer, as well as by the distinguished services of his sons Sir John and Sir Graham. The Caldwell Papers abound in curious illustrations of Scottish manners and interests during the last four centuries.

past, till we see each other face to face. Dr. Moore of Glasgow, a particular friend of mine, will be at Paris in a few weeks, in his way to Geneva with the Duke of Hamilton; he told me he had the pleasure of being once in your company at Paris about a year ago, and wants much to be better acquainted with you. To urge anything in his behalf would be unnecessary, as I know your obliging temper requires no solicitation, and to bid you shew civilities to the Duke of Hamilton, because it might be of service to you hereafter, would be illiberal. He is a fine spirited, promising youth, and I hope we shall see him shine in a line equal to his rank. I have just now received Robby's two last pieces, which I think are his *chef-d'œuvres.* They do him much honor; the Corregio is inimitable: my kind compliments to him, with thanks; it amazes me he don't write. I was sorry to hear that the sale did not turn out to his wish; I think it came too near the heels of the former. I entreat you to write me soon, and as fully too as possible: give your letter to Mr. Jardine to forward me under Baron Mure's cover. All your friends salute you kindly, and join with me in their warmest wishes that every good attend you. Believe me always to be, in truth,

"Your firm and affectionate friend, while
"Jo. McGowan."

"Edinburgh, 6 March, 1772.

"We, having been long and intimately acquainted with Mr. Andrew Lumisden, do testify that, in private life, he is a worthy, virtuous and amiable man, and we have good reason to believe that, during the Rebellion in the year 1745, in which he was unfortunately engaged, there was not any circumstance in his conduct peculiarly offensive, but that, on the contrary, he behaved with the humanity natural to his character. We beg leave humbly to mention him, as a proper object of his Majesty's Royal clemency, and, if that shall be graciously extended towards him, we are persuaded not only that no bad consequences will follow, but have such confidence in Mr. Lumisden's integrity and honour, that we believe his future behaviour will discover a most grateful sense of his Majesty's goodness."

Mr. Lumisden's answer thus alludes to the proposal for his return: "How much am I penetrated with your and my other worthy friends' endeavours for my return home! The obligation is the greater that, unasked, you should thus remember me. There is nothing surely more natural than the desire that most people have to spend the winter of life in their own country. That season I find draws near, and can I spend it anywhere so comfortably as among friends for whom I have the highest esteem, and by whom I have the happiness to be esteemed! But if this favor is obtained, I hope there will be no inconvenience in my not immediately profiting of it. For whilst my sister remains at Paris, how can I leave her? * * * I cannot however but long to see you; and in the mean time I beg that, with my affectionate compliments, you will assure Lord Kennet, Dr. Robertson, Messrs. Tait and Davidson, of my grateful acknowledgements for their friendship. * * * I am now making out a catalogue of the papers contained in the Chartulary of Glasgow, and others preserved in the Scots' College at Paris, for Mr. Davidson." During this autumn there occur in the letter-books several allusions to a contemplated "visit to the Land of Cakes," which, however, from some unexplained delay on the part of those in high places, was not brought within his power until the lapse of another year.

John McGowan to Robert Strange.

"Edin. 22d Feb. 1773.

"My dear Sir,—I have only time to thank you for your last letter, and to let you know that I took the hint given me by your Rib, in her last letter, which puzzled me at first, about a petition from Scotland to bring about our dear friend Andrew's return. I have consulted with Lord Justice Clerk and Mr. Solicitor General, and we agree about writing Lord Advocate a letter, subscribed by as many of Andrew's friends as were in town. Accordingly I wrote the letter, and got all his friends and acquaintances to put their names to it, which make a numerous body of all ranks and professions, every one wishing him every good thing, and a speedy return. A copy of this letter I send you enclosed: you will observe that our friend has more friends to embrace him than he thinks of. The original I shall send next post to Colonel Masterton, who you must desire to get it signed by Sir L. Dundas, Mr. Thomas his son, Sir Gilbert Elliot, and Mr. Solicitor Wedderburn; and afterwards to deliver it to Lord Advocate, which I think will do the business effectually. I thought it for Andrew's honor to get his best friends' signatures, that the application may be enforced with the greater weight, and indeed I never had the least doubt but it must take place. I thank

Mrs Strange for her hint, which indeed surprised me, for Lord Advocate neither dropped anything of this to Lord Justice Clerk or me, altho' I wrote his Lordship immediately after he set out for London. I apprehend our last letter of application has been mislaid; however, this one clenches it, and puts it upon a new footing altogether.

"As I am very desirous of being master of a cinerary urn, or vase, of Greek workmanship, I wish you would purchase an elegant one for me. I believe there are some in Messrs. Adam's collection which will soon be sold: I wrote to Mr. Robert Adam last post to consult with you about one of white marble, and left it to you and him altogether; the price to be under ten guineas: if you can procure such a thing, I shall remit the money upon the first advice. Remember me to Rib, Miss Bruce and the ladies, and to Captain Russell: believe me always firmly,

"Dear Roby, always sincerely,
"Jo. McGowan."

To the Right Honble. James Montgomery, Esquire, Lord Advocate for Scotland.

"Edin. 15 Feb. 1773.

"My Lord,—We understand that our friend, Mr. Andrew Lumisden, expressed to Lord Justice Clerk, when at Paris, a strong inclination of returning to his own country, and that, in pursuance of his application, his Lordship had writ to you in a manner highly favourable to Mr. Lumisden's wishes.

"We beg leave to trouble your Lordship on the same subject, and warmly to second Lord Justice Clerk's recommendation. Your Lordship's humane disposition will require little apology for this trouble, as you know we are interesting ourselves in behalf of a worthy, virtuous, and amiable man; and we have good reason to believe that during the Rebellion, 1745, in which (in his youth) he was unfortunately engaged, there was not any circumstance in his conduct particularly offensive, but that, on the contrary, he behaved with a humanity natural to his character; and therefore we earnestly wish that he may appear a proper object of the same Royal indulgence which has been shewn to others in the like situation.

"At the same time we beg leave to assure your Lordship, that, however strong, from intimate acquaintance, our private attachments may be to Mr. Lumisden, we would not presume to make this application, did we believe it possible any bad consequence could ensue; but we have such entire confidence in Mr. Lumisden's integrity and honour, that we are satisfied his future behaviour will discover a most greatful sense of his Majesty's goodness.

"We have the honour to be,
"Your Lordship's most obedient
"and most humble Servants,

"Robt. Bruce of Kennet,
Iames Fergusson of Pitfour,
Jo. Campbell of Stonefield,
Jas. Erskine of Alva,
Fra. Garden of Gardenstone,
Jas. Veitch of Eliock,
Lords of Session;

Willm. Mure of Caldwell,
John Grant,
Barons of Exchequer;

Willm. Robertson, D.D., Principal of the Edinburgh University;
Gibt. Laurie, Lord Provost of Edinburgh;
Jo. Callander of Craigforth;
Arch. Menzies, Commissioner of Customs;
Robt. Keith, late Ambassador at Vienna;

HUGH BLAIR, D.D., Professor of Rhetoric, Edinburgh;
DAVID HUME, ESQ., Philosopher;
JAS. RUSSELL, Profr. Nat. Phil., Edinb. College;
GEO. BROWN, Commissioner of Excise;
ROBT. CAMPBELL, ofFinnab, Receiver General;
JAS. EDGAR, Collector at Leith;
ALEX. TAIT, one of the Principal Clerks of Session;
JOHN SWINTOUN of Swintoun, Advocate;
CHAS. BROWN, Writer to the Signet;
DAVID DALRYMPLE, Procurator for the Kirk;
ALEX. DICK [Bart.] of Prestonfield;
ROBT. SINCLAIR, Advocate."

The original letter is to be farther signed here by,—

"SIR LAURENCE DUNDAS, Bart.;
THOMAS DUNDAS, his son [first Lord Dundas];
SIR GILBERT ELLIOT of Minto, Bart.;
Mr. Solr. Genl. WEDDERBURN [first Earl of Rosslyn];
Colonel MASTERTON;
ROBERT M'QUEEN of Braxfield, Advocate;
JOHN DAVIDSON, Agent for the Crown;
SA. MITCHELSON;
JAMES HAY of Haystoun, M.D.;
GEO. CLERK MAXWELL, Commissioner of Customs;
WILLIAM CULLEN, M.D.;
ROBERT ALEXANDER, Merchant in Edinburgh;
JAMES DUNDAS of Dundas;
ALEXANDER ABERCROMBY, Advocate;
WILLIAM ROUET;
JOHN DRYSDALE, D.D.;
GEORGE WISHART, D.D.;
JOHN MCGOWAN;
GEORGE HAY MCDOUGAL of Makerstoune, Bart." *

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* "Forty-five staunch Whigs—not a Tory amongst them!" quoth Mrs. Strange. They include most of that circle of gifted men who then constituted the literati of the northern metropolis; but whom the facetious Earl of Kellie called the *eaterati*, from their social habits.

John McGowan to Andrew Lumisden.

"Edin. 19th May, 1773.

"I thank you, my dear friend, for your kind letter of the 8th ulto.; it made me blush to think I should have been indebted to you in one for so many months. Variety of business, added to the voice of procrastination, has too long interrupted my correspondence, but I now write you with heartfelt joy, and have the happiness to tell you that you may return home when you please. This moment I received the long wished for letter from Lord Advocate, of your leave of return being granted by the Ministers of state, a copy of which I have annexed for your satisfaction: and I soon hope to have the pleasure of rejoicing with you, and our other friends in Auld Reekie; and promise myself unfeigned happiness in being your cicerone, assisting you in renewing acquaintance with old friends, and introducing you to many new ones whose worth and genius merit your friendship. Lord Chief Baron Ord, Lord President, and many more who never saw you, are happy at the good tidings, and are ready to shew you every civility, so I hope you will find more happiness even in the Land of Cakes than might be expected after so long an absence. I cannot delay a moment communicating the good tidings, that your friends may enjoy you the sooner; I shall write Mr. and Mrs. Strange to-night, and send them a copy of Lord Advocate's letter. My kind compliments to Mr. Jardine: your accounts of him and my friends gave me much pleasure. The Baron tells me they are to be in England in harvest:—he owes much to you, and I hope you will, on your arrival, allow me to give him an opportunity of returning you his thanks.

"The distressed situation of the country's credit prevented me from the pleasure of seeing you at Paris last

Septr.; I could not stir from thence, altho' Sir James Campbell pressed me hard. I had much to do, many of my friends being involved in paper currency, and the speculations of the times, which has but too universally prevailed over Europe for years past. But no help for misfortunes; under your conduct I promised myself much happiness, and this is no less than the third time I have been disappointed. The Solicitor General returned lately from London, who told me that your leave was to be granted some weeks ago, and that I would be advised of it as soon as done by a letter, which I have been more impatient to receive than I have words to express. All your friends send you a cordial salute. Write me soon, and depend upon me always to be, in truth,

"Your fast and affectionate friend,
"While Jo. McGowan."

The Lord Advocate to John McGowan.

"Sir,—I have stated your friend Mr. Lumisden's case to the Earl of Suffolk, and to Lord North, the two official ministers in a matter of that sort, and got their permission for his coming home, and assurance that he should meet with no disturbance from Government, he behaving as becometh, and of which I cannot doubt. You will please to make this known to Mr. Lumisden, and to those who have interested themselves for him.

"I am, sir,
"Your most obed^{t} servt^{t},
"Ja. Montgomery.

"London, 15 May, 1773."

While writing to his sister in March, Mr. Lumisden thus alludes to these proceedings: "I observe that my friends at Edinburgh have now applied for liberty for me to return home. I am very sensible of the warmth of their friendship. The great motive, however, I have for wishing for that permission is only to have it in my power to embrace you and your family more frequently than otherwise I could expect to do. When we cannot accomplish our entire wishes, we must satisfy ourselves with what we can obtain. You need never be afraid that I shall ever do anything improper for me to do. If the permission is granted, and which is hardly to be doubted from the number and character of my friends who apply for it, I shall come over and make you a visit this summer, so that I may afterwards see you as often as I please. I shall write to my dear John McGowan, and also to Sir Laurence Dundas."

Mrs. Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"London, May 17. 1773.

"My dear Andrew,— * * * It is very flattering to us to be took notice of by great folks at a time when *Virtue* is so little in fation, for indeed we have nothing else to recommend us to them. Your sweet obligeon disposition will soon convince them that they have made a proper, if not a valuable choice. * * I have not yet heard of your letter of liberty. Col. Masterton says it is lying in Lord North's office, and he is sure you will be safe to come here. But I say we must have better security than that. Whatever

I learn you shall know without loss of time. * * * I thank you for promising to mind my commissions, all which I really have now forgot: triffles goes as fast out of my head as they come in. At present I feel no want; I only play for hearts: when they grow cold, I wish them fryed up again. I had just now a letter from our cousin, Governor Bell, who groans much under the gout: batcholers must not be exeem'd from groaning. * * * Your answer of the 23^{d} of March to my letter concerning Sir. J. Dalrumple's publication, has been very satisfying to many. Since that I have read the whole volume, and if I was to deside by my oppinion, I would say as Locket did to Peachem, 'Brother, brother, they have all been in the wrong!'—but I have never given my oppinion to any but you. When will you write me of a pregnancy: on that I depend; its my last stake! Thank God, we are all well, only now and then I take low spirits. As my good friend Lady Clackmanan says, 'O! my dear, send me something to raise my spirits in these bad times.' Remember me to the good Principle [Gordon], and all our honest friends. I ever am, my dear Andrew, your afft. sister,

"ISABELLA STRANGE."

"Honest friends," in Mrs. Strange's vocabulary were of course true Jacobites, and the "pregnancy" for which she longed was that of Charles Edward's consort. In the numerous papers of the party which have at various times passed through my hands, there is no trace of such a thing being even suspected by the most devoted, or rumoured among the most sanguine of its adherents.

CHAP. XVI.

MR. LUMISDEN'S RETURN HOME. — HIS ANTIQUITIES OF ROME. — MR. STRANGE'S ENGRAVINGS. — HIS PAMPHLET ON THE ROYAL ACADEMY. — HIS RESIDENCE IN PARIS. — FAMILY AFFAIRS.

Mr. Lumisden's return home occasioned a sad diminution in our materials for tracing the movements and feelings of this family, so united in affection, although hitherto so long separated. His letter-books were discontinued from the middle of June, 1773, about which time he left Paris for England, and the little that remains of his and the Stranges' subsequent correspondence supplies but few landmarks. In the following November Mr. Lumisden was at Bath along with Mr. Wauchope of Niddry, where he received from his sister two letters which, in justice to her warm heart, should not be omitted.

Mrs. Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"London, Nov. 23. 1773.

"My dear Andrew,—You cannot imagine how much I have longed to hear how you was, till reliev'd last night by yours of the 20th current. I was affraid Mr. Wauchop had not been well, but thank God it's otherwise. I approve much of your going to Oxford. Pray inform yourself of every thing which may consern the situation of our dear boy [Andrew], who we are morally certain will go there as next Whitsunday. His character is so well established where he is, as the head of Westminster School, that you need not fear speaking well of him. He's moniture now, and notwithstanding that it's a ticklish situation, yet he's beloved both by the masters and boys. In his name I invite Mr. Wauchop and you to come and see him act in the Adalphy, the first Wedensday of next month, the second Wedensday, and the third. His part is Demea. If you are not here at one or more of these times of exhibiting, I will be very vex't. I wish I could go, but, notwithstanding my deep learning, I am not permitted: fathers only have that pleasure. I have read Etchard's translation you know, long and long agoe; just now I have read Coalman's translation three times over. I'm vastly sorry I cannot beg the favour of Niddiries' company as our guest: we have only one spair bed in winter; in summer we can make a shift to produce two beds. When we furnish'd our house, from prudencial reasons we just fited things for our humble use, as we had resolv'd to 'lay our weam to our wining.' We, at the same time, resolv'd never to let any part of our house for money; so that nobody could say we had condisended to the lowest stile, to be enabled to keep a fine house. In short, we live as we can, often not as we would: with those we are on an easy footing, we, just like the good Lady Clackmanan, give welcome for good chear. Now, speaking of good chear, I wish you was here now, for I have this moment got sent me from Norfolk, a phesant and two brace of partrage: is it not hard that I have no my best friends with me? but, thank God, we can rejoice over a shoulder of mutton at any time. Mrs. Cameron dined with us on Sunday. She said she was to set out for

Bath this week, so you will have the pleasure just to see her. We all salute Mr. Wauchop and you, with sincere love and affection.

"Yours, &c.,

"ISABELLA STRANGE."

Mrs. Strange to Andrew Lumisden.

"London, Dec. 9. 1773.

"My dear Andrew, — Does Mr. Wauchop and you intend to set up your tents in Bath, not considering that I long to death to see you. If you are in England, and do not come and see my dear boy play Demea in the Adulphy, I never will wish to see you in a freer air than the Tower. He has play'd Wedenesday the 1st instant, the 2d curr., and, for the last time in his life, will play the 15th, being next Wedensday. If Mr. Wauchop does not choose to leave Bath, do not urge him, but on Munday take a place in the stage, and after Wedensday return when you please and do what you please. Never did a boy in Westminster get more applause. He out-did expectation: he was the very Demea for whom Terence wrote. Last night there was all the great and learn'd in this place present. Every one eccoed his praise, and O! what glad's my heart, he's good as well as great. I hope he will do us honour when we are praising God in heaven. I just must end as I begane, and insist that you will be in London by Teusday the 14th cur., or Wedensday morning; the play begines at 6. There's an excellent occasional prologue and epologue. Come, come, my dear A., Mr. Wauchop will excuse your leaving him for a day. The expence of going back and for will be more than made up: you'll get good pennyworths for your money. It will be, at the worst, a feather less at your funeral, and I'll cry the more for you, if I'm so miserable as see that day. Having said so much on what's nearest my heart, I will not forget to present my respectful compliments to good Mr. Wauchop, and in your best manner say every thing that's kind and polite to Mrs. Cameron. To you I'll say no more till I see you on Teusday, but that I ever am as you can wish, my dear Andrew,

"Your afft. sister,
"ISABELLA STRANGE."

It does not appear how far Lumisden's fond recollections of his native city were realised on revisiting Edinburgh; but Paris continued to have many attractions, in climate and society as well as from economy. Although occasionally visiting Scotland, he accordingly for a number of years made his head quarters in the French capital. In 1776 he moved to another house, and complained of occasional gout in the feet, to which he administered "nothing but patience and flannel."

In 1778 his friends obtained for him a full pardon. "As it cost him 50*l.* of fees of office, he thought they had been unnecessarily kind; yet he afterwards found the benefit of their exertions, by various legacies that were left him, which might otherways have been disputed, as he was considered dead in law." The immediate cause of this tardy favour is said to have been the zeal and judgment with which Lumisden executed a commission entrusted to him, through

Lord Hillsborough, to purchase for George IV. some rare books at a great sale in Paris.

About this time he was visited by a gay midshipman, whose sister afterwards married his nephew James Strange, and who, some forty years later, was Admiral Sir Philip Durham. Sir Philip's description of Mr. Lumisden's appearance may be told in the exact words by which Goethe has pourtrayed Dr. Salzmann: "He kept himself close and neat in his exterior, ever belonging to those who go in shoes and stockings, and with the [three-cornered] hat under their arm. To put on the hat was with him an extraordinary action." His likeness by Tassie, frontispiece in this volume, does perhaps scrimp justice to the fine contour of head thus sedulously displayed, —his own hair in stiffly curled tiers; but in other respects it greatly resembles him. The courtier life he had long led, in however narrow a sphere, doubtless affected his whole being, and confirmed those formal and precise habits which our readers must have all along observed. At a considerably later period he is remembered by Mr. Macconochie (Lord Meadowbank), visiting at Meadowbank near Edinburgh, a very lively, laughing, old gentleman, always cheerful and good natured, enjoying society, and contributing his full share of anecdote to the conversation. This Mr. Keith Milnes confirms, retaining a vivid impression of his bland manners of the old school, and his frequent bows in the foreign fashion.

Mr. Lumisden's early service at the Palazzo Muti being almost nominal, and subjects of literary research connected with home being foreclosed by the want of accessible materials, he sought occupation among the remains of former refinement which surrounded him. But as classical associations have rarely an engrossing interest for Scottish students, the topics at first chosen by him for disquisitions forwarded to congenial correspondents, and in a few instances to the Edinburgh Critical Review, were of a very miscellaneous character, such as the Vatican Library, Rienzi, Ovid's Tomb, the Agriculture of the Venetian *terra firma*, &c. It does not appear how early it occurred to him to supply such an account as was then wanted in England of the antiquities of Rome; but, as his more desultory efforts soon ceased, we may presume that the abundant leisure of his under-secretaryship was gradually given to that occupation. The first allusion to it in his letter-books is as follows, addressed to his brother-in-law in 1761: "I am still busy with the antiquities, and although my labour makes no great appearance, I have turned over a great many dull pages since I saw you. The want of some necessary books retards me much. However, with a little time, I flatter myself that I shall give you a small performance on the remains of

Roman grandeur, that will at least be more satisfactory to you than anything that has yet appeared in our language." When correspondence became more weighty, the subject is touched upon merely to say how little time can be given to it under these circumstances; but, once established in Paris, and free, he says, "I still intend to correct and put together the remarks I have collected on the Antiquities of Rome and its environs. I dare not flatter myself that such a trifle will be worthy to be presented to the public; but it will always be an amusement to myself, and perhaps to some of my friends who are fond of that branch of learning." To his cousin Dr. John Armstrong, who thought favourably of the work, he hints in 1771 that his revisal of it might be sought for. Seventeen years later, Mrs. Calderwood Durham of Largo (mother of Mrs. James Strange) mentions, in a letter of family gossip, that "Mr. Lumisden has wrote a book on the Antiquities of Rome, and is come to London to get the plates engraved. It will be very fine they say." But it was not until 1797 that this volume saw the light, under the title of "Remarks on the Antiquities of Rome and its Environs: being a classical and topographical Survey of the Ruins of that celebrated City, illustrated with engravings; by Andrew Lumisden, Esq., Member of the Royal and Antiquary Societies of Edinburgh. *Mihi pulchrum imprimis* *videtur, non pati occidere quibus æternitas debeatur.* Plinius Secundus, v. 8."

We do not propose entering upon any examination of the portly quarto thus ushered into the world, which reached a second edition in 1812. Mr. Lumisden's minute local observation is set off by extensive and varied lore, and by competent critical knowledge. Indeed, he thinks it necessary formally to apologise for the numerous references and quotations from classical authors adduced to illustrate or confirm his views. The plan of his work is thus laid down: "To render this survey of Rome more clear, and to methodise my remarks, I shall—First, examine the Gates, and the most remarkable antiquities to be seen on the roads that lead from them. I shall, Secondly, enter the City, and examine the Seven Hills, and afterwards the plains. To which I shall add, by way of Appendix, some letters and remarks, descriptive of some of the most renowned places and antiquities in the neighbourhood of Rome." The subjects thus included in the appendix are Ovid's tomb, Tivoli, a sarcophagus in S. Lorenzo, Præneste, Albano, and Herculaneum; the first and last of which are dated from Rome, 1751, 1765. On the whole, although now in some measure superseded by works produced under the influence of modern taste, and with the aids of German research and criticism, Mr. Lumisden's volume is highly creditable to his industry, and may still be read with pleasure and profit. To a couplet which mentions the work in his Pursuits of Literature, Mr. Matthias subjoined this note: "A pleasing, judicious performance of a gentleman who appears to have enjoyed the advantages of foreign travel, studious leisure, and polite company. At present,—*clypeo mutato:* Mr. Lumisden will smile!" In subsequent editions this sneer was cancelled, the satirist thereby recanting his insinuation against the ex-secretary's consistency, who lived under George III., but died a non-juror.

What now chiefly remains of our allotted task is to notice Mr. Strange's labours, steadily continued for the next ten years. His publications in 1773 were two in number. The former after a large Magdalen, by Guido, then in the Barberini, but now in the Sciarra Palace at Rome. It may appear a singular choice to repeat a subject which he had executed after the same master twenty years before; but the varied character which it offered may have recommended it to his notice. The half-length figure of 1753 was that of a portly matron, prosperous in her worldly career, but, in the fervour of a sudden conversion, divesting herself with unction of its gauds: in the Barberini picture the penitent had passed into a life of solitude amid desert scenes, and by the contemplation of two cherubs, pointing heavenwards, was reconciling herself to that solemn change which she awaited, and which the ever-present skull rendered familiar. In neither do we find the impassioned feeling which Titian and Carlo Dolce threw into this theme; and the raw, untasted roots seem almost a satire on the sleek, indeed somewhat voluptuous, contours of the saint. The Niobe-like character, and the devotional sublimity which Strange's description ascribes to her are to my eye wanting. In Italy, however, the popularity of this composition is proved by numerous repetitions and copies, while with us its every-day expression has ensured for the plate of 1753 a wider success, notwithstanding a flannely texture of drapery which cannot be commended.

Passing from the softness of Guido, Strange sought a contrast rather than a companion in the vigorous handling of Guercino; a characteristic which he has well preserved in the supposed Interview of Christ with the Madonna after his resurrection, from a church called by the Name of God at Cento. Not having seen the original, I cannot sympathise with Mr. Strange's enthusiasm for this picture, which, "of all those he had seen, struck him most, surpassing everything that can be imagined." In his printed descriptions of the drawing and engraving he employs scarcely more measured terms. "It is justly esteemed one of the most capital works of Guercino. There is uncommon dignity in the figure of Christ; his drapery is even worthy of

Raphael. The Virgin is fine, and the character of the head is expressive. The whole is admirably coloured, and remarkable for its striking effect." But, judging of the composition from the print, I see little to bespeak such interest or admiration, for a group wanting in elevated feeling; in the management of draperies this is, however, regarded by some as Strange's *chef-d'œuvre.* It and the companion were sold at eighteen shillings each.

Next year brought out a pair of less important works. As an example of that technical skill which distinguished the Parmese school, and of certain peculiarities belonging to its second master, the group by Mazzuolo was not inaptly chosen. But so deficient is it in definite character, that even the subject is disputed. Strange calls it simply a Mother and Child; Le Blanc supposes it Antea, the painter's mistress; while others have named it the Madonna of the Tooth, from her action in feeling the boy's gum. In this confusion little that is satisfactory need be looked for; yet our artist, enamoured of those qualities of Correggio which, two years before, he had striven to realise in the St. Jerome, again aimed at transferring from canvas to paper the radiant light that here emanated from the rounded flesh-tints of Parmeggiano's child, and, in a minor degree, from the Cupid by Schidone, which accompanied this engraving. The price of each of these was twelve shillings, and they cannot be numbered among his happier efforts.

We have from time to time mentioned the recurring annoyances to which Mr. Strange conceived himself exposed from courtly frowns and professional jealousies, and must once more revert to this unpleasant subject. Irritated perhaps by some fresh aggression upon his reputation or comfort, or wishing to bespeak sympathy, where redress was scarcely to be looked for, he, in 1775, thus laid his case before his countrymen, with somewhat an air of martyrdom.

"There are certain actions, criminal in themselves, against which the law has provided no remedy. The *indirect* abuse of power, and the influence of a high station *artfully* directed to injure, perhaps to ruin, an innocent man, are crimes of this nature. But fortunately, in this happy country, there lies an appeal, in all such cases, to the supreme tribunal of the public. It is therefore not only just, but laudable, to expose such actions, that they may not be carried on with triumph, or committed without censure. The following account was written soon after the erecting of the Royal Academy of Arts at London. It was to rescue engraving, an art as useful as ingenious, from the indignity which the author apprehended was, on his account, thrown upon it by that establishment. Various reasons have hitherto prevented him from giving it to the public. Restrained by that regard which was due to the dignity of a great personage, he was long unwilling to publish a work, which perhaps, *by some,* might unjustly be interpreted into a want of deference and respect to a character he honours and reveres. Nor did he determine to publish it, till he had tried every means which either prudence, duty, or respect, could possibly point out to him, by which he might unveil the truth to that distinguished personage. But, as his endeavours have unfortunately proved ineffectual, he now submits his case to the candour of the impartial public."

The appeal is in the form of "An Enquiry into the Rise and Establishment of the Royal Academy of Arts;" but it is preceded by a dedicatory letter to the Earl of Bute, which occupies nearly half the volume, and narrates the entire transactions in which the writer was involved with Ramsay in 1760, and with Dalton and Bartolozzi in 1763. As, however, we have already made free use of the facts thus given to the public, it is now unnecessary to refer farther to them. This is, I presume, the pamphlet referred to under an inaccurate title in Nagler's Kunstler Lexicon, *v. Strange.*

We are not aware that the gauntlet he thus tardily threw down was taken up, either on account of Lord Bute or the Academy; but the newspaper press was a ready vehicle for the spite which his revelations provoked. For instance, we have now before us a letter occupying above two columns of the Morning Post, July 19. 1775. This pasquinade professes to trace our artist's fortunes from his birth; but, though written by one generally cognisant of his history, the details are so distorted, and the wit so dull, that its reproduction here may well be dispensed with. The passage relating to the proper matter in hand, his quarrel with Ramsay in 1759, is as follows: "At the time [he settled there], London contained no engraver of eminence in his way, and of course he had the whole market to himself. His countrymen were proud of his performances, got him access to see all the pictures in the Royal Collection, and puffed his works wherever they went; thus Robie went swimmingly on, his fortune and reputation daily increasing, till unfortunately it came into the head of Lord Bute to ask him to engrave the Prince of Wales' and his [own] picture. Robie tells us that his reason for declining this work was his having taken a resolution to go abroad, in order to take copies of some of the celebrated Italian pictures; yet surely these would not have been run away with, if he had staid at home a year or two to comply with the request of his Prince; and though one hundred guineas was not a sum adequate to a labour of two years, yet it was better than nothing; it would have been *strange* indeed if a print of the heir apparent to the throne had not sold as well, at least, as his own works; nobody would have bought the rest without it, but very many would have bought it without purchasing the rest; and I will venture to affirm that he would have sold double the number of it when compared to any other in his collection; besides, the encouragement afterwards given to Mr. Ryland, who did engrave it, convinces us that, when the Prince sent him the message, offering 100*l.*, he considered it rather as a labour of two months than of four years. Having shown what was not, I will show what was the cause of his refusing the Prince's request. Robie in his campaigns had imbibed a strong predilection for Jacobitism, and of course hated the family at present on the throne. These prejudices were confirmed by his rib, who never made a secret of her having a most violent attachment to the House of Stuarts; and therefore, when this matter was first mentioned to Bella, she declared that her husband, after having had the honour to engrave the true Prince, should never with her consent transmit to posterity the figure of any of the *White Race;* and, therefore, she hastened his departure for Italy, lest his friends should prevail with him to act more wisely."

Such is the most telling passage in this weak production, which, moreover, is deformed by gratuitous impertinences directed against Mrs. Strange. Its only real point is a not undeserved ridicule of the idea pervading Strange's pamphlet, that the Court, and most of his brother artists, should for years have combined to depreciate his merits, and thwart his professional exertions; yet the very personalities of which we notice this as a specimen, account for, and in some degree warrant, his sensitiveness and suspicions. Artists are proverbially thin-skinned, and we plead for Strange no immunity from the common failing of his fraternity. On this occasion, however, such taunts were instantly met by a fierce defiance, which we should probably not greatly err in ascribing to Mrs. Strange's pen, and which quickly brought the craven editor to a humble mood. But so deep a hold did the matter take of Strange's mind, that although there was no longer much inducement to remain abroad on Mr. Lumisden's account, he now moved from 14. Castle Street, Leicester Fields, and carried his family to Paris, where they resided in the Rue d'Enfer for the next five years. Two of his sons were gone to India; to the remaining one, Thomas, then at Christ Church, Oxford, he writes from thence: "For the few years I propose remaining here, I wish to pass them in some degree of reputation; I shall have justice done to the little I possess among strangers. In my own country only have I been ill-treated." Before adopting this step, he published the Treachery of Laomedon in refusing to Neptune and Apollo the stipulated remuneration for the walls of Troy. However much the novelty of a crowded group may have recommended a picture offering no marked interest, and possessing little merit beyond vigorous treatment and colour, the selection of this far from brilliant production of Salvator Rosa was no doubt suggested by its place in his friend Dr. William Hunter's collection. Of that gentleman's extensive museum, now preserved at the University of Glasgow, pictures were the only department in which his own knowledge was deficient. Mr. Strange's connoisseurship was therefore freely pressed into the Doctor's service; twelve of the pictures which it still includes having been purchased at his suggestion, of which about half have some pretensions to excellence.*

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* These are,—
Murillo—the Good Shepherd,
Guido—Madonna and Child (the Offspring of Love),
Salvator Rosa—Laomedon, King of Troy, } engraved by Strange.
Rembrandt—the Resurrection of Lazarus, a sketch.
Paul Veronese—the Nativity of St. John.
Swaneveldt—Landscape with Figures.
J. Stella—Holy Family.
Domenico Feti—St. Francis.
F. Millé—the Tomb of Phaeton.
Andrea Sacchi—Boy's Head.

The first year of Mr. Strange's residence in Paris gave to the world one of his most important productions, as regards size and crowded composition. The Queen of Carthage, turning her back on the port whence her faithless admirer is embarking, has fallen on the kindling funeral pile, self-transfixed on his sword; her shocked courtiers and sobbing women gather round, and the God of love wings his way from the sad scene. Strange had been justly struck with this picture in the Spada Palace at Rome, and says of it, in his Catalogue of 1769: "For beauty of composition, greatness of expression, and correctness of design, it claims a pre-eminence among the capital works of Guercino. The figure of Dido is noble and interesting, and there is a combination of passions in her countenance which equals the finest things in painting." We have already observed his preference for the performances of this master; and none of them that he has treated is so well calculated as this one to call forth effects of the burin. The Cleopatra of Guido, his next publication, is dated 1777. The original, then in a private gallery at Paris, and said to be now in the Royal Museum at Madrid, no doubt attracted him by the lovely contours and soft

Domenichino—St. Apollonia,
N. Poussin (?)—Flight into Egypt.

The prices of these are not known; but the museum is said to have cost Dr. Hunter 120,000*l.*

flesh tints to which his graver could do rare justice, and which were never more successfully treated. It seems to have been followed next year by an equally nude, but less graceful, full-length figure of that painter, his Fortune held back by Cupid, as she skims along, scattering gifts over the globe. The picture he had picked up for himself, probably at Paris; but repetitions of it exist at Rome and elsewhere. This pair was sold for fifteen shillings; the Dido for fifteen shillings, and the Laomedon for seven shillings and sixpence.

In 1779 the Dido was suitably mated with Titian's Venus and Adonis, from our Royal Gallery at Naples; a varied repetition of the National Gallery picture. Here, too, the carnations are manipulated with all Strange's wonted cunning; those of the male and female being admirably contrasted, and happily relieved in the broad treatment of one of the masters' grand landscapes. This pair of engravings, all-sufficient for a reputation, earned him no repose; but after such efforts he applied to less exacting labours. The next two years sent forth two plates of minor importance. Had he been so fortunate as to find still at Parma the little Magdalen of Correggio, which forms a principal attraction in the Dresden Gallery, he would scarcely have given to the world her head and shoulders from a study or old copy found in England. Wishing to match it with another circular piece, Mr. Strange engraved Two Children at School, with the not very intelligible motto, *Imprimis venerare deos,* after Schidone. In his Catalogue of Drawings this group is entitled a Girl with a Boy behind her, from the collection of the King of Naples; while Le Blanc calls it Le Premier des Devoirs. A picture apparently original, but not much suggesting Schidone, lately passed through the hands of a picture-dealer in Edinburgh, the upper portion of which corresponded with this print; but the figures were whole length, leaving us to suppose that these may have been cut down for uniformity with the Magdalen. I do not recollect the Naples picture.

We have no incidents to offer of Strange's five years' sojourn in Paris beyond these brief notices of the works which then occupied his untiring hand. Mr. Lumisden's indefatigable pen had at length paused from letter-writing; at all events, living generally near his sister, correspondence with her family was almost superfluous. Of her own clever epistles from foreign parts, abounding, as they must have done, with quaint remarks, we unfortunately possess none. In 1780 the family returned to London, and settled at 52. Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; but its master still spent much of his time in the French capital. There he about this time completed his copy of Vandyke's

Charles I. with the Marquis [first Duke] of Hamilton (the finest of all his drawings in size and execution), which remains an heir-loom in his family; and there, too, he seems to have engraved it, away from domestic enjoyments, during the next two years. Whatever lingering Jacobite sympathies Strange may have retained, this was a subject likely to reawaken many an early prepossession, and he did it ample justice. In size, historical importance, and artistic merit, none of his works more recommended itself to his countrymen, and its popularity has answered these claims. His own pen thus sets them forth: "It is not an easy matter to convey in words a proper idea of the beauties of this picture, which, in every essential of the art, we must consider as the masterpiece of Vandyke. The King is here represented just alighted from his horse, and in the act of walking away. We may presume the scene to be laid in Greenwich Park; for here is evidently the Thames, and on the opposite shore the county of Essex. The figure of the King is majestic, and remarkable for truth and nature. His dress is finely imagined, and concealing in no part the human form; it is light and picturesque. The accessory figures attendant upon the King are properly introduced. In the horse, particularly in the richness of his mane, there is everything that constitutes beauty in this noble animal. There is magic in the general effect of the picture, and the local colouring is finely understood. If we consider the landscape, it is magnificent. Here is no empty space, no naked void left open to fatigue the eye: the whole scene is clothed with richness and simplicity, affording a delightful specimen of the luxurious fancy of the painter, who has, in this instance, varied his pencil with innumerable beauties." These beauties the writer could render as well as describe, the drapery being probably the most perfect of all he ever executed, and the landscape foreground beyond all praise. A proof before letters has recently fetched 22*l.*

The splendid original was purchased about a century ago for 24,000 livres by Madame Dubarri, and has since been in the Royal Collection of France, occupying at present a prominent place in the Tribune at the Louvre. Strange found for it a suitable, though not equal companion from that of his own Sovereign, which appeared in 1784. It is a family group of Queen Henrietta Maria, with her two young princes and their pet dogs, likewise chiefly executed at Paris, where it was thus announced:—"M. Strange, graveur du Roi, sera sous très peu de tems, en état de mettre au jour l'estampe annoncée en Avril 1783, pour faire pendant à celle de Charles I., et dont le sujet offre plus d'intérêt encore pour la nation Française. Cet artiste doit à la bonté du Roi d'Angleterre l'heureux choix qu'il a fait d'un des plus precieux originaux de Vandick, représentant Henriette de France, fille de Henri IV., et Reine d'Angleterre. Cette Princesse tient dans ses bras le jeune Duc de York, qui devint Jacques II., et elle a prés d'elle Charles II. On trouveroit difficilement, même chez Vandick, une composition qui fût tout à la fois plus riche et plus gracieuse. M. Strange, animé par son modèle, et soutenu par le desir de plaire à la nation Française, ose se flatter d'en obtenir ce suffrage precieux, dont l'espoir à été pour lui le premier et le plus vif encouragement." This paragraph, seasoned with that flattery which *la grande Nation* so well relishes, is referred to in the following letter: —

Robert Strange to his Son Thomas Andrew.

"Paris, Dec. 5. 1784.

"My dear Andrew,—I have returned at a late hour from Versailles after a most flattering day, in having the honour of being presented to the King and Queen by my friend and patron the Count d'Angivillier. It would be vain in me to tell you how much the lovely Henrietta was admired, and the credit she is likely to do her author. I had wrote to Bruce from time to time in my progress here, and by an advertisement I sent her* you'd see that I was approaching towards the eve of my publication. Not that I was by any means prepared as I should be, but that I accelerated this event as I understood that my competitor was close at my heels. I had determined on the 20th, but as this day had been fixed for my presentation, I was advised immediately to follow it, while the Court gave the tone, and of course I inserted an advertisement in the papers fixing my publication for the 9th. The very morning my advertisement appeared, and the day following, the Hotel d'Espagne was beset. I could with a good grace give a refusal to every body, as I had not presented the copies I intended to the King and Queen. Yesterday and the day before I refused admittance to all, partly indeed to remain quiet and to nurse a little cold I had got, and which I was afraid would interfere with this day. Till Wednesday I shall observe the same rule, which is the day before I publish, and I may then relax. The fame of Henrietta is now the conversation of Paris, and the public seem eager with impatience to receive her, insomuch that I have already orders for nearly seven hundred copies, exclusive of my proofs which are partly all engaged, but what I intend for my London market, which God knows I lay no manner of stress upon. On Thursday I am afraid I shall fall short of impressions, but the printers are at work from seven in the morning till near ten at night. I have taken possession of the second floor in the Hotel d'Espagne, where I shall be what you call *grandement logé*, and do credit to all concerned.

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* The one just quoted.

"I have been the more explicet, my dear Andrew, on this subject, in order to give you an idea of my present situation, and the essential business I am now engaged in, but of which the great hurry must gradually subside. I come now to acknowledge your letter, which welcomed me this evening to town, and which I perused with infinite pleasure. I did so the more; and why? because I declare to you on my word of honour, and by the affection I bear every child I have, that there was not a single idea in your letter that had not originated with with me for weeks past, I mean since the happy tidings which Bruce imparted to me, and that I had not been turning over in my own mind again and again.* I even suggested in the letter I wrote lately to your mother that I presumed Jamie would carry his sister to Scotland, and to which I gave a secret approbation. I had even planned the settlement of my affairs here during my absence, and was to have appointed Maleuvre to preside over my sale, and which will still be the case when I shall have learnt about what time my presence in London may be necessary. All this you see is acquiesing in every demand you make in your letter, and which I had anticipated.

"My stay in London will be but short, but short as it will be, I shall bring with me a cargo of the Queen, and make a public entry with her. About a week or ten days [ago], I sent off a small box addressed to my corespondent at Calais, with orders to forward it to London, directed to Mr. Hethrington, surveyor of her Majestie's warehouse. I wrote likewise to Mr. Hethrington, requesting the favor of him to discharge it at the Custom House, and to transmit it without delay to our house, and I was to have asked the favour of you to have delivered it to Mrs. West, and which I still do. It contains eight copies of Henrietta; viz., double impressions for the collections of the King and Queen, a proof for the Prince of Wales, and two fine impressions, with the inscription, for the Princess Royal and Princess Augusta. You'll give me credit, I hope, when I assure you that I had all along my Lord Mansfield in my eye. The honour

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* "This refers to the approaching marriage of my brother with his first wife, the daughter of Mr. Durham of Largo." Note by Sir T. A. Strange.

I think he has done us merits every attention on our side, and I have your interest too much at heart to have overlooked paying him so easy a compliment as what is suggested in your letter, but by what fatal accident I know not, in the hurry and confusion I have of late been in, I had overlooked putting up the impression I had intended for him, and did not recolect my mistake till it was too late: I had even determined in my own mind to have given you a discretionary power to have presented it or not as you judged proper. But there is still a remedy, and by next post I will write to my friend Mr. West, who will either prevail on the King or Queen to relinquish one of their copies, which I shall afterwards replace, or to resign to you a fine impression (a proof) which I sent to Mrs. West, and which I shall replace on my arrival. I would not for the world that my Lord Mansfield was on this occasion overlooked, and I think the proof I have destined for Mrs. West is the thing. Its being a proof puts his Lordship on a footing with the Royal family, which from us he certainly deserves. At any rate I shall write to Mr. West next post, and as you are to be the channel of conveyance, you will manage matters accordingly. I shall long to hear of their coming to hand. Your uncle is laid up with the gout, but getting better. * * * I must now I think conclude, it being near one in the morning, and I have yet a tolerable task to accomplish before I get to bed. Pray write me every motion relative to the young couple. Is Jamie arrived? What stay will he make in London? and how soon do you imagine he will bring up his bride? My love to Bruce and Bell, not forgetting me to Thriepland. I am, as ever, your affectionate father,

"ROBT. STRANGE."

Mr. Strange's anxiety as to the competition which threatened his engraving of Henrietta Maria was not without cause, his rival being Jean Massard, an engraver favourably known in the French capital. Massard's plate is dated 1784, and though hardly rare, is not in the Cabinet Impérial d'Estampes; indeed, I had some difficulty in procuring an impression at Paris. It represents the Queen and her husband seated, with Prince Charles and Princess Mary, or as some say Prince James, at full length, and is taken from a picture by Vandyck, described as nine feet high, in the Duke of Orleans' collection at St. Cloud. Compared with Strange's prints of these personages, Massard's performance is flat and feeble, defective in design and in flesh tones—a mere furniture piece. After the artist's death at an advanced age, about 1826-7, this plate was bought by M. Blaisot, a dealer. Bourbon portraits being then in fashion, he employed one Bertonnier to delete the two principal heads, replacing them by those of Henri IV. and his Consort, after Porbus, but leaving the names of Vandyck and Massard undisturbed; he then reduced the plate, by cutting away a portion of the landscape and sky, and struck off two hundred impressions, which were readily sold as true likenesses of that King and Queen of France!

In Mrs. Jameson's Handbook of the English

Public Galleries, the original of Strange's engraving is said to be a large canvas now at Windsor, duplicate of the Orleans one. If so, both of Vandyck's pictures must have been singularly tampered with, Mr. Strange, in leaving out the King's figure, having found it necessary to recast the composition, and modify many of the details. His habitual attention to issue his prints in pairs demanded a suitable full-length companion for the Louvre portrait of Charles I. This, however, seems no adequate justification for a liberty with so important an original, giving us a work for which no artist is really responsible. The Henrietta Maria is in truth a mongrel production, and hence perhaps its eventual want of success. Mrs. Jameson further informs us that the Windsor portrait, painted in 1632, was Vandyck's earliest effort for his royal patron, and was paid with 100*l.* The Orleans one, at the dispersion of that gallery, was bought for 1000*l.* by Mr. Hammersley, and was afterwards acquired by the Duke of Richmond for Goodwood. The popularity in France of Strange's large engravings of Charles and his Queen induced an issue of copies by Compagnie, about half their size, but of a quality so inferior that no injury could arise from their publication.

The lights at length thrown upon the Stranges' circle by the preceding letter must now be developed. Thomas Andrew, to whom they are addressed, after graduating at Oxford, devoted himself to the law under the auspices of the Earl of Mansfield, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, to whose kind interest in his welfare testimony is borne by his father. His elder brother James had returned from India on leave in 1780, and, having accompanied his mother on a visit to Scotland in 1784, there gained the favour of Margaret Durham, only daughter of the Laird of Largo in Fifeshire. Her beauty and joyous temperament were themes of general admiration, and through her mother she inherited the talent and wit of the Steuarts and Dalrymples.* But the smiles of fortune were quickly saddened, and Mr. Strange's two next letters are clouded by just alarms for the rapidly failing health of his eldest daughter, and by first avowed symptoms of his own eventually fatal complaint.

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* Her grandmother, Mrs. Calderwood of Polton, was authoress of a lively and graphic journal printed by me in the Coltness Collections, and sister of Sir James Steuart of Coltness, Bart., the well-known political economist. Their grandfather, Sir James Stuart of Goodtrees and Coltness, an eminent Scotch lawyer, became Lord Advocate after the Revolution of 1688. Their mother was daughter of President Dalrymple of North Berwick, niece of the first Earl of Stair, and also of the beautiful and ill-fated Bride of Lammermuir. Mrs. James Strange's two brothers, General Durham and Admiral Sir Philip C. H. Calderwood Durham, G.C.B., rose to the highest honours of their respective professions, and still live in the recollection of many attached friends.

Robert Strange to his Son Thomas Andrew.

"[Paris], 15 Dec. 1784.

"My dear Andrew,—However flattering or agreable my present situation may be, your last letter of the 8th has dashed my cup with bitterness. I will not however despond, for while there is life there is hope. Bruce's exertions of late, I am affraid, have exceeded her natural strength, and brought on the relapse of her former complaint. I can only offer up my earnest prayer for her recovery, endeavouring at the same time to submit to what may be the will of Heaven! I much aprove of your silence on this melancholly subject to your mother; it could answer no purpose but alarming her maternal feelings and rendring her journy [from Scotland] uncomfortable. I partake much in the distress which you, Jamie, and Bell must feel on this occasion. What obligation do I not owe to my much esteemed friend Dr. Smyth! There seems to be no end to our creating him trouble, and, in the sequel of this letter, I shall too contribute my share.*

"My last to you was the day I was presented at Versailles. My publication took place a few days afterwards, and it is with pleasure I can inform you that the Queen has been received with open arms, and universal applause. Do not however think that her Majesty and I are without our enemies. The friends in general of my competitor are strongly leagued, but I have fairly got the start of him; in so much that upwards of nine hundred copies have already gone out of the Hotel d'Espagne, which in the long run will all be good money. She has even revived a demand for the King, of which I have already sold above one hundred and twenty copies. This very day I sold no less than fifteen of his Majesty. All this you may believe has given me work sufficient within these few days, but this hurry will soon subside, and I shall have time to breathe, and rest my wearied limbs. Mr. West's picture does him infinite honour, and meets with universal applause, but I much doubt if I have strengthened my interest amongst the artists by it, but on the contrary, not. Jealousies of this nature however are the offspring of narrow minds, and I must continue to look forward. I foresee that Paris must be the scene of publication for this print, for I have so contemptible an oppinion of John Bull that it would be prostitution to offer it him, when I reflect that I have not disposed of scarcely four hundred copies of Charles, and perhaps the same fate will attend the Queen,—nay I am morally certain of it.*

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* The friendship between Sir Robert Strange and Dr. Carmichael Smyth became hereditary in their respective families. The eldest son of this eminent physician commanded the Royal Engineers at Waterloo, and, in acknowledgment of his public services, was created a Baronet in 1821. One of his daughters was married to Alexander Monro, Esq. of Craiglockhart, son, and successor in the chair of anatomy at Edinburgh, of Professor Monro, whose early patronage of Strange has been alluded to at vol. I. 30 – 31.

"Should your mother be punctual to her time, it is with pleasure I shall look for her arrival [from Scotland] about the end of this week: she will doubtless be happy in being informed thus far of my success. You'll write me of James's motions, to which I am quite a stranger, or I shall be glad to hear from himself. I well know how distressing to him his sister's situation will be, and his real disappointment in her not accompanying him to Scotland.

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* This passage must refer to West's Apotheosis, already in the writer's hands for engraving.

"Now, my dear Andrew, to the point, which let remain a secret between you and me, for I hate giving the alarum when I hope there is no danger. I had a few weeks ago another severe cold, of which, I thank God, I have got the better, but it has left behind it a degree of shortness of breathing, and of course a swelling in my ancles. It is exactly similar to what I have formerly had, and which my friend Dr. Smyth has frequently removed: will you therefore be so good as see him that I may have his prescription by return of the post. I consulted my friend Jem, but he is over cautious, and, as I had got the better of my cold, he prescribed only patience, which I look on as a slow and ineffectual remedy. It was the day [I] wrote you last, that I perceived a shortness of breathing in going up to the Chateau de Versailles, when I was to be presented; that was a week past on Sunday last. Tell the Dr. that my pulse is the same as he knows it, and my health, setting aside my present complaint, tollerably good; my appetite as usual. Should the time that is requisite for the return of a letter make any alteration on me, I shall not apply his prescription without advising with Dr. Jem, should he approve of it; but do not delay an hour. Your uncle continues to be laid up with the gout, so I think you have no chance of his visit; I hope you'll give me previous notice before you expect mine. I write by this post to Mr. West, who will chearfully relinquish to you an impression of the Queen I had destined for Mrs. West; it is too a proof, and which I have now raised to six louis, and actually sold two: I long to hear of her arrival. You must make your visit to Mr. West of an evening, about the hour of tea; I said to him you'd do so, that you might have an opportunity of thanking Mrs. West. My earnest prayer for Bruce's recovery, and, with my love to all, believe me ever,

"My dear Andrew,
"Your most affectionate father,
"Robt. Strange."

Robert Strange to his Son Thomas Andrew.

"Paris, 22 Dec. 1784.

"My dear Andrew,—I am much obliged to you for your punctuality in writing me of late, even though your subject awakens in me every tender feeling. I have now three of your letters upon the case of my dear, dear Bruce, who I am much affraid is no more. Your last has almost bereaved me of every glimmering of hope, but which I cannot entirely resign without reluctance, May Heaven enable me to bear the last and fatal intelligence, and which I hourly dread! Happy had I been could I have assisted in closing her eyes, and in sheding over her the tributary tears of a parent that loved her ever to fondness; but even this from an unforeseen concurrence of things has been denied me.

"Much do I feel at this moment for your dear dear mother! The goodness of Heaven, joined to her natural fortitude of mind, will, I hope, on this occasion not forsake her. I feel too for what you, your brother Jamie, and poor Bell must suffer at this moment, and what you must have undergone since the fatal change took place in my dear Bruce's health! I am more than satisfied that you have all of you done your duty, and for which may Heaven reward you!

"You have been perfectly, my dear Andrew, instructed respecting my situation here. My last letter to you was this day se'night, which may probably have alarmed you, and I make no doubt but a prescription, according to the wonted goodness of my friend Dr. Smyth, is now on the road: but, to relieve you from all inquietude, it is with pleasure I can inform you that I shall not have occasion to use it. Having entirely conquered my cold, my breathing is perfectly free, and of course the swelling in my ancles has subsided. This last was in a great measure owing to my fatigue about the time of my publication, during several days that I could not sit down, from about seven in the morning that I got up, till towards five in the afternoon. You may easily conclude how solicitous I am to have the pleasure of embracing you all. I mean, as soon as possible, to adopt my original plan of which I formerly wrote you, and, during my absence, to place Maleuvre at the head of my affairs here. It will be but for a short time, and I can rely perfectly on his integrity. At present I am allmost out of impressions, and it is essential that, while the tide flows in its present current, the sale of the Queen be continued: and the rather that my competitor is soon to appear on the stage: but of him I have fairly got the start, and the day has been obviously in my favour. However nothing on my part must be omitted. The weather, setting in a hard frost for some days past, absolutely suspended our printing; but, to-day being a little milder, I have resumed it, with a resolution to supply by fire what the weather absolutely withholds from us, and to proceed as we can, tho' perhaps not so well as could be wished. In the course of next week, I hope to have what number of impressions will satisfie the demand during my absence, and afford me even a few to bring with me, added to what I already have, and of course publish soon after my arrival. You may suppose me on the wing as soon as the year begins, which appears to me till then an age. You have said nothing to me whatever about Jamie, or when he is to return to Scotland; I hope it will be soon. I shall long to welcome his fair bride to my arms, and adopt her as the image of my dear Bruce. Pray accelerate his motions as fast as you can. I will say nothing about commissions, because I shall bring nothing with me but a few linnens, and my suit of black cloaths. Happy were I, could this last article be countermanded in the recovery of poor Bruce, but alas! I dread the worst. Will you not too on this occasion, my dear Andrew, want such? If so, let me know what directions I shall give Cretien, and I will bring them with me. I shall bring too such a gown as your mother may wear in the house of a *petit taffeta*, and another of a similar kind to Bell, should she chuse it; you'll therefore let me know. You'll doubtless write me of course, concerning my intended presents from the King, Queen, &c. I wish Lord Mansfield particularly attended to, and have of course explained myself fully to Mr. West, who will give you the proof I intended for Mrs. West. Pray visit both on the occasion, and let me know what you have done. I hope for an expeditious return to this letter. I hope too there is a letter on the way for me from your dear mother. May you all be the peculiar care of Providence, and may I have the happiness of embracing you all, and assuring you of the unalterable love and affection with which I shall live and die,

"Yours,
"ROBT. STRANGE."

Mr. Strange's worst fears had been already realised ere these letters were dispatched, for his daughter Mary Bruce died of rapid decline on the 13th of the month. She alone of her father's family inherited somewhat of his gifts; and, so far from discouraging them, as has been alleged, he allowed her excellent masters in London and Paris, and watched her progress with interest. By his sanction she competed in 1764-5 for the prize in drawing offered by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts in the Strand, where the exhibition of her productions was anticipated by her mother with pride, by herself with reluctance. Her unobtrusive character shrank from display, and it was not until her premature death that the discovery of many compositions, in prose and verse, showed her family how indefatigably she had cultivated no mean talents. "To have known her was to love and admire her, and many admirers and offers she had." Such are the words of her only sister, written sixty years after this trial.

In consequence of their bereavement, none of the family accompanied James Strange to his marriage, which took place at Edinburgh, on the 18th of February, 1785. In the following month he sailed with his bride for India, whence he soon embarked on a voyage to Nootka Sound in North America. In December of this year her mother Mrs. Durham wrote thus to Miss Betty Steuart of Coltness: "I find that Mr. Strange (one of the pleasantest men I ever knew) has an appointment from the [India] Company, besides what shares (10,000*l.*) he has in the ships, which are entirely private adventure; and he has a power to erect forts, and to establish posts for trading with the natives. What a blessing he may earn if, with his mild nature, he can bring these poor people to enjoy of the blessings of humanity or revelation, without those barbarities which settlers, to their shame, so often exercise. He writes me a long letter, and tells me to have no fear, his behaviour shall never shock or vex me; he shall behave with uprightness towards his employers, and honour and mildness towards those under his command; commends Margaret for her spirit and resolution, which has assisted and supported him in an event which he looked upon as an indispensible duty to undertake at all risks. My dear aunt, there is not a man I know who could make up to me the loss I have made, but Strange, his sentiments are so worthy."

CHAP. XVII.

MR. STRANGE REGAINS THE ROYAL FAVOUR, AND IS KNIGHTED.—LADY STRANGE'S JACOBITISM.—SIR ROBERT'S LABOURS AND IMPAIRED HEALTH.—THE COMPLETION OF HIS WORKS.

INCREASING years were now softening those little acerbities of temperament in Mr. Strange which had painfully aggravated professional rivalries. I have not been enabled to trace the origin of that renewed good-will towards the reigning family, which is apparent in his letter of 5th December, 1784. Perhaps it may have been promoted by his selecting from the Royal Collection the Henrietta Maria portrait for his graver. But it was crowned by his choosing a subject specially appealing to the sympathies of his sovereign, and well calculated for a peace-offering to the ruffled feelings of majesty. During 1782-3, the Princes Octavius and Alfred had died in infancy, and West, the favourite painter of George III., had conferred upon their memory such immortality as his pencil could dispense. Their Apotheosis was evidently the picture referred to in the lately quoted letter of 15th December, 1784; and Strange, now at the height of his well-earned reputation, paid to the royal babes a tribute of deference he had formerly grudged their father, — to the court-limner a distinction, conferred by him on no other living artist. His Majesty not only granted him, with all readiness, the necessary permission; but desired accommodation to be provided him for working in the palace, where his progress was often watched by the Royal family. When obliged to go to Paris, the King allowed him to carry the picture there, "assuring him, with flattering politeness, that the risk which it ran, if Sir Robert accompanied it, was wholly unworthy of consideration." The dilettante Earl of Buchan mentions that, when taken to visit Strange, he found him at work upon this plate, and, struck by its contrast to his former politics, took him aside to whisper, "What would you have thought had any one foretold this in 1746?" It is unnecessary to criticise a composition wherein the engraver, by a kindly stretch of conscience, detects some analogies to those Italian painters of a brighter age on which his burin would have been more gladly employed. But we willingly accede to his remark, that "this picture is composed, like the works in general of this ingenious artist, with great facility." And we must add a sentence probably meant by Strange for an *amende* to the King, as chief promoter of the Royal Academy, if not introduced into the description of his print as an olive-branch for past quarrels with its president and members: "While this is writing, the art has much to hope from the superintendence in the Academy of one so skillful in its practice, so knowing in its history, and so zealous for its advancement."

The compliment thus judiciously administered was well received, and its fruits were set forth by Mrs. Strange to her youngest son and her brother in the following letters: —

Lady Strange to her Son Robert, H. E. I. C. S.

"[London], Jan. 13. 1787.

"My dearest Bob, — I wrote you by Mr. [Moncrieff] Thriepland, the second son of our worthy friend Sir Stuart Thriepland, who, if you see [him], will give you an account of all this family, in which he has been these four years past. He has studyed hard to make himself fit for business [at the bar] in India, where I am sure we may expect he will do well. He left us the end of December, aboard the Melville Castle, Captain Dundas, for Bombay, where he will not be long ere he goes to Madras. Since he left us, I have a pleasant piece of news to tell you, which I well know will give great pleasure to Mr. Thriepland as well as you. Briefly 'tis this.

"Your dear father has been employed in engraving a most beautiful picture painted by Mr. West, which he liked so much that he was desirous to make a print from it. The picture was painted for his Majesty: it represented two of the Royal children who died. The composition is an angel in the clouds; the first child sitting by the angel, and the other, a most sweet youth, looking up: there are two cherubs in the top, and a view of Windsor at the bottom. This print was lately finished, and Friday the 5th currt. was appointed for your father's presenting some proofs of it to his Majesty. He went with them to the Queen's house, and had a most gracious reception. His Majesty was very much pleased. After saying many most flattering things, [he] said, 'Mr. Strange, I have another favor to ask of you.' Your father was attentive, and his Majesty, 'It is that you will attend the levee on Wednesday or Friday, that I may confer on you the honour of knighthood.' His Majesty left the room, but coming quickly back, said, 'I'm going immediately to St. James's, if you'll follow me I will do it now; the sooner the better:' so calling one of the pages, gave him orders to conduct Mr. Strange to St. James's, where, kneeling down, he rose up SIR ROBERT STRANGE. This honour to our family I hope is a very good omen. I hope it will be a spur to our children, and show them to what virtue and industry may bring them. My dear Bob, I hope you will equally share in our virtues as you do our honours; honours and virtue ought never to part. Few familys have ever had a more sure or credetable foundation than ours: may laurels flourish on all your heads! * * * * God bless and protect you! May you see many happy days and years! I must not forget to tell you that your worthy uncle [Lumisden] is well at present. He is in Scotland: I expect him soon here. He is to stay with us, and go very seldom to Paris. Your dear father is to go to Paris the end of next month and be there all the summer. God send us all a happy meeting! Your father and I bless you; your brother and sister love you.

"I ever am, my dearest Bob,
"Your affecte. mother,
"ISABELLA STRANGE."

Lady Strange to Andrew Lumisden in Edinburgh.

"London, Jan. 17. 1787.

"My dearest Brother,—I thank you for your most kind favor the 12th currt. You say true, my Knight has obtained a compleat victory over all his enemeys, which gives a relish to the whole: for particulars I refere you to Mr. McGowan. We have had a continual levee every forenoon ever since we obtained our envied honours. Envied I'm sure we are, but that's a better state than pity. My mind is unalterable; I feel pleasure in what gives it to my best friends. I hope the honours of my family will not stop here: my children, in following our example, will go on in the way we have done. Virtuious industry and frugality will never fail to produce what a good man or woman ought to wish for: every person should strive to get to the head of his profession. What King David has said is ever in my mind, 'I have been young and now I am old, but I never saw the rightious forsaken, nor their seed beging their bread.' 'When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh his enemyes to be at peace with him.' I hope you'll be here before my Chevalier goes to Paris, which will be about the end of next month. I'm sure you are better where you are than here just now: the wounder will not last long, and then we'll be quiet and happy. This night Andrew is return'd to the Temple, Bell is visiting, so the pen is all my company: this evening my Knight drunk tea with me, and is retir'd to look over his works. * * * * I ever am, my dearest brother, your affect. sister,

"ISABELLA STRANGE."

Before this letter was dispatched, a postscript was added to report an unexpected and substantial compliment arriving at a happy moment. "O, my dear brother! I was yesterday so loaded with substantial treasure from good Sir Stuart, by the hands of Dr. Smyth, that I am barren in words of gratitude. A princely present indeed! I wish I may be greatful to Heaven for the good things lately bestowed on me. To God and my friends I owe much, much more than I can express." Another letter enumerates Sir Stuart Thriepland's gifts, which may probably have been an acknowledgment of much kindness and hospitality paid by the Stranges to his younger son Moncrieff, their inmate for four years, while preparing for the English bar: "My present was deliver'd by Dr. Smyth, who din'd with me yesterday in a very friendly company, who were celebrating our tittles with sincere pleasure. I was never so surpris'd as when a large silver urn or tea-boiler, a bread-basket, a large tea-pot, a silver caddy for tea, a sugar-box, a milk-pot, and a silver ink-stand, was placed before me, to the no small astonishment of my visitors; the more so, when they were told it was all from a friend in Scotland."

That the newspaper lampooners, to whose wasp-like virulence we have formerly alluded, should have sharpened their stings on this occasion, was natural; but that their venom was innocuous, a few samples will sufficiently show. In the Morning Herald of the 8th January and four following days appeared these paragraphs: "On Friday Mr. Strange presented to their Majesties at the Queen's house some fine impressions of the Apotheosis of Princes Octavius and Alfred, which he has lately engraved from a picture painted by Mr. West, in the Royal Collection. He was afterwards introduced at St. James's, and knighted—*vide* the last gazette—and now rises among his brethren of the graver, Sir Robert Strange!"—"Mr. Strange a knight! We all know the squabble at Buckingham House, some years past, between *Le Roy*, Lord *Bute*, and this newly-made *Knight* of the *Graver*. We know, too, that this gentleman published a narrative, in which he stated himself to have received very oppressive treatment from a certain *great* quarter. The knighthood, under these circumstances, being either offered or accepted, is Strange! Strange! Strange!"*—"It is not long since the office of engraver to his Majesty was offered to Mr. (now Sir Robert) Strange, and refused, and afterwards given to an unfortunate artist, truly respected for his professional abilities. The reasons publicly assigned for the refusal were generally approved; but that the same person should now accept a title is a matter of surprise to all those not immediately acquainted with the arcana of a court."—"It is expected that Sir Robert Strange, K.G., will now oblige his Majesty's loving subjects with a portrait of their Royal master,—that portrait which excluded all engravers from the Royal Academy. It will furnish the world with the finest *impressions* of this artist's gratitude, and afford the best *proofs* of his loyalty that an engraver can give." Somewhat more bitter, if not more pointed, was this effusion in the Morning Post: "Sir Something Strange, the engraver, ought to scratch down the year 1787 in his *best style;* but what must he do to commemorate the year 1745? Perhaps he will etch the Battle of Culloden, and show us the corps he served in, with Scotch plaids and bonnets, flying from the English troops." One more quotation may suffice; though mildly expressed, it is not exempt from those innuendos which, by long iteration, unquestionably acted upon Strange's temperament: "This honour is highly creditable also to the King. It shows him in a better light even than that of patron of the arts; for it demonstrates the Christian on whose mind there dwells no remembrance of enmity. What can be nobler than to see him extend his forgiveness from John Wilkes down to Sir Robert Strange?"

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* This allusion provoked from some friend of Sir Robert, in next number, a brief outline of the facts published in his letter to Lord Bute, to which we need not now recur. In Chalmer's biographical sketch of Strange it is stated that, after a few impressions of the Apotheosis had been taken off, the principal figures were cut out of the plate, and when gilt were presented to his Majesty.

At the outset of these Memoirs, we have quoted, as evidence of the descent of the Strange's, the patent of arms granted to Sir Robert on obtaining his knighthood. To the curious in such matters this letter may seem worthy of perusal.

John McGowan to Andrew Lumisden, London.

"Edinburgh, 26 July, 1787.

"My dear Friend,—Since I had the pleasure of writing you upon the 21st current, I have had several conversations with Ja. Cummyng upon the contents of your last, brought about by cards and several calls; and after much pressing for despatch, and the most earnest solicitations, he sent me this morning the scrol of a patent for Sir Robert, with a letter covering it, both which you have enclosed for your perusal and observations. He has no doubt about the authenticity of the pedigree, but it seems Mr. Boswell has some *; but will soon talk to you on that subject at length, as Mr. Cummyng has given him a transcript of the patent, and he sets out this evening for London on the business of our Lyon office with that of England,—one great part of which I hear is to adjust and setle properly the right of granting supporters, of which they have been so profuse of late in giving to the people of England, that the English King of Arms and his court lodged a complaint in the office of the Secretaries of State, and applied for an interdict, and obtained a temporary one,—so none can be granted here at present. But, upon enquiry, I find that supporters may be granted along with a patent by the Lyon's office of England, agreeably to their forms, nearly as cheap as it could be done with ours, altho' possessing the former powers (the difference I am assured is less than forty shillings). Some reckon this most honorary, as their records are much better kept than ours. I do not like the supporters you mention. Heraldry is an art of a very particular kind, and it has its rules, which I think ought to be followed. Allegorical things may suit a patentee, but seldom a descendant; therefore I would rather keep the line, and take any animal but man. J. Cummyng is making a search through his MSS. to discover if or no the family of Balkaskie ever used supporters: those no doubt would be proper ones for Sir Robert to assume. * * * I had a meeting to-day with Lord Advocate [Ilay Campbell], who bids me present his best compliments to you, and requests the favour of his son Mr. Archibald being recommended to your acquaintance, and also Mr. Blair of Blair. * * * Lord Justice Clerk [Sir Thomas Miller], Lord Chief Baron [Dundas], Lord Swinton, &c. &c., enquired at me to-day kindly about your motions, and all send you their salutations, not forgetting Lord President [Robert Dundas], with whom I breakfasted yesterday: he is in excellent spirits, but his eyes so far gone that [he] knows nobody but by their voice; he has been but a few days absent from the court during the whole of this session. * * * Be assured that I am with affection, my dear Andrew,

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* James Cummyng was then Lyon clerk, and Robert Boswell Lyon depute. See regarding the former at p. 312. of the second volume of a most charming book, the Lives of the Lindsays.

"Yours invariably,
"Jo. McGowan."

Before finally dismissing our heraldic notices, we may here insert, by anticipation, part of a letter from Lady Strange to her son Sir Thomas in 1799:

"I find I must add a poscript to make out my epistle in perfect stile; so to begin. You may remember some years ago we apply'd to the Herald's office for our arms, which we got, with information that we had a right to supporters. That your dear father said he had no use for; so there that matter stood, till this summer that I insisted on enquiring about that honour. Your brother laught at me, so I did all myself. I apply'd to my agent, the cousin of Mr. McGowan, Mr. McTaggart. He saw what papers Sir Robert Anstruther had relating to the estate of Balcaskie. From that he search'd all the regesters, and found a clear detail of the family of Strang or Strange, spell'd as often the one way as the other, of a standing from 1325 to this day. The family had many parliament honours confer'd on them, and clerical honours, &c. &c. The history of the family is extracted on a very large roll, I daresay a dozen of sheets of paper, and sealed on a stick with the seal of office. A previous letter came from the office desiring we would choose what supporters we pleased, only not to interfere with any other in their books. So we determined to take for one supporter an antient Caledonian in his native dress, and for the other a Dane in his armour; the first holding up his lance, the other with his down, to show the conquest gained by the STRANG MAN. My reason for this choice was that the Danes invaded Fife, and we conquered them. I got a gentleman recommended by Mr. West to draw the figures of the heroes, which are very fine. This was sent to the Herald's office, and properly executed to our satisfaction, and sent up by the coach in a tin box. The whole cost me a little more than *50l.* I made a present of it to James; 'tis now painted on his coach and chariot; it was the only supporters at the wedding. Adieu."

Though the good lady thus fell into the class of armorial allegory against which Mr. McGowan had protested in the preceding letter, she had the good sense to reject the following still more extravagant suggestion of the Scottish herald-painter, submitted to Mr. McTaggart with a water-coloured sketch:—

"Edinburgh, July 19. 1798.

"Sir,—The one on the right is the figure of Antiquity, and that on the left a Roman Warriour. Antiquity holds a pyramid in her right hand, at which she is gazing attentively, and in her left, a scroll of paper on which is the Greek letter Alpha. As these supporters are uncommon, they may not be improper for Mr. Strange *; more so as he is the son of a very celebrated engraver who studied long at Rome, and it is certain his engravings derived much of their celebrity from his attention to the study of the antique. I merely suggest the above: neither would I wish to direct him in his choice unless he is not more particularly attached to any other design.

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* This dull fellow seems to have here quite unconsciously perpetrated a pun.

"I am, sir, your most obedt. humble servant,
"ETHERINGTON MARTYN.

"Mr. Mc Taggart, Writer."

When we consider the altered tone of Lady Strange's letters announcing the favours conferred upon her husband by the reigning sovereign, the contrast is striking with her long cherished politics. But the Stuart princes had abandoned their own cause long ere she regarded it as at an end; and even when her conscience was reconciled to the existing powers, her tongue clave to its consistency. Dr. Munro remembers the contemptuous energy with which, subsequent to this period, she, with a licence of language then indulged by Scottish gentlewomen in moments of excitement, reproved some one who, in her presence, applied to Charles Edward the term in which he was usually designated by all except his "friends;"—"*Pretender*, and be d—d to ye!" It was no doubt at her suggestion that her son Thomas, whilst visiting Paris in the end of this year, waited upon the wife of that personage, with a letter from herself, which the Countess of Albany graciously acknowledged.

Father William Cowley to Thomas Andrew Strange.

"[Paris], Fryday evening, Dec. 21. 1787.

"I had the honour of seeing the Countess of Albany this morning, and informed her of your desire of paying your respects to her: she was pleased to say that she should be glad to see you to-morrow (Saturday) morning about 11 o'clock. I will wait upon you at your hotel before that, however, and will have the pleasure of introducing you to the Comptesse. She knows both Sir Robt. and Lady Strange by reputation, and will be glad to be personally acquainted with you.

"WM. COWLEY."

The Comtesse d'Albanie to Lady Strange.

"I received, my dear Madame, with great pleasure, the letter your son was bearer of, who appear to me promising and agreeable; I am very sorry that he has not remained longer in this country; should have had great pleasure to see him very often. I thank you for all the sentiments you profess towards, and wishe to have occasion to assure you by word of mouth how much I am sensible there of; receive the assurances my esteem and regard which you so obviously deserve. Remember me to Sir Robert and your son, and believe me to be the unfeigned well wisher to your family.

"LOUISE DE STOLBERG, C. D'ALBANIE.

"The one twenty January, 1788."

The signature of another note from the same lady seems to indicate an earlier date.

"Ce 19. Octobre.

"J'ai reçu, il y a long tems, Madame, la collection d'estampe que vous avez eu la bonté de m'envoier: Elles sont superbe, et je vous en suis bien reconnoissante. Je n'ai pas pu vous la témoigner plutôt, ne sachant à qui m'adresser. Je suis enchanté que le Lord Carlyle m'en ai procuré la maison: j'a orné ma chambre des ouvrages te votre Mary; je les admire tout les jours: je vous prie de lui dire. Je voudrois étre à même, Madame, de vous étre utile; disposé de moi. Je serai bien heureuse de pouvoir vous témoigner l'estime que je suis de toutes les personnes qui sont attaché à la famille Royal. Je suis votre bonne amie,

"LOUISE R."

With a proper discrimination, Lady Strange had formerly declined the acquaintance of the Prince's mistress, Clementina Walkinshaw, when the same Cowley, prior of the English Benedictines at Paris, had proposed to introduce that lady and her daughter, afterwards titular Duchess of Albany. "Oh, the vile jads! if ye bring them here I'll put the door in their face," was her energetic exclamation, to the scandal of many Jacobites less fastidious of their master's honour or their own.*

Charles Edward closed his chequered life at Rome, 31st January, 1788; and the following letter may be regarded as the latest fragrance of that incense which Lady Strange had kindled at the Court of Holyrood some forty-four years before:—

Lady Strange to Andrew Lumisden in Paris.

"London, March 15. 1789.

"My dear Brother,—Along with this you will see I take up the pen as often as I hear of an opportunity. I have been much disappointed in Lord Traquair's not going to Paris when it was first mentioned. He now stays on account of his children having taken the hooping cough. When he arrives in Paris he'll deliver a packet wrote some weeks ago. He may be here longer; if so I may write you again.

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* See an account of Miss Walkinshaw, alias the Countess of Alberstroff, in No. VI. of the Appendix.

"I do assure you grief has much affected me. None can feel the loss of a beloved friend more than I do that of the first man who drew my attention into actual life. My head and heart has now no more to do with vain wishes. I hope my friend is much happier now than this world could make him. He now views with a smile the littleness of all the pursuits of this world: but I find I must not pursue this subject, for it has so affected me I cannot hold the pen but with difficulty. Why did not the Prior or you write me? Our friends in Scotland depended on my information. When reports formerly prevailed long ago that our hopes were at an end, I contradicted it, and said they might depend on me for truth. But no more of this; all's over!

"In the sheet accompanying this, do not read the pictures are sold; for they are not, by some mistake: so ends that subject too. One of the East India directors, Mr. Roberts, has desired me to beg of you to let him know where or how he can best place a son of his, about sixteen, to learn French and mathematics, &c., for a year, to fit him for India. The father will go to Paris with him if he can. I know the difficulty of placing a boy, but I beg you to do your best to find a place for him. Of this I should have wrote you a month ago, but I really forgot till last night. This will be delivered to you by a friend of Mrs. Burney's, who I believe knows you, at least she said so to Bruce. I received fifteen guineas from General Murray this day for his share of the books, twenty volumes,—I wonder no body else has sent the seven for General Melvill; I sent, but have not seen him since. As soon as I can collect a sum I will send it.

"I am to get a visit of the Duke of Boulogne, who is lodged in this street. All here is as well, and salute you with love and duty. I am ever and ever,

"My dear brother,
"Your aff. sister,
"ISABELLA STRANGE.

"I have wrote to good Mr. Gordon in the packet which Lord Traquair will deliver; pray seal my letter with *black* to the Prior."

To the pen of Mrs. Durham of Largo, mother of Mrs. James Strange, we owe this pleasing sketch of Sir Robert in his waning years: "I was very happy with Sir Robert Strange. I never saw so pleasant an equal-tempered agreeable man in my life, and so modest. His wife and he are the very oposite; for she is all fancy, fire and flash, yet very steady to the main chance; but he admires her, and is so well amused with her fancys that, when silent, he starts a subject to make her shine. His works are amazing, and he has made the engraving a source of wealth to the nation, as they now export prints to all parts of the world, to the value of 100,000*l.* He intended to destroy his plates that non might print off inferior copys. Romney the painter, who is his great admirer, bid me ask him not to do it, for they were still worth 10,000*l.*, and that, as he had said he was to do so, he would need a reason to give to the publick. So I wrote him a letter at Romney's instance, and made my request on account of the very unsuccessful attempt his son had made in establishing a settlement [at Nootka Sound] on the coast of America, having been obliged to give up his plan by the India Company. Sir Robert read my letter, and assured me that my daughter's conduct had been such as to entitle her to every favour he could in his conscience comply with; and to be assured he would do nothing rashly that any one thought might be of hurt to his son. He then had an illness: he thought himself dying, and had ordered his body to be carried to Orkney, where it seems he was born. * * * His present plate is the Annunciation, and is superior to any of them he has done."

The shadows of evening, now falling fast around him, brought Strange no relaxation from self-imposed toil. Indeed, the plate thus mentioned, which he undertook as companion to the Apotheosis, is one of the largest, and in his own estimation among the most important which employed his hand. And during the last five years of his life, six engravings were published by him, in such close succession, that Le Blanc, whose generally accurate classification is on the whole a very safe guide, has placed five of them in 1787. That date is certainly borne by the two which we shall first mention. Yet it would rather seem that one of these was not published until 1790-1. The Guido and Murillo, at all events, were issued only in January, 1791, and the Vandyck, pendant of the latter, may have appeared about the same time. His own portrait, though placed by Le Blanc in 1780, was beyond question the last of his efforts. We shall now refer continuously to these several publications, in order that the sad story of his rapidly declining health, as told in Lady Strange's correspondence, may afterwards suffer no interruption.

Among the merchants of Italy who, in the brightest age of their country's arts, were not more distinguished for the acquisition of great wealth than for dispensing it in liberal and intelligent patronage, was Bindo Altoviti of Florence. Friend and associate of the greatest artists, his singular beauty of person was peculiarly acceptable in their studios; and he sate to Raffaele in oils, to Bonarruoti and Cellini in bronze. Vasari speaks of the former portrait as *stupendissimo;* Bottari declares that it equalled Titian's most daring and life-like productions; Quatremère de Quincy considers it as that, of all its author's portraiture, which most exalts him as a colourist. But, by the accident of Vasari's not unfrequent looseness of phraseology, Bottari fell into the error of supposing the likeness to be that of Raffaele himself; and, although it remained in the Altoviti Palace, so current became the error, that Bindo's name has been restored to it only by recent investigation, yet not until his family, supposing it no ancestor of theirs, sold it for about 1500*l.* to Louis I. of Bavaria for the Munich Gallery in 1811.* This picture was the last but one which Strange copied in Italy, and in his selection of it he has been followed by Raffaelle Morghen; thus enabling the admirers of these, the greatest masters of the burin in their respective ages, to contrast their several merits. The Italian has unquestionably the advantage in design; but, as in many of his portraits, the likeness has been little observed, and in this case is refined away.

Companion to this vigorous portrait in size, but altogether contrasting with it in style, is the laurel-crowned and star-bespangled head after Carlo Dolce; which, whether intended as an allegorical embodiment of Poetry, or as an ideal figure of Sappho, has the gaudiness of the master with even less than his usual expression. The original remains in the Corsini Palace at Florence, to charm young ladies from England before their taste has been cultivated in Italy; but I must own to so careless an inspection, that I am unable to say whether a fault in the left eye be attributable to the painter or the engraver. And thus we arrive at the latest of Strange's more important performances. In his time devotional art was of small account, and subject to no elevated standard. He had, therefore, in the choice or description of his themes, little inducement to give prominence to religious expression over technical excellence. The Annunciation was, however, an exception; and, although his criticisms will *now* be questioned by amateurs of pure Christian painting, he describes the "countenance of the principal figure as truly angelic. * * * Innocence and female sweetness characterise the Madonna; she is veiled with unaffected simplicity, her attitude devout, and properly suited to the occasion. Groups of angels are seen in the air; those towards the left are truly interesting." This subject is in truth more happily treated in the simple but deeply felt pictures of the fifteenth century, than with the dramatic efforts and ample accessories of the eclectic masters; and we may regret that the serious feelings which our veteran artist brought to his labours had not been more suitably bestowed. But, whatever may have been his judgment in the selection, his work is singularly clear and brilliant.

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* See for particulars of this now settled discussion, Longhena's Italian edition of De Quincy's Life of Raffaele, 1829.

Although, in respect of subject, Vandyck's Sleeping Saviour may be reckoned among the less interesting prints of Strange's series, it is considered by many connoisseurs, in point of execution, the very perfection of art. This fact, irrespective of its immediate predecessor's sustained merit, entitles us to maintain that neither age, infirmity, nor mental fatigue impaired the clear eye, firm hand, and delicate touch of the master. And accordingly, should its companion, the Murillo, seem flat in treatment after the more brilliant flesh-tones of former plates, or should a pervading gray impart to it an air of weakness, the cause must be traced to the qualities of the painting rather than to the waning powers of the engraver. To render with perfect success the Spaniard's last and *vaporeux* manner, required other aids and appliances than those to which Sir Robert consciencιously restricted himself; and it is not surprising that this his tardy and only attempt in that direction should have proved feeble. The original picture, one of the few cabinet examples of Murillo's favourite style, now ornaments the Hunterian Collection at Glasgow. Strange has misnamed it St. John in the Desert; but had previously and correctly, in the printed Catalogue of his own pictures, called it Our Saviour in the character of a Shepherd. The Good Shepherd tending his Flock was one of the earliest and most winning themes of Christian art; but here that sterner sentiment of the Spanish school, which revelled in martyrology rather than in passages of cheering import, has placed the boy-pastor in a storm-girt rocky nook, abstracted in spirit from the sheep that nestle round him, and, in prophetic reverie, sadly contemplating his passion, of which the twisted thorn-spray in his hands is a type. The execution, though, as appears to me, feeble, is, in Strange's opinion, sufficient to secure the Spaniard a place amongt the greatest painters. To us it has a farther interest. "This was the last work to which I put my hand as an artist. I confess it in some measure inspired me; and I leave it, with its companion, among the most successful examples here given, of treating in a proper manner what regards the human form."

Regarding the prices of these five engravings, our information is deficient. The Raffaele and Sappho were sold apparently at 12*s.* each; the other three respectively at 21*s.*, 15*s.*, and 15*s.*

The series of Sir Robert Strange's plates now numbered forty-nine; to complete his original plan, a portrait of himself was still wanted for his collected works. Being disappointed of one by an eminent countryman (probably Seaton), its place was indifferently supplied at the eleventh hour, by his executing, during the last months of his life, and whilst oppressed by mortal disease, a portrait likeness from Greuse's medallion in crayons of the same size. Irksome, in these circumstances, must such toil have been; but, true to his inveterate habit of doing with his might whatever he undertook, he gave its result in the double shape of an etching and a finished print. The latter, unsurpassed in delicacy and exquisite finish by any former effort of his burin, used to bring 2*l.* or 3*l.* some time after his death; and an electrotyped plate from it has supplied a frontispiece to our first volume.

CHAP. XVIII.

SIR ROBERT'S CONFIRMED BAD HEALTH.—HE GOES TO BRISTOL AND MARGATE.—THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—HIS DEATH AND PERSONAL CHARACTER.

THE chest-weakness which Sir Robert had confided to his second son four years earlier was gradually followed by other unpleasant symptoms; and his wife with difficulty persuaded him this autumn to suspend close application, and resort to the hot springs of Bristol for alleviation of rheumatic pains. "The present," she writes him, "is the only holydays you have had for the last half-century. Fifty years of your life has been fully employed, so that you are well entitled to a little recreation,—so take it with God's blessing." On the anniversary of her birth she says, "A birth-day never was a day of rejoicing with me. I consider it as a day of remembrance of past time, if not really lost time, with me seldom profitably spent." A letter from an old family friend, Principal Alexander Gordon, of the Scotch College at Paris, towards the close of the year says, "I am glad to find Sir Robert is returned from Bristol in better health. I wish he would take care of himself, and that he would be persuaded that he cannot now apply as he did when he was betwixt thirty and forty. My kindest compliments to him, and best wishes for his perfect recovery. I expect him early in the spring, when I hope the weather will be mild and gentle, as the winter has set in so soon. Just now we have foot-deep snow in the streets of Paris, after a hard frost of two weeks. No man alive in Paris remembers such an early or so severe a winter." Accordingly he went thither in April, 1789, to work on his Murillo plate, remaining until the end of September. But his complaints were now decidedly advancing; notwithstanding regular hours, and prescribed exercise on horseback, his cough and breathlessness increased, accompanied by sweatings, and on his return he again repaired to Bristol, "where at least occupation will be impossible for him." The indulgence was, however, brief; for in May he again proceeded to Paris alone, notwithstanding his wife's proposal to accompany him to the south of France or Paris before winter; but his hand had work still to do, and he felt that the time would be short. This was his third summer on the Annunciation, regarding which Lady Strange now wrote him, "I long to see your Murillio, for Guido you know is not my favorite. Perhaps I took a hatred to him, as I foresaw it would be a tedious labour, and [one] which at our age ought to have been avoided." Yet he now entertained a plan of republishing the head of Prince Charles, his earliest print, put forth anonymously in the evil days, and of accompanying it with one of Cardinal York as his farewell production, — an idea which would have supplied a curious comment on Lord Buchan's sneering anecdote, alluded to at p. 202.

Meanwhile another subject shared his attention. During his two last visits to Paris in 1789 and 1790, he witnessed the seething of that vast political movement which, after convulsing France, has modified the opinions, and will continue to influence the welfare of the civilised world. It appears that his letters then embraced many graphic details of the Revolution in its early progress, but they have disappeared. In September, 1789, Principal Gordon writes to Mr. Lumisden, "Sir Robert, who takes charge of this letter, will give you the news of this place accurately enough except upon one point. He is persuaded the Court had formed a violent plan against the city of Paris, and I am as much persuaded from every circumstance that it meant merely to intimidate." The interesting correspondence, from which I extract this sentence, is that of a shrewd spectator biassed in favour of the old *régime*. It was continued by the Principal until his flight in, 1791, from scenes of horror, to which the interests of his college bound him, so long as there was hope for these or safety to himself. The following letter is all, however, that our space enables us to allow for a matter not within the scope of these volumes.

Principal Alexander Gordon to Andrew Lumisden.

"Stanway, 6 Dec. 1792.

"My dear Sir,—I forgot to enclose the letter from Mallet Dupan in mine to you of yesterday. I do not wish it to be printed, as I have not his formal leave to make any publick use of it; you will take care that it be not lost. I think I told you in my last that, whatever determination you might come to as to publishing the original, or only a translation of my paper, I had no inclination to be named as the author: not that I am afraid or ashamed to avow the sentiments it contains, but merely because I am averse to have myself made the subject of public conversation, which my being named as the author must more or less occasion.

"I have read Mr. Fox's address to the Whig Club, and I confess that it seems to me, from the vague and ambiguous expressions scattered here and there, as very dangerous. To meliorate the condition of the people is a very plausible pretention, but unless real and particular grievances are pointed out, and a remedy offered practical in itself, and free of danger, to talk of bettering the circumstances of the people is sowing the seeds of rebellion in the present juncture. The same remark is applicable to what he says on reforming abuses. Untill the abuses are named, and means of possible and safe redress held forth, it is at best all idle, and may as things stand at present be considered as seditious, to talk of reforms.

"He speaks of bleeding like Hampden in the field, or like Sydney on the scaffold, without considering that Hampden's blood was thrown away, as well as that of all those who lost their blood in the same cause; as all the blood spilt on that occasion served only to pave the way to the tyrannical sway of an usurper, who ridiculed equally the chimerical ideas of presbyterian government, and the reasonable system of the moderate royalists. As to Sydney's blood, it was equally spilt in vain, as Sydney and his associates, by their wild attempts of unconstitutional reform, only increased the power and influence of the then reigning monarch, and had Charles II. lived as long as he might have done by the course of nature, and been inclined to avail himself of the favorable circumstances that ill-judged attempt of the conspirators of those days put into his hands, he might have established as despotick a form of government as Lewis XIV. The mentioning Hampden and Sydney, when the case of these men is fairly considered, ought to deter from and not encourage persons to an imitation. But there is something fascinating in the sound of Sydney and Hampden's names that runs away with the sense and judgment of English readers, and this Mr. Fox well knows.

"No man in his wits at present would talk of reform unless that man were at the same time prompted by mad ambition. Mad I call it, because the very persons who here in England should become the leaders in the first instance of the reforming band, would, in the end, be massacred like a Rochefoucaut, or obliged to fly like a Fayette. It is not sufficiently attended to that the spirit of reform which is now gone forth is not destructive of what at all times and in all climes has been considered as abuse; but of every principle which, at all times and in all climes has been regarded as the very basis of government of every denomination. The present system is founded on the imaginary idea that the mass of a people may be led by reason, and by reason alone; because, say the sticklers for this airy system, the reason of a people at large may be brought to that perfection that it will be only necessary to promulgate laws founded on justice and reason, in order to secure obedience to these laws. Hence the people at large, and without exception, is declared the only lawful sovereign; hence the idea of all authority, in contradiction to the many-headed sovereign, is scouted as nonsense; hence perfect equality in the state is deemed an essential requisite. To explain and refute such a system is exactly one and the same thing. The bulk of mankind, at no time and in no place, never was, is, or will be led by reason, because at no time and no place can the bulk of a people be made reasonable, it being necessary, in the present constitution of human nature, that the bulk of a people remain in a state of very imperfect knowledge, and under the guidance of passion more than reason. Therefore, wherever the imaginary system of the perfectability of reason in the human species to the degree above mentioned, and the consequent system of perfect equality, prevail, the political dogmas of ignorance will be considered as the dictates of wisdom, and the sentences pronounced by passion as the oracles of justice. Does not what happens in France every day bear testimony to this truth? Was there ever a nation in the universe that in the space of a century has given as many proofs of real folly and wanton cruelty as the French have afforded in the course of three years? And all this owing to their having invested ignorance with the legislative, and passion with the executive power!

"I have tired you out, and myself too, and shall conclude with respectful compliments to Lady Strange and your niece.

"I ever am, dear sir, yours unalterably,
"ALEX. GORDON."

We are now enabled, from a series of letters by Lady Strange to her husband, to trace the progress of his malady. Nothing can exceed the devoted and unvarying affection which pervades them, even in their most querulous humours, frequent separations from him being her only complaint. For example: —

Lady Strange to Sir Robert.

"London, Nov. 12. 1790.

"My dearest Love, — The dismale account you give me in your last of the 3d cur. distresses me not a little, as I can be of no use to you at this distance, and was I with you in Paris I could do nothing for you but lament my unability. I offer'd to go with you to any part of the south, and nurse you in my bosom. 'Tis long since I beg'd you to give over working, and indeed the result of your labours are noways flattering. To sell your prints for paper will not make you ritch. I once more beg you only to look forward: a time will come in this place when such prints as yours will be justly respected. Of this I had lately a long conversation with Capt. Baillie, who tells me the trash is now dispised: so does Mr. Sharp tell me; he feels it so. Now my last advice is just what I have said over and over: 'Come, my dear, play the gentleman: take your staff in your hand, go about, visit, see your friends, and they will remember

you and your works.' You may labour in a corner for ever, and nobody will enquire after you. Your sons are known to be in a way that does you credit, and it will redown to your own reputation. Nobody cares for obscure folks: a little frugal dash is even a duty. When your printing is ended, try what you call your luck in the selling way, but be not disapointed, nor undervalue your works. A guinea for your large Guido is enough in Paris, and I would by no means leave there a cargo, as you have formerly done: when they are asked for they will be worth carriage, which is now become safe and easy. As to the two hounder of the Apotheosis you have in Paris, my advice is to bring them with you: I would sooner burn them here than undersell them. The duty and carriage will not cost you 10*l.*, and to sell them at a low price will disgrace your whole works. In short, bring all with you that you can; leave the rest to Providence: time will come when the sun will shine on you. We are in no want. Reputation and dignity is my chief wish. As soon as you are able, be packing from day to day, that your last hour may be the less fatigue to you. Leave not a wreck behind; neither money, paper, nor debt. Cheer up your heart, the best of your days are coming. We shall lead an easie, quiet, comfortable life, while it pleases God to prolong our days. Come and tast of ease once in your life! 'Tis long since this was my doctrine: experience now convinces me I was right; for once take my advice before it is too late. I preach what I practice. I keep the house and am well. I'm not idle nor lazie, but withall I enjoy my darling *ease*, which is the first blessing, and brings us the nearest to our first state of innocence in Paradise: there, was no labour. * * *
My first, last, and great request is to take care of your-

self. All here offer their love and duty to you. I ever am what I have ever been, your affecte. wife,

"ISABELLA STRANGE."

Lady Strange to Sir Robert.

"London, Dec. 4. 1790.

"My dearest *Love,*

* * * * * *

"The Count de la Tour got a French newspaper this week in which was your advertizement, desiring the publick to call for your prints at your own Hotel down to the 23d of Dec. As that is the case, pray what time do you think is necessary for looking about, and packing up fragments, and resting yourself after such fatigue? You are low spirited and should indulge in rest for some time. I have not for a long time flatter'd myself with the pleasure of seeing you this year. I only wish to see you chearful; weakness may be help'd with care, if attended by chearfulness, the best of medecin. * * * * Chear up your heart; eat and drink in spite of inclination. If I had given way to low spirits and wayward fancys of any kind, I had not been scrawling this day. Your situation in life has brought with it many reasons for thankfulness to God. Many of your fatigues the world say were your pleasures; even pleasures are fatiguing. In futter throw everything aside that can harrass your body or mind. The reading of our sons' letters will chear you: these are comforts. Many in our station may be richer, but none can be more happy or content than I am: we know not what bitting want has ever been. It fears me to hear you say you loath everything: I hope you will ever except me; was that ever to be the case, I should not long for a meeting. When you had a sore *nose*, you know I wrote to you not to come to me without a *nose.* I love my man to be perfect, as I ever trust in God we will be perfectly happy. I can think of nothing else to say but to recommend you to the care of Heaven, and repeat that I am,

"Your affte. wife,
"ISABELLA STRANGE."

Sir Robert's stated task was completed by the publication of these prints. His engravings amounted to forty-nine, and it only remained to collect the reserved proofs of them into volumes, and to prefix his own portrait with proper introductory matter. This supplementary work being fortunately such as he could well overtake at home, he, in January, 1791, quitted for the last time that brilliant capital in which his hand was disciplined, and where his professional career had been chiefly spent, thus severing one cogent tie to the world he was ere long to leave.*

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* We may here mention two unfinished plates by Strange, proofs of which are of great rarity. I. The Persian Sybil after Guercino; a half-length standing figure who writes with her left hand. This mistake arose from the oversight of not reversing the figure upon the copper, and was no doubt the reason for stopping the plate, which is, however, also considerably deformed by *Macret.* II. St. John the Baptist; a naked boy sleeps beneath the trunk of a tree, his head supported on his right hand, with the lamb, reed and *ecce agnus Dei!* in the foreground. The landscape, in sloping plains, has a Poussinesque character, sea closing the distance. I know not why this print was not completed: two etching proofs I have seen of it being on the same sheet with the Children swinging (see vol. I. p. 238). It was probably an early work. In the printed Catalogue

As spring advanced, the struggle with his growing ailments continued, and in March he sought benefit from a short change of air at Margate. To rouse, interest, and amuse a husband suffering from the exhaustion of mental fatigue as well as bodily disease were the constant aims of Lady Strange; and the arrival from India of her son James' only child, a clever and attractive girl six years old, gave new life to the house. But in May Sir Robert was again obliged to repair to Margate, where he received this letter:—

Lady Strange to Sir Robert.

"London, May 26. 1791.

"My dear Love,—I do not know whither I will have time to write you this sheet to a reasonable length, as love letters are generally pretty long, but however little love I can at my age express, well can I tell a truth, which is, in the first place, the happiness I have in knowing by your favour from Margate of May 25. your having got safe there, and that you had only to complain of your own folly in shaving your head, which has given you a fresh cold. A hoarsness is most disagreeable, but not so ill as a cough or other consequences of cold. Take care of yourself, and I hope you will be singing and dancing again. I am glad you are in a privet house; I hope you'll be took care of. I am always happy to see you, but a transent meeting is always a sore parting to me. I have been tantaliz'd all

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of his pictures, 1769, Mr. Strange, in describing a St. Catherine by Guido, mentions that a print from it was then nearly finished; but I have never met with this.

my life with happiness, and interup'd with visiters all this morning, — not an hour to myself: however, I have spirit for every thing but neglect or a frown. We are all perfectly well, and chearful as our dear Baba can make us and every body that sees her. She bids me send you a kiss, but I must give it when we meet. * * * I am far from being sorry you have no copper with you; your pen is enough. As I had a visit from Mr. Pringle, [M.P.], I took a cover from him half an hour agoe. Sir D. Carnegie has been here; so has Mr. Innes, Dr. Smyth, Mr. Seton, some idle ladys, all to the destruction of my time: they all bid me assure you of their good wishes. You have the love and duty of the family, and of none more assuredly than that of, my dearest *love*, "Your affecte. wife,

"ISABELLA STRANGE."

Thomas Andrew Strange had been appointed Chief Justice at Halifax, in July, 1789, and sailed the following April. Soon after his arrival, a gentleman wrote from thence, "he is much esteemed, being of a most conciliatory disposition, but withal, of a dignity that gives respect; he is pleasant to all, but not familiar." Returning home on leave in the autumn of this year, he received cordial addresses from the bar, the grand jury, and other bodies. The following letter alludes to him: —

Lady Strange to Sir Robert.

"London, June 6. 1791.

"My dear Love,

" * * * I received a packet from Halifax dated March 9th. There was not a scrap to any of the family accept to the dear little Isabella. Her uncle has made strong love to her, and says a dozen years hence he will solicit the Pope for a dispensation; till then he will live on her smiles! 'Tis impossible to tell how happy this letter has made the fair one. Thank God the Chief Justice is perfectly well. He's delighted with the climat. * * * I'm sure we now have glorious weather: take pennyworths of it; strength will come in time. Remember to be always patient. Nothing worth telling shall be long keep'd from you: eat, drink, and be merry. I hope you sleep well; if so all will be well. I have no complaints. Mind the blessing you enjoy, — no pain, which is feelingly expressed in the inclosed from Mr. McGowan. If any suffers, I'm an innocent sufferer, always left alone, so that our meetings are often sour'd and jarring. 'Tis your part to consider my wants. *Marrie* for love and live constantly asunder! that thought comes too often across, but I discharge all love letters on the subject; 'tis a tender point, and will not be healed on paper; it must be personal when we meet. God send us a happy meeting, which will be the case if you are stout and strong. We are again in want of an upper maid: the one we had said the place did not suite her, so in three weeks she trotted off; in four days after she came she gave warning. Curse them all! Mr. Lumisden will go away the begining of next week; Mr. McGowan longs much for him. Every body sends compliments to you; here we send love and duty.

"I ever and ever am, your affte. wife,

"ISABELLA STRANGE."

Mr. McGowan's inclosure here referred to gives us some light as to professional matters, which Lady Strange studiously discarded from this correspondence, intended as it was to divert the invalid from labour and anxieties of every sort. "I have sent likeways to your rib, a bill for 27*l.* 10*s.*, of which you have a share, that is 3*l.* 3*s.*, for the tenth set of your last prints, which, added to the former remittance, makes 31*l.* 10*s.* on that article. I believe I could dispose of three or four sets more, but that is all; for taste here I think is on the decline. Sir Wm. Forbes, Sir Js. Colquhoun, &c. &c., have almost given up collecting. Although Raphael and Sappho were among the cheapest you ever published, yet they have gone off very heavily. I will be glad to hear how the last have succeeded at London? You are much in the right about the concise account you intend giving of the pictures you have published. The publication of that large volume will cut your academicians to the quick if they have any feeling, and will be the severest of all satyres upon the present state of the arts in England. I long to see your portrait; I think it of consequence it should be prefixed; from which picture or drawing is it to be done? I have got copies of both exhibitions, but I don't find above four names I know in the whole. A finished sketch by West I observed — the only artist I found of my acquaintance, except Sandby. My heart bleeds for worthy friend Hayes; would his bones were at rest! he has borne all with a manly firmness. To hear that you suffer nothing from pain gives no small satisfaction, as I have of late found by experience a freedom from it was an enviable pleasure,—nay a delight, for with it sleep returned, the highest of all blessings. In my last I requested your advice about binding up your works; please to tell me how you intend to put them up, and in what order: it hurts me to think of folding them, but I doubt if it can be avoided: be so good as say what you think best." The connoisseurship towards which this writer's taste or ambition lay is said to have been once amusingly tested by some mischievous friends, who, having cut the head out of a portrait-canvas, prevailed upon the late Sir Alexander Keith of Dunnottar to apply his face to the aperture, before bringing McGowan to sit in judgment on the picture. Among other criticisms, the dilettante objected that the nose was out of drawing, and, while pointing his finger to the alleged fault in that organ, was horrified to find it snapped between a set of sharp teeth.

Ever desirous, but especially now, to savour serious business with ideas of a lighter tendency, Lady Strange wrote thus to her husband, while preparing the "concise account" above referred to: "Mr. Boswell told me he had in a week or two sold 800 copies of the life of Johnson, at 2*l.* 2*s.* Well done, if true! Nothing like writing a book, if it is published in time." A few days before she had said: "I have finished Johnson, and think my time has been well bestowed; I have sent for a copy to give to my Chief Justice by the first ship. There is many useful good advices in it for the common occurrences of life. Had Boswell been attentive to them, he would not have bestow'd so much prasious time in collecting. What has mispent his time may be profitable to others; he has bought his gold too dear; but he, like you, never followed good advice!" Characteristic as many such extracts would be, our readers' patience must not be abused; yet we may add one letter probably her last to her husband.

Lady Strange to Sir Robert.

"London, July 17. 1791.

"My dear *Love,*—I really could not get a moment before dinner yesterday to thank you for your favours of the 15 curt. now before me, but I hope this will find you at Margate, which I shall regret your leaving in this flattering weather, the more so as you do not think yourself so well as I wish you to be. I realy think you should take a week or two more: you have nothing to call you away, for health is your principal object.

"As it is likely our meeting is not far off, I need say the less on any subject. I can write on nothing I'm cleverer in than my own praise. I have attended to your interest and honour these forty-four years, and I appail to Heaven if I have not done my duty without murmuring. Your love, respect, and esteem was all I ever wished in return. In many things we have differ'd widely in our oppinions; I might be wrong, but, like a loving friend, with more wisdom and better temper, you should have put me right. Yet I for most part put up with what pearst me to the heart, for unluckily I have an excelent memory, and it presents all pass'd things like a reflecting glass that loses not a tint. I have been exercizing all my wisdom to bear whatever in futter happens, being resolv'd to imitate the seven wise women of Reading, and be dumb. 'A soft word turns away wrath, and grievious words stir up strife.' I hope to go as quietly out of the world as I came into it; the first sound of my voice was crying, and the last will be the same, but no words shall be uttered. I believe 'I'll be by strangers honour'd and by strangers mourn'd, so the last day will be as happy as the first.' I have retir'd pretty much from the world for these last three years, and I find I can keep a resolution. The first seven years I liv'd here my life was uncommonly retir'd for my age; even that sometimes you did not respect as I might have expected, but then I laid a foundation for the respect of the world, which has done me justice. I have only to think what is right, and well do I know I have resolution to go through any plan I lay down.

"You say, my dear, we are never more to part, so that I look on this as the last letter I will ever write you, and as such you may think it a serious one. My spirits are not very good at present, but that nobody will find out who sees me for an hour or two, which is a proof how good my natural spirits have been. I never had a gossop to run to on triffling occasions, nor have I ever fal'n out with a friend. Thank God! my children are all good, and I hope my preseps and example will not be forgot by them: Your and their happiness has been the sole study of my life. They are now all able to think for themselves. Long may your life and health be preserv'd! it is the most sincere prayer I have, and I'm sure all your children join in my prayers, who ever am,

"My dearest *love*,
"Your affectionate wife,
"ISABELLA STRANGE."

The valetudinarian habits of Sir Robert, now a confirmed invalid, are thus anxiously reported to the Chief Justice by his mother in August: "I think the most material thing I have to tell you is, that your dear father in my oppinion is much better since he return'd from Margate, where he reaped no manner of benefit whatever. Since he has been at home his cough is very moderate, and the swellings of his ancles almost gone. His breathing in course is much better. He goes seldom abroad. His great complaint is weakness; a general feebleness attended with low spirits. I really cannot chear him up; he takes no pleasure in any thing whatever. His appetite is not good, and pevish it is. He says nothing he takes does him good, yet he takes sufficient nurishment considering he never goes abroad. In the morning he takes a large bason of new milk for breakfast, with very little tosted bread. At one o'clock he eats a new egg with very little bread, and drinks a glass of wine, sometimes sherry, sometimes Maderia, and sometimes port, as he likes. The egg is sometimes changed for a few oysters. At dinner he takes plenty of soup or broath of some sort, good of its kind. He eats very little flesh of any sort, drinks a glass or two of wine, and no more till next day. His mixture he continues to take, the receipt of which you have. His limbs I rubb for a considerable time when he goes to bed about nine or ten o'clock, and I wrap them up well in flannel; this I think has been like a charm. You may tell it to good Mr. Mordon with my best wishes. Your father sleeps wounderfully well, but says it does not refresh him; that is what I cannot dispute; yet when he is asleep he is perfectly quiet. The cough rouses him a little when he awakes, but in a moment he is asleep again. As I'm naturally a bad sleeper myself, I'm an excellent watch: we burn a rush-light, which amuses him when he weaks. He drinks ale, sometimes porter. He does not like tea, and seldom takes any. He hates mutton; anything eles is much alike to him, as he says he likes nothing; yet on the whole he looks well, and [is] surely better than he was, — that he confesses. In the forenoon he works among his prints, — his fine impressions which he is arranging for binding. I really think, was that all over to his wish, and the pen once more in his hand to write out the 'Account' he is to give of his works, he would cheer up better. If he had [such] a sale as he could wish for credet's sake, putting gain out of the question, I think that would be a cordial. He means to give a touch to the taste of the times, which he justly thinks bad. If his spirits could get up, all would be well; that I yet hope for. I have dwelt long on this subject, being nearest my heart. * * *"

During the long interval preceding Lady Strange's next letter which has been preserved, Sir Robert's health was gradually breaking up under the pressure of water in the chest. On the 18th April, 1792, she reports, "Your dear father is very low spirited; it breaks my heart to see him. That dejection he has, and seems to cherish, is the greatest ailment I see about him. There is but little swelling in the limbs, and very little cough." A few weeks later she draws this sad picture: —

Lady Strange to Mrs. Durham of Largo.

"London, 4. June, 1792.

"O Madam, — I cannot give you any good accounts of my dear Sir Robert. The weather hitherto has made no good change on him; I rather think he grows weaker. He takes enough of nourishment, but no solid food; he loathes every thing of that kind: he is quite skin and bone, and his spirits are very bad indeed, yet I have not lost all hope, altho' the doctors have very little. I really am fit for nothing; notwithstanding, I keep my health wonderfully well. God fits the back for the burthen. Our dear little darling is perfectly well, and stout; she is as blythe as a bird in May. My daughter says if we could find any proper friend to trust the *charmer* to, we might send her to Polton; but her grandfather does protest he will send her with none but her *aunt:* I agree with him. You shall hear from me when I can tell you ought that is agreeable. * * *"

A month afterwards the pen passed into Mr. Lumisden's hands: —

Andrew Lumisden to Mrs. Durham of Largo.

"London, 5. July, 1792.

"Dear Madam, — It is with infinite affliction I am obliged to inform you that my dear and beloved brother-in-law, Sir Robert Strange, died this day, about one o'clock. Though his strength was long daily declining, and that there could be little hope entertained of his recovery, yet when the fatal moment comes, you may well imagine the shock it gives to us all. My dear sister is now unable to write you, and it is with difficulty I can scribble these few lines. I shall therefore only add that your delightful grand-daughter is in perfect health, and my sister and niece join me in offering our kindest compliments, and best wishes to you, to Mr. Durham, and to all your family. With constant attachment, and every sentiment that regard, esteem and friendship can inspire, I ever am, dear madam,

"Yr. most obt. and most humble sert.

"ANDREW LUMISDEN."

In the London Oracle of July 7th there appeared this notice of Strange's death: "After having been in a declining state of health, about one on Thursday, 5th July, 1792, died, at his house in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, Sir Robert Strange, Knight. His nice feelings of honour, probity, and benevolence are deeply imprinted on the minds of all who had the happiness to know him; whilst his elegant and masterly engravings will be a lasting monument to transmit his name to posterity." The last of Lady Strange's letters which we shall have to offer our readers gives particulars of her bereavement:—

Lady Strange to Chief Justice Strange.

"London, 31. July, 1792.

"My dearest Andrew,—My last to you was dated the 4th of Jully, by the packet. I then with justice to my feelings subscrib'd myself your afflicted and affectionate mother: the day following made me so compleatly. Oh what I and my dear children have lost! The best [of] husbands, fathers and MEN. My most belov'd was ill when I wrote to you, but no more so than he had been so for long. His weakness was increasing gradually, yet I hop'd good weather would make a change for the better. In the morning of the 5th, he got out of bed with the same ease as usual, went into his own room, and drunk his milk and honey. He came down to the parlor. Bell sent to Dr. Smyth; I had wrote to him the night before. He came, and saw him sitting in the parlour, very fatigued and low. He ordered him some whey and drops, and said he had best go to bed. I mention'd the parlour bed, but, dear soul, he said he would go to his own, and bid me see if it was ready for him. I did so, and he follow'd. The Dr. bid him take his help and the servant's, but he refus'd, saying he could go alone. He did so. When he came to the room, he was quite spent. I took off his stockings, and he stood up to get them took off. I try'd to help, but he sat down again and look'd in my face, but could not speak. It took all the strength of all present to get him in life laid down in his cloaths. He gave but one groan — Oh I see and hear it yet! It was fortunate for me that the Dr. was by, who say'd he saw it coming. I did not see it: for many days I thought he was but asleep. Two days after he was put in a lead coffin, but I would not let it be cloas'd for eight days. Often, often did I visit his dear cold face, kiss'd it and kneel'd by him in that posture. The first advice was brought us by post of your safe arrival at Halifax. I took the letters from my dear Bell, and laid them on the breast of your dearest father, who could not feel the pain I did. There I pray'd to the God of heaven who made you to guide you, and direct you in every thing. My prayers have I hope been heard, for your last letters to your affectionate sister gave me much comfort. * * * God Almighty bless and guide you in the right way. I am not able to write you all that I wish you to know: you are satisfied of the love I have for you. I'm not well, nor is it any wonder. To tell you what has pass'd in my mind of late would take up a day to read. My next will be more at ease, for time is a cure for every thing. I will never again subscribe myself afflicted — that's too plain — but that I am,

"My dearest Andrew,
"Your affectionate mother,
"ISABELLA STRANGE."

The following extracts of letters from Principal Gordon of the Scots' College to Mr. Lumisden, show the sentiments entertained for his brother-in-law by those who enjoyed his friendship: "The late melancholy event in your family has greatly affected my spirits. Long shall I lament the loss of so sincere a friend and a person of so much worth in every sense of the word. How much do I pity Lady Strange! She has great fortitude of mind I know; but this is a severe stroke. May the Almighty be her support! I dare not at present write to her; but assure her that I tenderly and sincerely sympathise with her, and that I largely share with her in her sorrow. You yourself, my dear friend, who have others to comfort, will stand much in need of a comforter. One great consolation to the family, and the friends of the family, is the fair name the deceast has left behind him as a first-rate artist, and a man of the highest honour and strictest integrity. Pray drop me a line or two as soon as you can conveniently, to let me know how you all are. I shall be in great anxiety until I hear from you. Another thing I must entreat you to do is that, when your feelings will allow you, you will take the trouble to send me a list of Sir Robert's engravings. I mean to have a short eulogy inserted in some of our papers, and thus pay a just tribute to the memory of my much respected and respectable friend. I write you this with the tear in my eye."

That similar tributes were accorded from various quarters can scarcely be doubted; one in the Fingask MS. (an *éloge* probably from the pen of one who was for years an inmate of the Strange family) may suffice as to Sir Robert's personal character: "Of all the men whom the writer of this narrative ever knew, perhaps he may say heard or read of, Sir Robert Strange possessed the mildest and most ingenuous manners, joined to dispositions of mind the most liberal and benign. There was in his temper an endearing gentleness which invited affection, and a warm sincerity immediately perceptible, which infallibly seconded it. To know him and be his enemy was as impossible as to know him and not be his friend. Unassuming even to a fault, and with a diffidence which shunned exactions, his manner of thinking and expressing himself, even upon the most unimportant occasions, unconscious to himself, had irresistable claims to taste, to sentiment, and to genius. These, indeed, the physiognomists would have read distinctly in the features of his countenance; though Lavater, to support a theory, or misled by an imperfect likeness, has thought proper to assert the contrary. The head engraved from Greuse, and prefixed to Sir Robert's posthumous volume, bears a strong, though not a striking resemblance to the original. * * * It may with equal truth be added, that, in the whole of his deportment, there was a degree of grace and modest dignity, to be referred to refinement of mind and the feelings habitual to a gentleman. To all these qualities, for which 'engaging' is an epithet much too tame and inexpressive, Sir Robert added a liberality of sentiment on all subjects, which bespoke a strength and soundness of understanding which would probably have secured him eminent success, even had his peculiar talents been mistaken, and law continued the object of his professional pursuit. * * * With a just sense of political relations, religious principles the most zealous were conjoined; but his religion, though warm, was tolerant, and his devotion, like his other virtues, wholly devoid of ostentation. Having said so much, with strict regard to justice, of the man, to speak of the husband and parent were superfluous. Let the regrets of his family for his loss, their continued love, their ceaseless veneration for his memory, be the comment on his conduct towards them in those endearing relations."

On the testimony of his daughter, I am enabled to say that Sir Robert was buried in a family tomb at the cemetery of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, with a simple tablet bearing his name; but I find no trace of this fact either in the graveyard or the parish register. In his will, dated 1789, he left to his children special legacies amounting to 10,800*l.*; and to his friend Benjamin West, P.R.A., a picture by Annibale Caracci of the death of St. Francis; the residue of his fortune, including produce of his plates, prints, and pictures, was devised equally among his children, a brief notice of whom will be found below at p. 272.

CHAP. XIX.

PUBLICATION OF STRANGE'S COLLECTED WORKS. — HIS VIEWS REGARDING HIS ART. — HIS ELEVATED TASTE.—HIS PROFESSIONAL CHARACTER. — OPINIONS OF VARIOUS CRITICS. — HIS COPPER-PLATES DESTROYED.—HIS DESCENDANTS.—DEATH OF MR. LUMISDEN AND LADY STRANGE. — HER CHARACTER.

A FEW months after its author had been carried to the grave, the publication of Strange's collected engravings was announced in an advertisement which ends thus: "Nor need he fear to be charged with vanity, if, in the close of a life consumed in the study of the arts, he indulged himself with the pleasing idea that he might, by this monument of his works, secure to his name, while engraving shall last, the praise of having contributed to its credit and advancement. This magnificent publication, which does so much honour to the artist, and to the country that gave him birth, is to be had at Lady Strange's, 52. Great Queen Street." The original cost was eighty guineas, and the extreme rarity of sets maintains them at about half that value, even now that facility of production and lowness of price are primary requisites to success in catering for the public. Each print of this edition is numbered consecutively in Roman letters, as a safeguard from imposition.

This publication, which occupied the close of Strange's life, and which death found uncompleted, had long been a cherished project. In November, 1754, Lumisden had written to him: "I cannot but approve of your scheme in reserving so many fine impressions of every plate, in order to transmit your name and labours to posterity. This is a laudable ambition. And, in the execution of this project, if you judge I can be of any use to you, you know how cheerfully I will contribute my poor assistance. To write a treatise on painting in general is a work of great extent and difficulty, nor do I apprehend that it properly enters into your plan. What I think you should do is to write a short historical account of the invention and progress of engraving; to show the advantage of that art in preserving the works of the great painters; to regret it was so late of being discovered, for the want of which almost all the noble works of antiquity have perished; to give the principal events of the lives of the painters whose works you engrave, with remarks on their works in general, and on those you preserve in particular. You may mention the cabinets where these pictures are preserved, but I see no use of a particular description of the pictures, as that is given by the prints themselves much better than can be done by words. This seems to me the proper plan of your work; and if you afterwards find a great disposition to write a treatise on painting in general, you should make it a separate undertaking. My ignorance of these fine arts must make my assistance very insignificant; all the aid you can expect from me is in the historical part, and that I shall willingly assist you in. There are several Italians who have wrote lives of their painters, particularly Vasari, Bellori, and Baglione, but I fancy (for I never read these lives) that the substance of what they wrote is transcribed by De Piles, Filibien, &c., so that little new can be said on the subject. I should be glad to know what books you have in English on these arts, whether originals or translations, that, by comparing them all together, one may give the subject at least a new dress. Baldinucci, a Florentine, has wrote the history of engraving [?] with the lives of the most remarkable engravers. This book may be useful; and, indeed, there are so many books in Italian on painting and engraving as are sufficient to make a liberary of themselves. Thus, my dear Robie, have I given you, with my usual freedom, my thoughts on this matter; but as I am conscious to myself of my own ignorance and inability, I submit the whole to your better judgment."

The idea thus largely sketched out was essentially impracticable; for when the time should arrive for Strange's untiring hand to quit its task, the vigour of intellect necessary for such a project could scarcely be looked for. The requisite labour would, moreover, have been misspent upon a work necessarily limited in circulation to the eighty reserved proofs of his prints. But the plan was never abandoned, and it was eventually matured into a descriptive catalogue of these proofs, containing remarks on the pictures whence they were taken, and preceded by a dedication to the King; with a short introduction, touching slightly upon the history of the collection, and the motives of its author. It occupies in all some fourteen atlas folio pages in large type.

Before sending his MS. to press, Sir Robert, through his friend Mr. McGowan, submitted it, in December, 1791, to the critical revision of Dr. Blair, professor of rhetoric at Edinburgh, whose sermons attained a wide popularity, as models rather perhaps of style than of theology. The professor says in reply: "Although I am perfectly satisfied that Sir Robert says no more of himself in that dedication than he is justly entitled to, yet, to avoid any censure which some might throw on him for an appearance of too much egotism in addressing the King, I am inclined to think it were better if the dedication were brought into a simpler and shorter form, somewhat in the following strain; especially considering that he has occasion, in the introduction to his work, to give a full account of what he has done for the advancement and perfection of his art." The dedication thus proposed to him was adopted by Strange nearly verbatim; and several passages of the introduction, which spoke of the author's pretensions, were curtailed by other friendly critics. Among them was one which may with propriety be preserved from the original draft, as containing some of Strange's ideas regarding certain technical matters of his art.

"It may not be improper to mention a circumstance relative to the execution of the Apotheosis, viz., that upwards of one-half of the work is engraved with an instrument which is peculiar to the author, or the use of which he possesses in a degree superior to any of his cotemporaries. To his late ingenious friend Le Bas, who was the inventor of this happy instrument, he owes his first knowledge of it; but he is indebted to his own exertions for the degree of perfection to which he has brought the use of it, of which he would give this print as an instance; for the most considerable proportion of the drapery of the young princes, in part that of the angels, and the whole of the aërial part of the composition, was begun and finished with it. Infinite are the advantages which may be reaped from this instrument in the execution of large historical compositions, of which he flatters himself the print he has mentioned affords undeniable proof. Before dismissing this subject he cannot help lamenting an innovation which of late years has crept into the art of engraving, and has in no small degree retarded its progress. Scarce had this art been introduced upon a respectable footing into this country, and had begun to be cultivated with success by its natives, when a species of invention took place which will be best known by the name of stippling or dotting, and has insensibly made so rapid a progress in the course of a few years, that it has deluged this metropolis, and the country at large, with a superfluity of inferior productions. Far be it from me to depreciate this talent, when it is confined to the hands of ingenious artists; but what is much to be regretted is that, from the nature of the operation, and the extreme facility with which it is executed, it has got into the hands of every boy, of every printseller in town, of every manufacturer of prints, however ignorant and unskillful. I call them manufacturers, because the general run of such productions do not in reality merit the appellation of works of art, and must ultimately tend to depreciate the fine arts in general, to glut the public, and to vitiate the growing taste of the nation. This art, if so it may be called, is in itself extremely limited, admits of little variety, and is susceptible of no improvement; and, though at best but a species of mezzotinto, it is far inferior to the works of White, Smith, and other ingenious artists in that way."

We have thought it desirable thus to preserve the amplest record which has reached us of Strange's views in regard to the mechanism of his art. As to the stippling process which he thus deprecates, the science of calcography, brought into vogue since his time, enables us to correct the modern date ascribed to that expedient. It is traced by Ottley and others to Giulio Campagnola, a contemporary of Raffaele; several of whose rare engravings have certainly been executed by dotting with the hammer—*opus mallei.* But a similar treatment has since been detected in a metal plate of somewhat earlier date, signed by Bonincontro da Reggio, although apparently not intended for the press, since—it being the lights that are thus stippled—the paper impressions have an effect exactly the reverse of what well-regulated chiaroscuro requires. The principle was revived, through the aquatint process, by Jean Morin, a French engineer, who employed it with taste and success, about the middle of the seventeeth century. It was to Bartolozzi, however, that its introduction, to the great detriment of English art, may be ascribed;—a paternity naturally provoking these denunciations by his rival. But Strange's protest against the lavish use of stippling has been fully borne out;

it is now generally discarded by more scrupulous artists, and is avowedly taught only at Vienna.

The dry-needle has, on the contrary, stood the test of time; and its unequalled success in Strange's hand has ensured it a general approval, except in France; where, notwithstanding Le Bas' example, it has gained but a partial footing. To regard the latter as its inventor is scarcely correct, when the methods of Rembrandt and his followers are kept in view. But Gruner considers Strange as beyond question the first who habitually employed the dry-point in continuation of his preparations by etching, and for putting in entire pieces of linen or other white drapery, or carrying out regular passages of half-tints; indeed, he ascribes it to this expedient that Sir Robert stands alone in expressing the softness of skin and full delicate brush of Titian, while in his mode of applying certain modifications of the process he seems to have been followed by Morghen, Woollett and Sharpe. It is time, however, to take somewhat larger views of his professional deserts.

Among the earliest attempts in England at engraving after pictures of established reputation, was a plate from Titian's Venus, drawn, etched, and in a great measure finished by Barlow (with the name of Gawood), in 1656. Portraits being however the chief taste, "little encouragement was given to historical engraving, beyond what artists find in engraving frontispieces, and other incidental plates for books."* This state of matters continued until Hogarth, about 1730, gave a new direction and impetus to the art, by a set of original compositions in all respects recommending themselves to popular sympathy. Ere long he was rivalled as an innovator by Boydell, whose views in England and Wales, though of scanty artistic merit, were forerunners of that landscape engraving in which we stand at present unequalled. But it was reserved for Strange to initiate a series of line engravings after standard works of the old masters, hitherto little known or relished by his countrymen. True to that object, he spared neither time, labour, nor expense to attain the choicest subjects, and to produce them in the most perfect manner. Limiting his attention to the high class of works which his own judgment selected as calculated to ameliorate national taste, he brought out nothing inconsistent with that object. At a time when book-illustration would have yielded far more certain and rapid returns, he refused almost every such commission, excepting a few which at the outset of his career came recommended by special sympathies. For a husband and parent, with little but his profession to rely on, this was a bold course ; yet, going a step farther, in order to attain results in all respects satisfactory to his fastidious eye, he trusted no hand but his own for the drawings from which he wrought, and passed his best years in Paris apart from his family, rather than commit even the mechanical portions of his background to assistants of questionable ability. On a retrospect of twenty-five years so spent, he exclaimed with honest pride, "I may, without either vanity or presumption, be allowed to say I have been a constant and zealous promoter of the arts, and have, with indefatigable application, endeavoured to do credit to my own profession." But there was a merit beyond this, of which he was probably unconscious. Though born in a land whose æsthetic intelligence had not yet dawned, and educated to that profession in a country where taste was utterly degenerated, he discerned what was really good; he was never diverted from it by fashion or example; he in a few years restored the reputation of Raffaele and Correggio, of Titian and Guido, in nations among whom they had fallen into neglect; and he rendered these masters familiar and appreciated where they were hitherto unknown. On looking over the painters whose works were engraved by Sir Robert, we detect a preference of eclectic masters to those whose grand style has placed them foremost in art. How far he may in this have been influenced by the bias of his countrymen we know not; but most of the pictures he selected were unquestionably favourable specimens of beautiful or elevated feeling; that his own standard was pitched high is proved from the appreciation of Correggio's "Day," which we have formerly recorded. Without subscribing to his praise of that as "the first picture in Italy, if not of the world," such an opinion stamps his criticism as dictated by a clear perception of excellence which stands beyond all cavil, and his taste as far in advance of his time.

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* Pye's Patronage of British Art, 50, 51.

Let us, however, look a little nearer at Strange's merits. It is to his studies in France that we must ascribe much of his system. The influence of Le Bas was indeed discernible to the last, especially in the oblong and mannered sections of his clouds, and in other defective portions; but, on the whole, that bias may be detected even where the pupil attained a refinement unknown to the master. If we compare him with Bartolozzi, whom accident as well as merit made more especially his rival, we may grant to the Italian ingratiating qualities to which our countryman was habitually a stranger, and admit his superior boldness and dexterity in producing spirited, nay, masterly effects, by rapid and flimsy means, especially in small works; but we must bear in mind that such a style was opposed equally to Strange's solid principles and finished practice. In common with other foreigners who enjoyed better opportunities in youth, he had more knowledge of drawing; yet that very science may have brought with it the fault of mannerism. On the other hand, he must yield to his Scottish competitor in the successful treatment of classical subjects, in general brilliancy, in warmth and fullness of tint—unless when he masked this defect by printing in brown—and in the pearly tones and transparent softness of flesh texture. And that very predilection for superficial graces, which, by selecting subjects from Cypriani or Angelica Kaufman, popularised their pencils and his own graver, will cause him to be forgotten when, cherished by a more elevated taste among the public, Strange's laurels will remain fresh. If we extend our comparative estimate to other eminent engravers, beginning with a pupil of Bartolozzi, who connects him with higher names, we may grant to Volpato the advantage of long and constant contact with Raffaele's works in his Roman period, and also the judgment which gave to these a marked preference. But, though superior to Strange in the selection of his subjects, the latter ceded nothing to him in their treatment. Morghen and Longhi, to whom Volpato's influence successively descended in ameliorated degree, are open to criticism, as devoted rather to the manner than the matter of their work: their exquisite elaboration (cold, perhaps, in the latter, effeminate, it may be, in the former) savours of a technical or academic perfection, and sometimes sacrifices the qualities of the painter to the merits of the engraver.

This cannot be said of Strange, who, even in his finest and most successful execution, exhibits no laborious straining. But, while we thus venture to place our countryman as, in many respects, at least the equal of those who most have illustrated his profession beyond the Alps, we are free to acknowledge in Desnoyers one whose conduct of Raffaele's best works is unique, and in Müller's Sixtine Madonna a solemnity, in his St. John after Domenichino a purity, to which Strange never attained. And in claiming for Sir Robert a superiority to all his predecessors at home,—an equality, at the least, in his best characteristics (such as softness of flesh and pervading harmony), to those who have since appeared among us,—we must admit the high qualities which Sharpe has brought to bear, especially on portraits, in almost unrivalled perfection.

One circumstance ought not to be overlooked in this estimate. Most or all of the masters we have named manifested great excellence in one department, or in the use of one method: Sir Robert Strange's success pervaded all that he undertook. Thus, his aqua-fortis preparation is carried farther than that of any other engraver, in regular work, imparting freedom to his style, and great advantage in rendering colour; he was perfect master of the graver, and is unequalled in the resources of the drypoint. Although often singularly happy in expressing the touch of his original, and of Titian in particular, there is an occasional monotony in his treatment of various masters. In drapery he was less perfect than those who enjoyed more academic advantages, especially in its cast and undulations, and in an unequal texture of its material. Again, although his clearness of stroke has scarcely ever been excelled, the opacity of his skies amounts to a fault, while in them, and his back-grounds, the crossings which intersect his original lines being often too obliquely drawn, an unpleasant dazzle is produced, resembling that of watered silk, and called in French *macrot*. We may assuredly detect shortcomings in drawing, and in the management of hands he occasionally falls into a vicious manner; yet, among his English competitors, his design appears meritorious, and he excelled many of them in purity and truth. And in all such comparisons, common justice requires us to keep in view, what was probably unknown to Longhi, that he had reached twenty-seven ere he quitted a country where the principles and practice of drawing were still undeveloped.

Having thus ventured to offer some criticisms upon the quality of Strange's productions, it may be well to see how he has been appreciated by other writers. Walpole, while excusing himself from including living artists in his work on engravers, says, "I cannot omit so capital a master as Mr. Strange, least it should look like the contrary of flattery. When I have named him, I have mentioned the art at its highest period in Great Britain." And this enthusiastic *dilettante* has elsewhere remarked, that "Mr. Strange, ashamed of the creeping and venal style to which art was sank in Britain, has given us the works of Italian masters with a tool worthy of Italian engravers." In the opinion of Richardson, Strange's prints were unequalled in harmony of tone, as well as delicacy and softness of flesh-tints. John Thomas Smith says, "He was unquestionably the best engraver England ever produced. His close attention to the texture of each particular article * * perhaps no one in any part of the world has ever equalled." Dallaway considers his Italian works as still distinguished by an intelligent execution, which, by an admirable union of the needle and graver, produce a vigorous and harmonious effect. Leigh Hunt pronounces "Sir Robert Strange the greatest engraver perhaps, this country has seen; that is to say, supposing the merits of an engraver to be in proportion to his relish for and imitations of his originals. Other men may [like Wille] have drawn a finer mechanical line, but none have surpassed Strange in giving the proper diversity of surfaces, or equalled him in transferring to hard copper the roundness and delicacy of flesh. His engravings from Titian almost convey something of the colours of that great painter, Like all true masters, Strange took pains with whatever he did, and bestowed attention on every part of it; so much, indeed, that his love of art appears to have been an exhausting one, and he was anxious to keep the burin out of the hands of his children." It would be easy to multiply similar commendations; that of an Italian critic may suffice:—In Paris he gained the epithet of painter of the Graces; yet never allowed himself to be diverted, by the bad taste prevalent there, from the works of Raffaele, Correggio, Titian, Guido, and other masters of that stamp. No one excelled him in representing by the graver the softness and porous texture of flesh, without an appearance of effort, labour, or servile adherence to rule; and in these respects he has been taken as a model by most of his contemporaries and successors. He has hence been peculiarly successful with Titian, the prince of colourists, on whose Venus he has united these excellencies in a high degree. Altogether, he is ranked by the best judges among the first and most pleasing artists of his age.* Longhi admits that, had his design attained to somewhat greater perfection, he would have been the first of historical engravers; and pronounces his style to be more beautiful, and more effective in vigorous subjects, than that of any contemporary; and this even while criticising his draperies as spotty in colour, his treatment of sky as harsh and heavy. These authorities warrant an estimate of Strange's professional excellences quite as high as we have offered. The only disparaging judgment we have met with is that of M. Charles Le Blanc, to whose careful classification of his productions we have borne willing testimony. Admitting his large style and great qualities, the beauty and talent of his handiwork, and the general brilliancy and attraction of his engravings, this French critic finds these cold, defective in force and feeling, in purity of line, vigour of colour and mellowed execution. He even questions how far they individualise the manner of their respective originals. Such discrepancies of opinion are not unfrequent among connoisseurs of art, who often appear either to see objects through different organs, or to attach to words a flexible meaning. To reconcile them would be a hopeless task. We leave the matter to our readers, only begging them to bear in mind that we do not hold technical merit to be the chief of Strange's deserts, at least in the eyes of his countrymen.

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* Ferrerio, Le Classiche Stampe.

The brilliant success with which Strange devoted himself to the development of his art, and the application of it to higher objects than had hitherto occupied the burins or the pencils of his countrymen, may have fairly earned for him the meed of genius. But his was genius exempt from eccentricity, and ever controlled with quiet earnestness of purpose. An enduring temperament, invigorated by strong will to work, and, by the claims of a rising family, was sustained by large self-reliance and an honest consciousness of merit. He had chosen a profession of drudgery, which offered no outlet for enthusiasm except in the selection of his subjects. But to its claims upon earnest unflagging application, to its demands for conscientious care, and consummate execution, he was a willing slave. He grudged neither time nor labour to attain perfection in its processes; while aiming at dexterity of manipulation, he never lost the impress of delicate feeling. To excel all others in rendering those paintings which he considered the most beautiful and the most improving to English taste, was the task which he proposed to himself; and he followed it with singleness of purpose, though at many sacrifices of domestic comfort. Anterior to him, English engravings had been chiefly mezzotintos of quite inferior merit, scarcely fitted for ordinary furniture. The print-dealers, accordingly, then imported from France and Italy whatever reached this country worthy of estimation; and we have seen that in his outset, before his own hand had supplied the deficiency, Strange was on the out-look to secure on the Continent such works as were qualified to ameliorate taste. But it requires time and patience to elevate the perceptions of a people; and even in 1780 Mr. McGowan writes to him, "What you have received for the sale of [your] works since you came to London is such a pittance, that it throws shame and disgrace upon the country."*

Those professional squabbles which occasionally disturbed his otherwise fortunate career, and are the only passages which a biographer would willingly throw into shadow, arose less from jealousy of merit or success in others than from sensitiveness to unjust treatment. The old heraldic motto which Scotland inscribed around her prickly thistle,—"*Nemo me impune lacesset*," which has been freely translated, "Wha daur meddle wi' me?"—expresses the combative attitude which, assumed under a sense of provocation, alienated from him many sympathies, and no inconsiderable patronage. But the warm interest and esteem which were constantly maintained towards himself and his family by all who enjoyed his friendship, confirm the traditional impression which represents him as (apart from artistic strife) the easiest and most amiable of men. And it is pleasant to know that, before the death of his antagonist Dalton, in the year preceding his own, they had lived in mutual peace and harmony.†

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* Strange seems to have received no pupils: his best imitator was Legatt.

† See notices of Dalton, Gentleman's Magazine, 1791, pp. 195. 526.

Smith, in his Life of Nollekens, speaking from personal knowledge, observes, that, "no man was more incessant in his application, or more fond of his art, than Sir Robert Strange; nor could any publisher boast of more integrity as to his mode of delivering subscription-impressions. He never took off more proofs than were really bespoken, and every name was put upon the print as it came out of the press, unless it were faulty; and then it was destroyed, not set aside for future sale, as has been too much the practice with some of your late publishers." In one of the brief MS. notices of Strange, now before me, and apparently drawn up for some periodical, it is stated that, "he left fifty capital plates still in good condition, which are carefully preserved in his family." From these the market continued to be regularly supplied for some twenty-five years after his death; after which, in consequence of a representation that the prints were being depreciated by over-production, and, in some instances, from the plates wearing out, a council was held of the various parties interested. After full inquiry, and finding that some hundred impressions remained in stock, valued at about 18,000*l.*, it was resolved, for protection of Strange's reputation, as well as to prevent farther glut of impressions, that the copper-plates should be destroyed. In this conclusion he would have anxiously concurred; yet it may now be regretted that monuments of British art so interesting were not gilt, and deposited for safe custody in the national Museum. But a number of the leading printsellers in London being assembled to dispose of them, and to verify the fact, a more routine view was adopted, and in their presence chisels were driven into the delicate parts of each plate. Being supposed, after this ruthless operation, to be merely three hundred-weight of old metal, the mass was subsequently found embarrassing, and was disposed of by weight to a founder of good reputation, on condition of being melted down the same day. It was afterwards rumoured, and avowed by the purchaser, that he was endeavouring to renovate the plates for farther use; and, from the way in which this information reached the Strange family, it is possible that, finding his project impracticable, he used it merely as a threat to obtain terms. Notices were immediately prepared for circulation among the dealers of every town in Europe, warning them of the intended imposition. After long negociation, the whole plates were recovered, and were at once cut to shreds, except the Charles I. in his robes, which remains in its cruelly mutilated state, as a memorial of the author, in the possession of Sir Thomas Strange's widow. Several of his minor copperplates, not belonging to the collected works, are also preserved in his family, for which see Appendix No. I.

A few words will supply what it is here necessary to say of Sir Robert Strange's family after his death. His eldest son lost his first wife (Margaret Durham of Largo) in India; their only child, the charmer whom we have seen gladdening her grandfather's latter days in Great Queen Street, became the beautiful wife of the Hon. James Wolfe Murray, Lord Cringletie, one of the Scottish judges, and was mother of a large family. Returning home in 1795, James Strange became a banker in London; sat in Parliament for the borough of East Grinstead from 1797 to 1802; and in 1798 married the Hon. Anne Dundas, second daughter of Henry first Lord Melville, and widow of Henry Drummond, Esq. of Albury, Sussex. He died in 1840, survived for ten years by his widow, and by her leaving two daughters, Mrs. William Pitt Dundas, and Mrs. Trotter of Dreghorn, both with numerous issue. Thomas Andrew, Chief Justice at Halifax, was appointed in 1798 Recorder, and three years later Chief Justice, at Madras, receiving the honour of knighthood before he sailed. Twelve years before, his mother had written, "Greatly do I wish to see Andrew settle, as it is called. A decent young woman, with education and a penny, is what I wish, for the fire of love soon burns out when it is founded on beauty alone. Worth of every kind will last. God direct him in everything, and bless him and all of them! * * * Many are the trials that a parent has. Our dearest mother used to say parents had many errands to God: so I find they have." The first of these maternal wishes was tardily gratified by her son's marriage in 1797. His first wife, a daughter of Sir Robert Anstruther, Bart., of Balcaskie (once the Fifeshire patrimony of the Stranges), died soon after; and by the second Lady Strange, daughter of Sir William Burroughs, Bart., he left a large family, who carry on the male line of the Stranges. Sir Thomas returned home in 1816, and died in 1841. His brother, Robert Montague, rose, in the India Company's service, to be Major-General; but died without issue in 1811, before that promotion had reached him. Isabella Katherina survived all this generation of her family, dying in 1849, aged ninety.

After Mr. Lumisden's complete discharge from the penalties of his early errors, by a full remission of his attainder in 1778, the latter portion of his life was exempt from all anxiety on that account. It was divided between Paris, London, and Edinburgh; and in the last of these was spent among a literary circle, such as few provincial cities have seen united. The acute intellectual speculations of Lords Kames and Monboddo, of David Hume and Adam Smith, were balanced by the physical science of Doctors Black and Cullen, the acquirements of Robertson, the classics of Adamson, the eloquence of Blair. There, too, he occasionally met with Bruce, Boswell, and Graham of Gartmore, travelled and accomplished squires, whom he had seen under sunnier skies. When he at length fixed his residence in Edinburgh, he joined housekeeping with his early friend Mr. McGowan, in the upper story of a "land" in the Luckenbooths, which Creech's bookshop rendered the literary lounge of that capital. Thence the two aged bachelors emigrated to more airy and fashionable quarters in Prince's Street, west of Castle Street. Lumisden's agreeable conversation and copious anecdote made him welcome in every society, and are still remembered by a few of his fellow-citizens. Though habitually moderate, he was accordingly much in request as a dinner guest. On Christmas night, 1801, he went to bed in his usual health, and in the morning was found on the floor, dead of apoplexy, in his eighty-second year, "in full possession of all his faculties, distinguished as a man by courteous manners, an amiable disposition, integrity of character, a ready but unaffected adherence to all the rules of decorum." The Edinburgh Magazine records that "he passed many years at Paris with the first literary circles under the monarchy; opportunities which engrafted on his natural mildness of disposition those correct characters to which his friends often appealed, and which will be long remembered as a model of those refined manners which civilised Europe once cherished and diffused." By a singular coincidence, his oldest friend and eventual messmate, John McGowan, survived him little more than a year, falling down dead equally suddenly, after breakfast.

In 1803, Lady Strange, after surviving "the most beloved husband that ever a virtuous wife could boast of, with whom I lived most happy forty-five years," thus describes herself: "My health is excellent; I have no cough; my cheeks are blooming; I have still two teeth, and several brown hairs in my head. I could dance at any of my children's weddings." This is a tolerably satisfactory bulletin of health at eighty-four; but ere long the energetic old lady found her limbs failing, and at the last crossed the room with difficulty. She is said to have died from refusing to be bled, exclaiming, in the rich vernacular of her contemporaries, who spoke Scotch, although they endeavoured to write in English, "Na; if it please God to tak me, it maun be sae!" The event was thus recorded in one of the periodicals: "Died, on the 28th February last [1806], at her house at East Acton, in the 87th year of her age, Lady Strange, relict of the late Sir Robert Strange, whose name has been justly celebrated by the admirers of the fine arts in every country of Europe. The lively and entertaining conversation of the lady whose death we announce, will be long remembered, and the loss of it regretted by her numerous and respectable acquaintance. At so late a period in life she retained all the energy of an active and vigorous mind, and united to the dignity of age the vivacity of youth. Her whole life was usefully and actively employed for the benefit as well of her own family as for that of those in whom she took an interest. She was equally distinguished by purity of morals, integrity of principles, and excellence of understanding."

The length at which I have drawn upon the letters of this "queen of correspondents," as Mr. McGowan used to call her, renders description of her character somewhat superfluous. Should their lax orthography and grammar offend fastidious readers, it must be borne in mind that her education dated from the age when, in the words of Dean Swift, "not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand had been brought up to read and understand her own natural tongue." It would have been easy to amend such blemishes, but not without sacrificing somewhat of her peculiarities, and compromising the scrupulous fidelity of our editorial labours. Nor ought we to forget, that, in the Scottish gentlewomen of last century, original humour and racy good sense were mingled with a quaint homeliness of thought and expression often running into coarseness. In Lady Strange these qualities were conjoined with rare energy of will and constancy of purpose, and with no small share of honest pride, although tempered by warm sensibilities and a guileless candour that won all hearts. We have seen her to be wayward and impetuous in temperament, sensitive to slights, and exacting of attention; yet her frankness of character and many estimable qualities retained a remarkable influence over her husband and brother; indeed, her domestic life was ever "brightened by an active spirit and a loving nature." At sixty she wrote to her son Andrew: "As in yours you have given me some account of your present studies, I think I will give you some account of mine. The first of my reading was the best poets of all sorts: history of many sorts next. Then I went on to philosophy, such as Burnet's Theory of the Earth, Derham's phisico-theology; many many things besides. My last, and what I am most delighted with, is the Life and Writings of Petrarch. In my hand I have a most excellent work, that of Pliny's Epistles, with observations by Lord Orrery, to his son; indeed this is a complete collection in itself. If you have not read it, you will have much pleasure to come. Let it be soon, and be sure to make notes as you go along; they will be most valuable to you through life, particularly in the line you propose. Was I young, I never would read without a table by me with paper, pen and ink, and I would make it a rule to read my own notes quarterly. In the divine way, Mr. McGowan has furnished me with the best of sermons by Dr. Blair. Since coming to Paris, I have read Sterne's Sermons with great delight. I really have no idle time, and, what few can say, all I do is with pleasure, attended with some profit: for example, when I write, I get better than I give; indeed I scrawl a great deal to the best and kindest of friends. In this way I find them present, and rejoice in their company without tiring, and what we say is more laconic, and perhaps less trifling, that if we were to meet." The intellectual resources set forth in this artless prattle must have been rare in those days, but were not the limit of Lady Strange's acquirements. She was a fair judge of pictures, and aspired to a knowledge of anatomy, maintaining some occult analogies between the swinish and the human structure, and insisting that her friend, Professor Monro, should test her theory by dissecting a pig in her presence! Her head in crayons by Miss Reid, a family friend and successful artist, in which the lively lady is represented as pressing a white rose to her bosom, commemorates to her family at once her fine features and her Jacobite faith.

In 1840 the late Admiral Sir Philip Durham, brother of Mrs. James Strange, remembered Lady Strange as a clever, active, bustling, old lady, constantly chatting in pure Scotch. Somewhat overdoing the euphuistic manner not unfrequent among her contemporaries, she lavished compliments on any old friend or casual comers, even when ready, on their departure, to fret at them as troublesome visitors. To her daughters, on the contrary, she was a rigid disciplinarian, training them up in the stately and formal manner of the old school, and discouraging the familiarity which ever marked her own deportment. Yet their admiration for her amounted to a passion, and thirty-six years after her death the surviving one wrote of her, "Few women ever filled the duties of wife and mother equal to herself; I draw her character in three words, — she had beauty, wit, and good sense. How rarely are those three ever combined together in the same person!"

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX, No. I.

List of Sir Robert Strange's Engravings, with the Dates and Prices of Publication, so far as ascertained.

Those marked * bear his signature; those with ? are imputed to him, but doubtful; those with † are not in Le Blanc's Catalogue; those whose plates are preserved are marked +. The drawings of those marked W. belong to the Earl of Wemyss; of those marked Z. to the Earl of Zetland.

		Vol.	Page.	Date.	s.	d.
1. †	Anatomical Plates for the Edinburgh Medical Essays, first edition, vol. v.; see above	I.	30.	1741?		
2. †	Anatomical Plates for a contemplated edition of Albinus' Tables	I.	30.	1741?		
3. *	Portrait of Archbishop Leighton, for an 8vo. edition of his expository works, Edinb. 1748.	I.	232.	1744?		
4. * †	Figure of Justice, for Ruddiman's Answer to Logan, 8vo., Edinb. 1747.	I.	231–3.	1744?		
5. * +	Portrait in Mezzotint of Rev. William Harper, after W. de Nune, folio	I.	233.	1745.		
6. * †	Book Plate for Drummond of Logiealmond	I.	234.	1745?		

LIST OF STRANGE'S ENGRAVINGS—(*continued*).

		Vol.	Page.	Date.	s. d.
7. † +	Portrait of Prince Charles, folio, with ornamental accessories	I. I.	48–50. 116. 234.	1745.	
8. † ?	Another, rudely etched, 8vo.	I.	69. 235.	1746?	
9–10. † ?	Two others, small circular	I.	235.		
11. *	Bust of Pindar in front of a Mirror, a vignette	I.	236.	1746?	
12. † ?	Bust of Homer, with ΕΧΟΥΜΕΝ ΠΑΝΤΕΣ ΠΟΤΑΜΟΙ	I.	236.	1746?	
13. *	Portrait of Dr. Archibald Pitcairn after Medina, folio	I.	236.	1747?	
14. * †	Book Plate for Andrew Lumisden	I.	109. 234.	1747?	
15. †	Portrait of William Hamilton of Bangour, seated, 12mo.	I.	236.	1748?	
16. † ?	Medallion of Prince Charles, with reverse, *Amor et Spes Britanniæ*	I.	237.	1749?	
17. * † +	Book Plate or vignette of Winged Time	I.	234.	1749?	
18. * † +	A Nymph in fluttering drapery holding a mask, vignette	I.	238.	1749?	
19. * +	The Death of the Stag, a vignette etching	I.	237.	1749?	

20. † ? ?	Interior of an Artist's Studio, with a lady sitting, 8vo. - - - - - -	I.	238.	1749?		
21. † ? ?	Another ditto, with a crucifixion, the companion	I.	238.	1749?		
22. † ?	Children swinging on a fallen Tree, 4to. - -	I.	238.	1750?		
23. *	Le Retour du Marché, after Ph. Wouvermans -	I.	241.	1750?	5	0
24. *	L'Amour, after C. Vanloo - - -	I.	241.	1750?	5	0
25–6. *	Two Anatomical Plates of the Gravid Uterus, Nos. 4. and 6., for Dr. Hunter's great work -	I.	244.	1750.		
27–9. *	Lips, Zephyr, and probably † Kaikas, for Stuart and Rivett's Antiquities of Athens - -	I.	270.			
30–34. *	Five small circular Heads of Queen Mary of Scotland, Charles I., Thomas Cromwell Earl of Essex, Thomas Wentworth Earl of Strafford, the great Marquis of Montrose - - -	I.	270.			
35–43. † ?	Eight Roman Heads, from medals - -	I.	271.			
44. *	Il Divino Ariosto, a medallion head in profile, inscribed *Medaglia del Doni* - - -	I.	270.			
45. *	The Magdalen, after Guido (half-length) -	I.	246.	1753.	8	0
46. *	Cleopatra, after Guido - ,, - -	I.	246.	1753.	8	0
47. *	Liberality and Modesty, after Guido - W.	I.	254.	1755.	7	6

LIST OF STRANGE'S ENGRAVINGS — (*continued*).

		Vol.	Page.	Date.	*s.*	*d.*
48. *	Apollo rewarding Merit, and punishing Arrogance, after Andrea Sacchi - - - W.	I.	255.	1755.	7	6
49. *	The Madonna of the Annunciation, after Guido	I.	268–9.	1756?	4	0
50. *	The Angel of the - - - W.				4	0
51. *	Romulus and Remus discovered, after Pietro da Cortona - - - - W.	I.	258.	1757.	7	6
52. *	Cæsar and his two Wives, after Pietro da Cortona	I.	258.	1757.	7	6
53. *	Belisarius, after Salvator Rosa - - W.	I.	259.	1757.	7	6
54. *	The three Children of Charles I., after Vandyck -	I.	259.	1758.	6	0
55. *	St. Agnes, after Domenichino - - W.	I.	266.	1759.	7	6
56. *	Venus attired by the Graces, after Guido -	I.	267.	1759.	9	0
57. *	The Judgment of Hercules, after N. Poussin -	I.	267.	1759.	9	0
58. *	Parce Somnum rumpere, after C. Maratti - W.	I.	268.	1760.	6	0
59. *	Te Deum laudamus, after C. Maratti - W.	I.	268.	1760.	6	0
60. * +	Small circular Head of William Hamilton of Bangour - - - - - -	I.	237. 271.	1760?		
61. †	Illustrations for Bruce's Description of Pæstum, unpublished - - - - -	I.	269.	1764.		

62.	*	Justice, after Raffaele	Z.	II.	24–7.	1765.	7	6
63.	*	Meekness, after Raffaele	Z.	II.	29–32.	1765.	7	6
64.	*	Cupid sleeping, after Guido	Z.	II.	55.	1767.	7	6
65.	*	The Offspring of Love, after Guido	-	II.	55.	1767.	7	6
66.	*	Abraham and Hagar, after Guercino	Z.	II.	56.	1767.	10	6
67.	*	Esther before Ahasuerus, after Guercino	W.	II.	56.	1767.	10	6
68.	*	Venus, after Titian	Z.	II.	72.	1768.	10	6
69.	*	Danäe, after Titian	Z.	II.	72.	1768.	10	6
70.	*	Venus blinding Cupid, after Titian	Z.	II.	72.	1769.	10	6
71.	*	Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, after Guido	Z.	II.	72.	1769.	10	6
72.	*	King Charles I. in his robes, after Vandyck	-	II.	138.	1771.	10	6
73.	*	The Madonna and Saints, after Correggio—the "Day."	Z.	II.	141–2.	1772.	10	6
74.	*	St. Cecilia, after Raffaele	Z.	II.	143.	1772.	10	6
75.	*	The Magdalen, after Guido (full length)	Z.	II.	172.	1773.	9	0
76.	*	Mary embracing Christ, after Guercino	Z.	II.	173–4.	1773.	9	0
77.	*	Parmeggiano's Mistress, after Parmeggiano	Z.	II.	174.	1774.	6	0
78.	*	Cupid, after Schidone	Z.	II.	174.	1774.	6	0
79.	*	The Treachery of Laomedon, after Salvator Rosa		II.	180.	1775.	7	6
80.	*	The Death of Dido after Guercino	Z.	II.	181.	1776.	15	0
81.	*	Cleopatra, after Guido (full length)	-	II.	181.	1777.	7	6

LIST OF STRANGE'S ENGRAVINGS — (*continued.*)

No.		Title		Vol.	Page.	Date.	*s.*	*d.*
82.	*	Fortune, after Guido		II.	182.	1778.	7	6
83.	*	Venus and Adonis, after Titian	Z.	II.	182.	1779.	15	0
84.	*	The Magdalen, after Correggio		II.	182.	1780.		
85.	*	Imprimis venerare Deos, after Schidone	Z.	II.	183.	1781.		
86.	*	King Charles I. with the Marquis of Hamilton, after Vandyck		II.	184.	1782.		
87.	*	Queen Henrietta Maria, after Vandyck		II.	185–191.	1784.		
88.	*	Apotheosis of the English Princes, after West		II.	201–7.	1787.	10	6
89.	*	Bindo Altoviti, after Raffaele	Z.	II.	219.	1787.	12	0?
90.	*	Sappho, after Carlo Dolce	Z.	II.	220.	1787.	12	0?
91.	*	The Annunciation, after Guido		II.	221.	1791.	10	6?
92.	*	The sleeping Saviour, after Vandyck	Z.	II.	221.	1791.	7	6?
93.	*	The Good Shepherd, after Murillo		II.	222.	1791.	7	6?
94.	*	His own Medallion Portrait, after Greuse		II.	223.	1791.		

Unfinished Engravings.

No.		Title		Vol.	Page.
95.	†	The Persian Sybil, after Guercino		II.	234.
96.	†	St. John the Baptist, after Guido	Z.	II.	234.
97.	†	St. Margaret, after Guido		II.	234.

APPENDIX, No. II.

(See pp. 69. 235.)

LIST OF SIR ROBERT STRANGE'S DRAWINGS, SO FAR AS ASCERTAINED.

Those marked * were engraved by him.

In Possession of his Family.

1. Small Head of King Charles I.; miniature in water-colours.
2. Ditto of the Chevalier de St. George; ditto.
3. Ditto of the same; in oils.
4. Ditto of Prince Charles Edward Stuart; miniature in water-colours.
5. Ditto of the same; in brown sepia.
6. Ditto of his Wife, the Countess of Albany; miniature in water-colours.
7. Ditto of Cardinal York; in brown.
8. Ditto of Mr. William Lumisden; miniature in water-colours.
9. Ditto of his Wife, Mrs. Lumisden; ditto.
10. Ditto of Mr. James Strange (when young); ditto.
11. Ditto of Sir Thomas Strange (when young); ditto.
12. Ditto of Colonel Strange (when young); ditto.
13. Several Academy Studies; drawings from the round.
14. Madonna, Child, and St. John, after Raffaele; in red chalk; vol. i., p. 297.

15. The same, outlined in pencil, laid off in squares, for engraving.
16. Madonna della Seggiola, after Raffaele, ditto, ditto.
17. Madonna, Child, and St. John, school of Raffaele; black and white chalks; vol. i., p. 298.
18. The Circumcision, after Guercino; outlined and laid off for engraving. See No. 80.
19–42. About 24 others, prepared in the same way, which he did not live to execute.
43.* King Charles I., with the Marquis of Hamilton, after Vandyck; in miniature; vol. ii., p. 184.

Not traced.

44. St. Cecilia, after Domenichino; vol. i., p. 291.

In Possession of the Earl of Wemyss and March at Gosford.

45. A Fan-paper, Bacchus and Ariadne; in pen and ink.
46.* Liberality and Modesty, after Guido; in red chalk.
47.* Apollo rewarding Merit, after Andrea Sacchi; ditto.
48.* The Madonna } of the Annunciation, after Guido.
49.* The Angel } ditto.
50.* Romulus and Remus discovered, after P. della Cortona; ditto.
51.* Belisarius, after Salvator Rosa; ditto.
52.* St. Agnes, after Domenichino; ditto.
53.* Parce Somnum rumpere, after Carlo Maratti; ditto.
54.* Te Deum laudamus, after ditto; ditto.
55.* Esther before Ahasuerus, after Guercino; ditto.

In Possession of the Earl of Zetland in Arlington Street.

56.* Justice, after Raffaele; in miniature; vol. i., pp. 292-4.

57.* Meekness, after Raffaele; in miniature; vol. i., pp. 292-4.

58.* Cupid sleeping, after Guido; ditto; vol. ii., pp. 4, 5.

59.* Abraham and Hagar, after Guercino; ditto; vol. ii., p. 15.

60.* Venus, after Titian; ditto.

61.* Danäe, after ditto; ditto; vol. i., p. 296.

62.* Venus blinding Cupid, after ditto; ditto; vol. i., p. 291.

63.* Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, after Guido; ditto; vol. i., p. 296.

64.* The Madonna and Saints, after Correggio; ditto; vol. i., pp. 298. 300.

65.* St. Cecilia, after Raffaele; ditto; vol. ii. p. 15.

66.* The Magdalen, after Guido (full length); ditto.

67.* Mary embracing Christ, after Guercino; ditto; vol. ii., p. 14.

68.* Parmeggiano's Mistress, after Parmeggiano; ditto; vol. i., p. 296.

69.* Cupid, after Schidone; ditto; vol. i., p. 296.

70.* The Death of Dido, after Guercino; ditto; vol. i., p. 291.

71.* Venus and Adonis, after Titian; ditto; vol. i., p. 296.

72.* Imprimis venerare Deos, after Schidone; ditto; vol. i., p. 296.

73.* Bindo Altoviti, after Raffaele; in red chalk.

74.* Sappho, after Carlo Dolce; ditto; vol. i., p. 298.

75.* The sleeping Saviour, after Vandyck; in miniature; vol. i., p. 296.

76. Madonna, Child, and St. John, after Raffaele; in red chalk (the same as No. 14. above); vol. i., p. 297.

77. Madonna della Seggiola, after Raffaele; in red chalk; vol. i., pp. 286, 287. 291.

78. Madonna giving the Breast to the Child; in miniature.
79. Two Angels singing (may be No. 105. of Strange's Catalogue); ditto.
80. The Circumcision, after Guercino (No. 101. of ditto); ditto; vol. ii., pp. 4. 7, 8. 12, 13.
81. The Persian Sybil, after Guercino; ditto.
82. Another Sybil, after Domenichino; in red chalks.
83. Herodias' Daughter, after Allori; ditto; vol. i., p. 291.
84. St. John the Baptist, after Guido; in miniature.
85. Cupid asleep (head and shoulders); ditto.
86. Study of two Male Heads; ditto.

APPENDIX, No. III.

(See vol. i. p. 274.)

Mr. Strange's Correspondence with Allan Ramsay, 1759.

"The enclosed copies of letters between the late Sir R. Strange and Alan Ramsay the painter, about Strange's declining to engrave the present King's portrait by Ramsay, I found among the papers of Cumyng, the late Secretary of the Antiquarian Society, Edinburgh.

"G. Chalmers.

"30 Aug. 1793."

I.

Mr. Strange to Mr. Ramsay.

"Henrietta St., May 2. 1759.

"Sir,—When I called upon you in company with a friend of mine yesterday morning, and questioned you about some reports spread to my disadvantage, of which you are the reputed author, the result of our conversation was this; you desired that I would put into writing what you were supposed to have said, and you promised I shall have an answer from you in writing likeways. Keep your promise; do me justice: I ask no more in vindication of my conduct.

"You had painted a whole length picture of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, which you were extremely sollicitous I would engrave. At that time you said you came commissioned from the Prince and Lord Bute, but yesterday morning, you said spoke only in your own name. And both these things I must insist on: Was not my answer to this effect only, that I had no objection to engage in that undertaking, provided I was made secure that the time I must unavoidably employ upon such a work, at least fifteen months, should not be lost to my family, which is supported only by my labour? Did I not add likeways that I was actually employed in a work, the delay or laying aside of which would be of the utmost inconveniency to me? I wish, more strongly than you can do, that it were in my power to engrave for reputation only. Be just to your own character and mine. We are both artists, and, to deserve the encouragement of our superiors, let us both be honest men. Did I ever, directly or indirectly, hint that it was from the least disaffection I declined, at that time, to engrave the picture you had painted? Speak the truth, and the whole truth, so help you God! In the meanwhile allow me to say, with the utmost sincerity, that there is no man who would more cheerfully, and with more inclination, [have] employed his talent that way as an artist, could he have done it consistently with what he thinks a much more valuable title, that of a good husband and a good father. I will stand or fall by the opinion of the Prince, and of his illustrious Mother, in this way of thinking: whatever is in favour of duty and humanity must be sure of their approbation. Your answer, a fair and candid one, is expected by, "Sir,

"Your most humble servt.,

"ROBT. STRANGE."

II.

Mr. Ramsay to Mr. Strange.

"Soho square, May 8. 1759.

"Sir,—On Wednesday last I received a letter from you, desiring an answer to some questions concerning a conference I had with you about a year ago at Kensington; and though I don't see any useful purpose to which those enquiries tend, yet, as you say they will give you satisfaction, I will here give you as clear and exact answers as I am able. The purport of your first question is to know who it was that sent me to you, and for what end? This is shortly and compleatly answered by saying I was sent by a noble Lord, whose name it is needless to mention, to desire you to come to him upon business. But having delivered this my short commission, I, as a friend who wanted to have the merit of first communicating a piece of good news, which I knew I was at liberty to divulge, let you know that this business was to employ you in a most honourable, and, as I believed, profitable work, in the way of your profession. After this followed a long conversation or rather debate, which ended in your saying that you had occasion to be in town on Fryday morning, and would then wait on that nobleman. On Fryday about 11 o'clock, you called at my house, told me you had been at his Lordship's, and had not had the good fortune to find him at home; had left your last print (Vandyke) with his porter, and that you would soon wait on his Lordship again. I could not be commissioned by the noble Lord, or those for whom he acted, to bring back any answer from you, not having been furnished with any proposals for you either to receive or reject. I never intended of myself to carry back any of your reasonings, nor ever did. So much for my commission, and I believe all its consequences.

"The next questions are concerning what were the reasons given by you to me for your declining this employment, and whether those you mention in your letter were not urged upon the occasion? It is highly probable they were, together with a great many more of the same nature, with which I have not thought it necessary to load my memory. But what I remember very distinctly is, that I thought them all, as I told you at the time, very insufficient, and I believe should have thought the same of any set of arguments whose tendency was to prove that an artist could be more profitably employed than in executing such a command as that with which I told you would probably be honoured; or that it was rational to believe that such a man could, in any event, become a sufferer by his obedience. It may not be unnecessary here to remind you that, at this time, there had been no terms or proposals offered to you of any kind, and that you had all the reason in the world to believe that your encouragement would be suitable to the high rank and the known generosity of the person principally concerned. Every man in this happy country is master of his own time and his own talents, and is not legally answerable to anybody for his manner of employing them; but if, not contented with this liberty, which you enjoy in common with the rest of your fellow subjects, you want to have your conduct in this case likeways justified and approved, you have still as open a field as ever. You may still present these reasons to that noble Lord to whom, and to whom alone, you ought to have presented them a year ago. I have never done you that good or ill office, nor ever intend to meddle with it. Could I have foreseen that my friendly visit at Kensington could have given rise to a correspondence like this, about what you said, and I said, and they said, I should have acted a still more cautious part, and have sent you my short commission upon the back of a card.

"The last question in your letter is of so delicate and dangerous a nature that it would be imprudent in me to give you any answer to it, without first transcribing the precise words of the question itself, which are, 'Did I ever directly or indirectly hint that it was from the least disaffection I declined at that time to engrave the picture you had painted?' In answer to this, it is necessary to relate, that I have been acquainted with you ever since your settlement at London; knew you to be a very ingenious engraver, and believed you to be a very honest and inoffensive man. But, Sir, I never was in such a state of intimacy with you as could have made it decent for you upon any occasion to hint to me directly or indirectly any sentiments of disaffection, if you had any such sentiments. I never pretended to be acquainted with any of your political principles, but have so good an opinion of your understanding as to believe that they were, at the time mentioned, such as became an honest man, and a loyal subject to his Majesty King George. I have thus, in compliance with your request, entered into a much greater detail of these affairs than was anyway incumbent upon me: had I been otherways inclined, I might have, with great correctness, told you that, if you wanted to know how this matter of which you complain was conducted, you ought to apply for information to those, whoever they are, who had the conducting of it; that I finished all my share in it when I delivered you the first message; that I had no business to justify my conduct against reports, surmises, and insinuations; and that it was time enough for me to answer for myself when my crimes were specified, and my accusers produced. But, as you see, I have chosen to act with more moderation and complaisance, having long ago learned, by my own weaknesses, that the irregularities of a man in distress and uneasiness are to be treated with tenderness and humanity. Upon that score likeways I am very ready to overlook the doubts you have let fall concerning my candour and veracity, and to assure you that it will be your own fault, and not mine, if I do not continue to be, "Sir,

"Your sincere friend
"and servant,
"ALLAN RAMSAY."

III.

Mr. Strange to Mr. Ramsay.

"Henrietta St., May 14. 1759.

"Sir,—My letter to you was conceived in very plain terms, such as became an honest man who had been injured by malitious reports, and who knew he had not deserved them. Your answer to this letter is a great deal too prolix to be perfectly ingenuous, and I tell you fairly that it does not answer the idea I had conceived either of your parts or your candour. The language of good sense is always home to the purpose, as that of honesty is without ambiguity or evasion. You begin this answer by saying that the purport of my first question was to know who sent you to me, and for what end? This is not true, nor is there any such thing to be found in my letter. On the contrary, I say there explicitly that you told me at first that you came from the Prince and Lord Bute, but that yesterday you said you spoke only in your own name. This inconsistency I did not make a question, but charged upon you directly. Your answer acknowledges the first part, but says not a syllable to the last. I pass over the greater part of your next folio page, in which you reply fairly to a question I really put, though you do me justice with an air of superiority that noways becomes you to me, as a man or an artist.

"But you raise your tone a little higher when you tell me, towards the bottom of the same page, that I ought to have presented my reasons to a noble Lord a year ago. Do you think so plain a truth could have escaped a greater fool than I am? Nay, do you not know, as surely as your own existence, that I had told you long ago I had been frequently at the noble Lord's door to do so; that, upon receiving the honour of a message, I had presented my reasons by Mr. Chambers; and that those reasons had been graciously received. There is a strain of petulance in the remaining part of your letter which, if I should not chuse to resent, the reason must be only that I utterly despise it. But of this more hereafter. In the meanwhile let me say, and with a moderation that is not affected, I have heard, and you know it, from your native country and mine, nay, I have been told the same thing several times in London, that you have—artfully, shall I call it? or rather—malitiously and falsely spread a report of my having declined engraving a picture you had painted, from political principles and disaffection to the Royal family. Were this true, as it is a cruel and base lye, I should think myself ill-deserving of the encouragement I have received from the Royal family: I should think myself as blameable as even he who is the inventor of so mean a falsehood. This, Mr. Ramsay, is what I desire you to own or deny, clearly and in plain terms. And I say again, I ask no favour; do me only justice. As an artist you are at liberty to speak of me as you please: if I have not merit toward the publick in my profession, I do not deserve publick encouragement. And I would not owe my success to your favourable opinion only, more than you would wish to owe yours to that of,

"Sir,
"Your equally sincere friend
"and servant,
"ROBT. STRANGE.

"P. S. If you make no reply to what I now desire you to clear up, I must understand your silence as an acknowledgement that the accusation is true."

IV.

Mr. Ramsay to Dr. William Hunter.

"Soho square, May 17. 1759.

"Dear Doctor,—It is a ridiculous situation for a man to be in a state of enmity with those with whom he is not angry, and whom he never meant to injure or affront. The letter I wrote to your friend was written solely to satisfy and please him: if it has turned out unsatisfactory and disobliging, it has not answered my intention any more than his. You have had a great deal of trouble about this affair; I must beg you to take a little more. Be so good as get me back my letter, and I will endeavour, with your advice, to new-model it into a more agreeable shape, by adding where it may want explanation, and throwing out what may appear foreign and useless. But as I have missed this mark once, I may miss it again, unless you, who know your friend's meaning better than I, will lend me half an hour's assistance when you can spare it best. I make no doubt of his coming into this amicable proposal. In every event, my having made it will leave no farther room for complaint against,

"Dear Doctor, your most affectionate
"and most humble servant,
"Allan Ramsay."

V.

Mr. Ramsay to Mr. Strange.

"Soho square, May 25. 1759.

"Sir,—I have had the favour of a visit from your friend Dr. Hunter, who informs me that you do not find my answer to the last of your questions of the 2d of May so clear and full as you expected. If that is the case it is not what I intended, as I intended it to be as clearly and unreservedly in your favour as if you yourself had had the dictating of it. The defect, as the Dr. has now pointed it out to me, does not ly, I believe, so much in my answer as in the imperfect manner of wording the question, which is as follows; "Did I ever, directly or indirectly, hint that it was from the least disaffection that I declined, at that time, to engrave the picture you had painted?" The only answer required to this is that you certainly hinted no such reasons. The reasons you gave me were all of the money-getting kind, tending to prove the superior advantage that would accrue to your family by your employing so many months in the ordinary course of your business rather than in executing the command with which I told you you probably would be honoured. Your reasons were numerous, and might all be founded in just calculation, and perfect knowledge of the world, although, as I told you at the time, they appeared to me to be quite otherwise. There certainly however entered no politics into this our conversation. But I now understand there have been people ill enough employed to whisper you that I am one of those who have hinted that your declining this employment must have proceeded from disaffection to the Royal family. I must therefore do myself the justice to assure you that I never suggested any such reason for your conduct, nor ever meant that any such should be believed. Those who have otherwise informed you are either senseless people who have imposed upon themselves what was never meant to be told them; or those of a still baser class who have endeavoured wickedly to impose upon you, and to divert themselves at the expence of your interest and quiet. This second writing, which appears to me an unnecessary supplement to a very unnecessary letter, I send to you, upon being assured by Dr. Hunter that it is all that is wanted to satisfy you, and to prevent me from being troubled with any more questions upon the subject; the Dr. having at the same time given me his word that he will not deliver it to you but upon these conditions.

"I am, Sir,
"Your most humble servant,
"ALLAN RAMSAY."

VI.

Mr. Strange to Mr. Ramsay.

"Sir,—Your last letter was indeed a direct and full answer to my question. I have taken time to consider it, and to weigh it with some positive information received from another quarter. The result is, I am sorry I ever thought you my friend, and for my own safety must have no connexion with you for the future. Before I take leave of you I must inform you too that you make use of the term 'money-getting' improperly in your letter to me. Surely to come from *you* nothing could be more absurd; it implies meanness and covetousness. Had I been prevailed upon by a bag of money to engrave any picture of your painting, you might have given me your hand, and have said, '*Brother money-getter*, we are now of the same honourable profession.' I have now given you a hint of the only concealed reason I had for declining the employment you schemed for me. It was an obvious reason to many, and one that I could not declare while I was "Your very sincere friend,
"ROBERT STRANGE."

VII.

Mr. Strange to Lord Bute.

"My Lord,—Your love of the fine arts, and the protection with which you honour those who cultivate them, will, I flatter myself, be the best apology for giving your Lordship the trouble of this letter. I have learned, my Lord, with equal surprise and concern, that my having declined to engrave Mr. Ramsay's picture of the Prince has been set in a very false and disadvantageous light. But give me leave to assure your Lordship that my reasone for not engaging in that task arose from motives that regard entirely the interest of my family. To have executed such a work in the manner I could have wished, would have taken at least fifteen months, and the proposals made me by Mr. Ramsay, who pretended to speak as from his R. H. and your Lordship, were in noways answerable to the undertaking. This, my Lord, is the truth, and, if it has been otherways represented, I beg leave to say that I have been much injured, and your Lordship equally imposed upon; and if a favourable opportunity should hereafter offer, I shall be ready to give demonstration of my assertion. Permit me only to add that I have a heart warm with gratitude for all favours I have received from the Royal family; that I am equally sensible of the protection with which your Lordship has honoured me; and that I shall on all occasions remain,

"My Lord, your Lordship's
"Most obedt. and most humble servt.,
"Robt. Strange."

VIII.

*Mr. Strange to * * * * * at Edinburgh.*

"London, May 13. 1760.

"Dear Sir,—I had the favour of your letter, inclosing a state of our affairs, exclusive of the last cargo of my new prints I sent you; I was in general agreeably surprised at their success, as indeed of things in general. I have sent by last Tuesday's coach a box containing 49 sets of the two Carlo Maratti's I have lately published; you'll observe nine of them are intended as presents, and beg the favour you'll cause deliver those for Messrs. Harper, Abernethy, Forbes, Boswell, and Sir Stuart: the others my friend John McGowan will take charge of. You'll observe their names written underneath their prints. Let John McGowan have one of your number for Mr. Cooper*, and you will then only be accountable for 39 sets. They are sold for 12*s.* the pair. Mrs. Strange informs me there is a mistake of one guinea in your account; I mean that you have charged her that too little; she will explain it herself. I flatter myself that in our little dealings together we are mutually satisfied with each other. For the future I will add five per cent. to the allowance you have hitherto had, which will in all make 20 per cent. I include in this addition the last two prints I have sent you. However soon you have collected your scattered arrears for the Venus, &c., you'll at your leisure remit it, as I am now to embarque in an expensive expedition; but by this don't imagine I intend hurrying you beyond your convenience, for I shall have no immediate occasion for it. I shall set out for Paris in a week or two hence, where I shall reside some little time, and so proceed to Italy: my stay there at present is undetermined, though I apprehend it may even extend to somewhat more than two years. Upon the whole I think this scheme more rational than had I been sacrificing my time and reputation in engraving any modern portrait.

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* It is pleasing to find Mr. Strange's first master not forgotten. A like liberal distribution of each successive engraving was made through Andrew Lumisden to friends in Italy, among whom Ramsay was at first included, notwithstanding the implacable tone of these letters.

"You some time ago gave a hint in one of your letters relating to that affair, I mean the Prince of Wales's picture painted by Ramsay. It would be more than my time can possibly admit of to enter into a detail of that affair; only on the whole that I have been shamefully used, and to such a degree that I even blush for the Prince of Wales when I reflect upon it. In a few words, —a proposal was made to me by our countryman Ramsay to engrave the above portrait, and even at my own risque. It was intimatè to me how agreeable it would be to the Prince of Wales. At that time I was engaged in the laborious works I have since published. I naturally represented my situation, and the loss it would be to my family to postpone my other undertakings for so precarious a work as was proposed to me, which at least would have occupied me above 12 or 15 months: at the same time I told I had no objections, provided they would indemnify me for the time I should employ on it. I urged many reasons in my behalf, which I begg'd Ramsay might communicate to his master. I found afterwards he was entirely silent on the occasion. In a few weeks after that, another proposal was made me by Mr. Chambers, the architect, from the Prince of Wales. He acquainted me that the Prince was desirous I would engrave his portrait, and that of Lord Bute, and that he would make me a present of 100*l.* You may naturally judge how I could relish such a proposal for at least two years' labour. From this I discovered that Ramsay had suppressed my reasons, or no person could have exposed himself to that degree in making so ridiculous an offer. I declined the affair in general in the genteelest manner I could, assigning reasons that entirely regarded the interest of a numerous and growing family. I had reason at that time to believe that the Prince was satisfied with my conduct, but from the beginning I found that Ramsay's vanity was stung to the last degree. The methods that this scounderal took to vent his spleen were equally unbecoming a man of honour or integrity. A report was handed about town that I had meant to affront the Prince of Wales: that I had declined to engrave his portrait from Jacobite principles, and disaffection to the reigning family. You may naturally believe I was a good deal alarmed at so villainous a report. I endeavoured to trace its authority, and found it land on the above scounderal. Since that time I have had an opportunity of doing myself justice with my friends, and removing many prejudices were imbibed against me: and, upon the whole, shall always think myself happy in being rid of so disagreeable a task as engraving any pictures of Ramsay's painting, had I even had no other reasons to have urged but that they were his. When I begun this, I little imagin'd I should have tried your patience and my own, but have been insensibly led to give you a general idea of that affair, that you may the better know how to answer in my favour should there ever be occasion. I shall by first occasion send you what prints you demand. I am, Dear Sir,

"Yours affectionately,
"Robt. Strange."

APPENDIX, No. IV.

See Vol. II. p. 112.

LUMISDEN'S DISMISSAL.

IN the preface to Mr. Robert Chambers' volume of Jacobite Memoirs of 1745 (Edinburgh, 1834), a curious account will be found of Bishop Forbes' MS. compilation of Stuart papers, still in his possession, entitled The Lyon in Mourning. Among its very miscellaneous contents are notes, by the Bishop, of a conversation with Bishop Gordon in 1768. Although necessarily partial to Prince Charles, it throws some new lights on his conduct at that period, especially in reference to his dismissal of Mr. Lumisden, obtained no doubt from the Bishop's extensive correspondence as the intended annalist of his party.

"Soon after tea, Bishop Gordon and I retired to his bed-chamber, *solus cum solo*, to talk over some matters. * * * I then told him, * * * that John Hay, Andrew Lumisden, and Captain Urquhart had been dismist for a real act of disobedience. It was true indeed that the King had been in use, for some time past, to call frequently for t'other glass of wine at dinner and supper, not from any liking to liquor, but like one absent in mind when he met with things that vex'd him, as too often was the case. That one day at dinner He had done so till he was somewhat intoxicated, and in that condition proposed going to an oratorio in the afternoon, but they absolutely refused to attend him: yea, He went into his coach, and they would by no means go into it, upon which he returned to his apartments and dismist them. In a day or two He sent for them to return to their duty, but they happening to consult with the Cardinal York, he advised them absolutely not to return. Which counsel they followed, and He took care to have four Italians put into their places, as persons more fit for his purposes and designs, the principal one of whom, our common friend [the Bishop's informant] declared was very fit to be about a great personage, having been bred up at the Court of Modena. The Cardinal would have been well enough pleased had John Stewart, a constant and faithful attendant, been likewise dismist; but that could not take place, as both master and servant, an Athol man, were not willing to part: therefore there are still two Britons with him, Mr. Wagstaffe, an Englishman, and John Stewart, a Scotsman. Here Bishop Gordon asked if ever He conversed with Mr. Wagstaffe, to which I could make no answer, as this particular had not been mentioned, but I promised to enquire. That He now enjoys more ease and quiet than formerly, and has never been seen concerned in the least with liquor since that event, which had been happily attended with one good effect, to make him think very seriously upon what had happened; and that no man could be of more firm and determined resolution, when once formed, than he was known to be. Too great freedoms had been used, which were not easily to be put up with: such were condescended upon, even when he was in Scotland. Not a blot, not so much as a pimple, was in his face, though maliciously given out by some as if it were all over bloated; but he is jolly and plump, though not to excess, being still agile and fit for undergoing toil. Bishop G. regretted the dismission of Andrew Lumisden, as being a man of parts, in which I heartily joined him."

"Article II. It having been asked by our common friend what he should say to friends as to particular ways in religious matters, it was answered that He left that to his own discretion, as he knew well His resolutions in that shape. Meanwhile he could not fail observing that He was in a most miserable situation in this respect, 'being looked upon where I am,' said He, 'to be a firm Protestant, and at home in Britain to be a rank papist': and that His change of opinions was not of a late date. 'Having been deemed a sprightly quick young fellow, when between 11 and 12 years of age, I was now and then putting questions to my pedagogue upon religious subjects, whose answers not being satisfactory, he put treatises of controversy into my hands, in which the arguments and the answers to objections appeared to me so weak and trifling that, in place of persuading, they rivetted me in my resolution of a change!'"

"Article III. There were two grand points He always had in view, his Restoration and an earnest desire to be married. As to the first He was ever attentive to any circumstance that might be conducive to that good end. As to the second, He hoped to have that soon accomplished. Our common friend, having been indulged the honour of speaking freely what he might think best for promoting the interest of all concerned, could not help suggesting that his Majesty, in his present circumstances, could have none but a popish princess, which might prove an injury rather than an advantage in the eyes of friends. To this it was answered, 'You know, Sir, that I paid my addresses to a Protestant princess [of Prussia], and that this negociation, when upon the point of being concluded, was frustrated by the misconduct of those who had the management of it. But if I should match with a popish princess, and be so happy as to have children, she should have nothing to do with their education. I would positively take that upon myself, and have them educated in my own principles.' Here Bishop Gordon observed that he believed Harry Goring had the management of the foresaid negociation, and that the princess was a German one, and a very pretty person.

"Article IV. It having been suggested that His residence at Rome was far from being fit or convenient, upon several accounts, he said he resolved to stay there till he should be introduced to the then to be elected Pope [Clement XIV.] with particular views. Upon this it was remarked, that such an introduction might prove prejudicial to His interest among friends, and therefore perhaps better to be let alone. To this He answered that if the Pope should acknowledge him in his proper rights and titles, he would not only have a pension from him, but likewise this would afford him a proper foundation in applying for pensions from Spain and other foreign courts, and thereby he would be put on a respectable footing for entering into the conjugal state. But, at any rate, He was resolved to leave Rome after settling business. Bishop Gordon could not help remarking here 'twas pity He had ever gone to Rome: that had he gone to Switzerland, that canton having agreed to receive him, the French Court were to have given him *carte blanche*, and friends in England would have given him liberally, and not only so, but he himself had as much in the Chambers of Paris as would support him, though not like a prince, yet like a gentleman.

"Article V. Our common friend, desirous to bring him upon the dismission of the three gentlemen, tried one piece of address, which was that if any persons were coming to Rome who had a mind to see him, he begged leave to know how or by whom they might be introduced. To which it was answered that as his hours of retirement and of his being to be seen were well known, there was no difficulty of access to him; and that he kept no secretary, but despatched all his business, and wrote all his letters with his own hand. In a word, it was not in our friend's power to have the remotest hint upon the dismission of the three gentlemen."

"Article VI. That the Cardinal York was extremly polite, frank and free, more like a companion than a superior, in so much that one would have taken him to have been brother to either of the two fellow-travellers, who had visited and dined frequently with the King.

* * *

"Article VII. That Mrs. Forbes had given the two fellow-travellers a piece of seed-cake, which they took entire to the King, making a present of it to him, and withal telling him from whom they had it: 'Aye,' said he, 'a piece of cake from Scotland, and from Edinburgh too!' Then rising from his seat, and opening a drawer, —'Here,' said he, 'you see me deposite it, and no tooth shall go upon it but my own.'"

"Article VIII. The common friend had the honour to take leave of the Cardinal York, though caged up like a bird in the Conclave; which was extremly well taken, the Cardinal declaring he would have been sorry if this had not been done."

This extract may be regarded as a fair sample of the intercourse maintained among the gradually diminishing remnant of Jacobite adherents, after their ideal loyalty had ceased to occasion the apprehensions of those whom they sought to supplant. The "common friend" so cautiously quoted appears to have been an Oliphant of Gask, a gentleman whose right hand having once been shaken by Prince Charles, he ever after kept it intact from human pressure, invariably presenting the left to his friends. From other revelations scattered through Bishop Forbes' correspondence about this period, we glean the following particulars.

"The King" requested to be supplied with a copy of the Narrative of his Escape in 1746, and with a Scotch cookery book; that "He would gladly converse with Mr. Wagstaffe [the protestant chaplain] but durst not attempt it, so closely was he eyed, and all his motions watched:" that the German princess whom he had desired to marry became Princess of Baden Durlach: that "when going abroad to air, He had two coaches, the one for himself and a gentleman or two, with four horses, and the other for attendants with two horses; but when the second coach did not go out, then he had six horses in his own; and that he had four principal gentlemen, four valet de chambres, eight or ten footmen, besides those of the kitchen, and such as belonged to the stables &c. &c.:" that his income from his father's funds in France, after payment of the pensions bequeathed as a charge upon them, could not exceed £1000 a year: "that He was a great economist, and paid all accompts once a month at farthest; and that he got up in the morning about 4 o'clock, took breakfast about 7, dined at 12 on the plainest dishes, drank tea at 4, supped 'twixt 7 and 8, and was in his bed-chamber by 9 or before it; so that no man can be more regular in his hours than he continues to be." In all this there appears an evident desire to represent to friends at home only the most favorable features, and to impress them with a reliance on the Prince's protestant leanings. Mr. Wagstaffe, who had long ministered in sacred things to such of the Muti household as adhered to the reformed faith, and who was probably retained there, after these had gradually been weeded away, as a blind to the protestants at home, died of apoplexy in December 1770.

After this event, John Roy Stuart was the only Scotch attendant left with the Prince, to complete a service dating from his wanderings in the Hebrides, where Charles Edward was saved by a cousin of Stuart's allowing himself to be taken prisoner, by mistake for his master. Having temporarily seceded from the Prince's household in consequence of a misunderstanding, John Stuart retired to Holland, but eventually rejoined him at Ancona. He bequeathed to this faithful adherent an annuity of about £750, which was repudiated by Cardinal York, and after an obstinate litigation, was compromised for 1250 scudi a year. Stuart married an Italian lady, and their son commanded the Pope's artillery in 1848, with the rank of Colonel. The following patent in his possession is curious, as probably the last exercise of Charles Edward's pseudo-royal prerogative.

ROYAL SEAL
IN WAFER.

"Charles R.

Charles by the Grace of God King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland and dominions there unto belonging, and Defender of the Faith, To our trusty and well beloved John Stewart, greeting. Whereas, we are sensible of the signal services you have done and performed, as well as of your zeal and attachment to us. We therefore, as a mark of our royal favour and esteem have conferred and do hereby confer and bestow on you the title and dignity of a Baronet of our Kingdom of Great Britaine, and which title shall discend to and be enjoyed by the heirs male lawfully procreated, or to be procreated of your body, and to their heirs male precessively : To have and to hold the same, with all the privileges preeminencies and advantages belonging or known to belong to that dignity, in the same manner that they are held and enjoyed by the ancient Baronets of our said kingdom of Great Britaine. Given at our Court at Florence, the fourth day of November one thousand seven hundred and eighty-foure, in the nineteenth year of our reign. C. R.

APPENDIX, No. V.

See p. 148.

The Marriage of Prince Charles.

By the kindness of Mr. Robert Chambers I am enabled to extract some particulars of the Prince's marriage from the Lyon in Mourning.

"Bruce Earl of Ailesbury in England, a direct descendant from the great Bruce King of Scotland [?], upon the Prince of Orange being made King, retired to Brussels, where he lived many years; and there died lamented by all people, being a most generous charitable man, who caused to be erected a fine fountain for the town's use, and his memory is held there in great esteem for that and many other acts of his charity and generosity. He married the Baroness of Sneu [Sannu], of the noble family of Lorquenquien, by whom he had a daughter, who married the Prince of Horne, by whom she had two daughters. The eldest married the Prince of Solm and the youngest the Prince of Stolberg; which prince had also two daughters. The youngest married the Count of Jamaica, son to the present Duke of Berwick and Lina in Spain, and the eldest is now married to Charles III., King of Great Britain &c. * * * The lady is a fine person, well turned, rather tall, exceedingly amiable in her disposition. Fortune we want not: sirname Horne; age about 25. She is of the Romish communion, but, I am informed, is no bigot. * * A friend lately invented two new toasts, viz.: 'God bless Louisa

Horne and Jock in the ha' cellar;' and 'God bless and reward the Lad that has been so kind to Louisa Horne.'"

The following particulars were sent by Mr. John Farquharson of Dunkirk: "Upon seeing a letter from Rome, my fingers took such an itching to write that I behoved to obey, or to cut them off; and rather than lose them, bad as they are, I took up my quill. No doubt you have heard that the Chevalier de St. George, or, as some of his followers here call him, King Charles III., has been married with a daughter of the Prince of Stolberg's. Now I design to make you laugh with the whole ceremony, which was as great as that of a prince indeed. The Chevalier, with my Lord Carlyll and five servants, left Rome incog, and came to Macerata; from whence my Lord Carlyll set out for that holy place Loretto, where he received the Princess, an amiable lady of twenty years of age, and brought her to Macerata, where they were married by the bishop thereof on Good Friday,—the better day the better deed. They stayed there till Easter Sunday at night, when they set off, and next day came to the palace of the Count de Spada, whose brother is in the Chevalier's service, where they stayed one day, and arrived in Rome the next. Their entry into Rome was as follows: First, four couriers; the Chevalier's post-chaise; then the Princess's coach and six, followed by two other post-chaises; the Chevalier and Princess in their coach, followed by two coaches and six with his attendants; then two coaches and six with the Cardinal's attendants. The confluence of people was surprising at the cavalcade. The Cardinal York paid a visit to the Princess next morning; had a conference with her for an hour; and made her a present of a gold snuff-box set with diamonds of great value.

But what shall I tell you? The outside, beautiful as it is, was nothing in comparison of the beauty within. Oh, my dear Lord! it contained an order upon his banker to pay her down 40,000 Roman crowns, near equal to 10,000*l.* sterling, with a settlement of 4000*l.* a year upon her. What think you of this affair? She is pretty and young, he strong and vigorous. They may produce a race of pretenders that never will finish, which the French will be always playing upon every quarrel. *Crescant laete! Honi soit qui mal y pense*, which is the motto of the Star." * * *

"As I have seen some spurious accounts related in the English papers of his Majesty and the present nominated Duke of Gloucester in England meeting on the streets here, whereupon the King had obliged him to give way in their carriages passing by, &c.,—I do assure you, Sir, it is all false. For, on the contrary, the Duke, [as] becoming a gentleman, on their meeting accidentally three times, voluntarily ordered his carriage by, and, with the glasses of his coach down, very respectfully saluted his Majesty; which I have thought fit particularly to relate, as it does honour to both parties, and is more commendable than if the nominated Duke had done otherwise."

Louisa Maximiliana Carolina, Princess of Stolberg Guedern, was married at nineteen, in April 1772. Her life with Prince Charles at Florence being unhappy, she retired to a convent in 1780, and three years later obtained a judicial separation from him. Her acquaintance with Alfieri the poet began in 1777, and Cardinal York, in a paper of 1785 now in my possession, asserts it as undeniable that the Count "has been the origin, object, cause, foundation, and completer of the ever deplorable and irreparable disunion" between the Prince and his consort. After the poet's death in 1803, he was replaced as her *cavaliere servente* by M. Fabvre, a French painter whom she was said to have privately married. At all events on her death in 1824, she left him her property, including some Jacobite relics, which remain in possession of his heir, Signor Santirelli of Florence: his pictures however and part of his fortune were bequeathed to the museum at Montpellier, his native town.

APPENDIX, No. VI.

See Vol. I. p. 194; Vol. II. p. 215.

Clementina Walkinshaw.

No Scottish gentry were more entirely ruined by their Jacobite loyalty than the Walkinshaws. A century and a half ago there were at least three families of that name possessing considerable estates in the Vale of Clyde, all of whom have long been extirpated root and branch. John Walkinshaw of Barrowfield, having been "out" in the '15, was taken prisoner after the battle of Sheriffmuir, and sent to Stirling Castle. Thence he escaped to join the Chevalier de St. George at Bar le Duc. When the Princess Maria Clementina Sobieski had been seized at Inspruck, on her way to join her affianced but crownless husband at Urbino, in 1718, John Walkinshaw was sent to remonstrate with the Emperor Charles VI., and having obtained her release, conducted the bride to Italy. In acknowledgment of this service, the Princess requested that his eldest daughter might bear her name, and promised her a provision at court. His marriage with Catherine, daughter of Sir Hugh Paterson of Bannockburn, ere long enabled this pledge to be in part redeemed, so their first-born was christened Clementina Maria Sophia, and brought up a Roman Catholic. In 1746 Charles Edward was warmly received at Bannockburn House, where he met his mother's protegé. The circumstances of her birth were a claim upon attentions which soon became marked, and before he quitted Scotland the

Adventurer had obtained her promise, that in the event of his success she would attach herself to his Court, or on his failure would follow him to the world's end. For some time after the disaster of Culloden, Miss Walkinshaw remained in Scotland in no direct correspondence with the Prince, but at length through an emissary he induced her to join him at Paris, and return with him to Ghent, where he was then incognito. During several subsequent years she accompanied his wanderings, bearing his name, doing the honours of his house, and publicly treated by himself and others as his wife. While at Liege they had a daughter in 1753, baptised Charlotte, as the child of Mr. William Johnson and Lady Charlotte Pitt.

The attainted laird of Barrowfield had other daughters, from whom descend several families of distinction in this country. One of them, by a singular freak of fortune, became housekeeper to Frederick Prince of Wales, and this ominous tie to the Hanoverian Court was made the pretext, if not the occasion, about 1755, of strong remonstrances by several leading Jacobites, anxious to emancipate their master from the disreputable mode of life into which he had fallen. Charles, by his usual obstinacy, retained his mistress and lost his friends, who in disgust at his conduct renounced his cause. But roving habits and a questionable position at length wearied his companion. She represented to the Chevalier de St. George that her girl wanted more regular opportunities for education, and appealed to him for advice. It was readily given, to withdraw from the Prince, if possible with his consent, failing which to retire with her daughter to one of the best convents in Paris, under the protection of such high influence as would be secured for them. After long and fruitless solicitation to this effect, Miss Walkinshaw fled from Bouillon in 1760, and threw herself upon the Archbishop (Beaumont) of Paris for protection. By means of a strict incognito, but with the French King's approval, she baffled Charles Edward's desperate efforts to recover his child. The latter knew no bounds in his anger, and although his interest in Charlotte soon revived, he never was again on any terms with her mother.

The Chevalier, having failed to mollify his son, undertook to maintain and educate the child, allotting for this purpose a pension of 10,000 livres to the mother, which she understood was to be permanent. She then, with the Archbishop's sanction, entered the convent of the Visitation, which she afterwards quitted for that of the Holy Sacrament. Mr. Lumisden's correspondence with Mrs. Walkinshaw commenced in January, 1765, by a suitable answer to her letter of Christmas compliments to the Cardinal. On the Prince's arrival in Rome after his father's death, Lumisden, by the Cardinal's desire, instructed Waters, their banker at Paris, no longer to charge her pension in the general accounts, but to enter it in those of his Eminence as an item of private charity; adding, "Whenever you have occasion to mention that lady, please do it by a letter apart to me, marked on the top thus *, for she must never be named to his Majesty." On learning however the amount of the burden he had thus proposed to assume, the Cardinal intimated, through the same channel, his inability to continue more than half of it, being 1000 Roman crowns yearly; declining at the same time to bring her name before his brother, and advising her to refrain from any application in that quarter. From other letters by Lumisden during 1766, Mrs. Walkinshaw appears to have accepted with gratitude the Cardinal's bounty and protection, reluctantly crediting repeated assurances of "the King's displeasure;" that "above all secresy is necessary, for if a certain person should discover how you are supported, the consequences would prove dismal to you;" that "he has never, so far as I can discover, mentioned your names, nor do I believe that he either knows where you are, or how you are maintained." All separate remittances for the daughter's education having now ceased, these ladies were reduced to comparative penury, for which there seemed no remedy but leaving Paris. And as the Cardinal made it a condition that they should remain in a convent, they retired to the Abbey of Notre-dame at Meaux.

Meanwhile rumours or inuendos of Mrs. Walkinshaw's marriage to the Prince having reached Rome, Mr. Lumisden, at the instance of Cardinal York, desired Mr. Waters, "with all the necessary prudence and address, to execute the delicate commission" of obtaining her signature to the following attestation.

"Whereas I, Clementine Walkinshaw, a native of Scotland, has heard a report is spread about that Charles heretofore Prince of Wales, and now the Third of that name King of Great Britain, &c., is married to me, grounded on the connections the public think the said Prince and now King had formerly with me: I, the before mentioned Clementine Walkinshaw, do voluntarily and on my oath declare before God my Creator, and before the here subscribing witness, Mr. John Waters standing so at my request, that such a report of a marriage, or anything relative to the least tendency of that kind, is void of all foundation; and that I never gave the least room, either by word or writing, to such a falsehood, spread abroad by enemies to me I suppose, as likeways evidently to the said King Charles the Third, my sovereign. And I do besides farther declare, by the most solemn oath here already taken, that I will if necessary, or if required, do every thing, sign any public instrument, or give whatever other authentic proofs possible, to confirm this my here hearty and voluntary declaration, in order to wipe away an injury to me, formed by a report, impossible however to gain the least credit on any reflecting mind. All which I write in my own hand, and here sign at Paris, March the 9th 1767,

"CLEMENTINA WALKINSHAW.

"The above annexed Declaration
made wrote and signed by Mrs.
Walkinshaw in my presence,
Paris, March the 9th 1767,

"JN. WATERS."

Great indeed must have been the humiliation of this unhappy lady in subscribing so self-condemnatory a document, especially if the gossip I borrow from an old MS. genealogy be well founded, that, in her early and bright days, she had refused in marriage Archibald Stewart, provost of Edinburgh, and John fifth Duke of Argyll. Waters had indeed earned the Cardinal's grateful acknowledgements of his "address and prudent conduct," and of "the important service thereby rendered to the Royal family." The means by which this was effected are unknown, but on recovering from her agitation, poor Clementina the same day wrote to his Eminence complaining of such treatment, and recalling her signature. She had in return some of Mr. Lumisden's well turned civilities, with a gentle hint that a continuance of such grumbling might emperil her pension; so, ceding to what seemed inevitable, she resumed her former terms of occasional and respectful intercourse. At length, finding in his marriage neither domestic comfort nor hope of a family, Charles Edward's heart once more softened towards his natural daughter, and I have now before me his act of legitimation in her favor as Duchess of Albany, dated 30th March 1783. I know not how or when her mother obtained the title of Countess of Alberstroff, which she bore to the end of her life. In 1785, Charles summoned the Duchess to preside over his deserted and cheerless establishment at Florence; she nursed his deathbed in 1788, and found herself his heir. The Cardinal then offered her his palace at the Roman Cancellaria as a home, and on her death from an accident, in the following year, he succeeded to her means, burdened with a pension of 15,000 livres to her mother. The Countess had however but a brief enjoyment of her improved fortunes, for the French Revolution having cut off a large part of Cardinal York's income, he was obliged again to restrict her allowance to its former amount of 1,000 crowns. She then retired to Swiss Fribourg, and after a ten years' sojourn died there in November 1802. Her Will sadly contrasts with the ambitious outset of her career. The sum apportioned among several legatees, pious bequests included, does not exceed £12 sterling. One item is peculiarly touching: "To each of my relations, should any of them still remain, I give a louis, as a means of discovering them." Her only English friend seems to have been Mr. Coutts the banker, to whom she left a small gold box, "comme un petit gâge de ses bontés pour moi." From an inventory of her few effects, it appears that her silver spoons consisted of six, and that her library was limited to a geographical dictionary, and three books of piety. The executor she named was scarcely even an acquaintance, the residuary beneficiary her servant of eighteen years' standing, and the succession so destined for him did not meet the claims upon it.

These particulars have been taken partly from a statement of her case by the Countess to Louis XV., given in abstract by the Duc de St. Simon, vol. xii. p. 144., and partly from documents formerly belonging to Cardinal York, and now in my possession.

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